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ON THE

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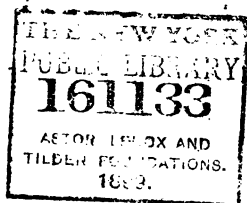
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SERMONS OF BOSSUET, MASSILLON AND PORTIUS;
KNOX'S HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS; FERVING-
HAM'S ESSAY ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE
PULPIT IN ENGLAND, AND DR. GREGO-
RY'S THOUGHTS ON THE COMPOSI-
TION AND DELIVERY OF A
SERMON.

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P R E F A C E.

IT is confidently believed a publication of this kind, will be highly acceptable to all those whose wish or whose business it is to teach, to learn, or to practise the art of being persuasive and commanding in pulpit speaking. A part of it consists of rules, and the remainder presents models. Those who are not able to procure, or to peruse the larger works, from which the selections are made ; those whose wants or inclinations will be consulted, by having much valuable matter in a small compass, must be gratified and served by the present compilation.—The judicious hints respecting articulation, emphasis, pauses, tones and gestures deserve the study of all who would attain that propriety and grace of manner so essential to oratory, and who would avoid defects and transgressions in these points so often witnessed, and so injurious to the full effects of the best matter. The Essay by Jerningham on pulpit eloquence is an eloquent and fervent recommendation of that mode of pulpit composition and delivery, which unites earnestness and warmth with accuracy and reason. The character of Dr. Gregory, whose obser-

vations are included in the work, entitles him to be heard with attention.

Many have learnt the same, who are precluded from the works of Bossuet, Massillon, and other French preachers and funeral orators. They must be pleased to get portions of them in an English dress sufficient to give some idea of the kind of merit they possess. Of Bossuet's sermons, it is said, by a competent and impartial judge, "His printed sermons are rather the sketches of a great master than finished pieces;" but this renders them more valuable to those who delight in such designs, to see the rapid strokes and dashes of a bold and free hand, and the first hints of creative enthusiasm.—In funeral orations, of which we publish some of the best, he had neither superior nor equal. Massillon, Blair pronounces to be, on the whole, the best writer of sermons, which modern times have produced. Bishop Porteus, from whom a specimen is taken, is deemed by judges to excel in this species of composition.

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PUBLIC SPEAKING.

OF SPEAKING. *How to make yourself heard without any difficulty.*

THE first thing to which a speaker ought to attend, when he gets up, is to make himself heard, not only with ease to himself, but to those who compose his auditory; for if he is not heard without difficulty by them, they will not give themselves the trouble of attending, as they are unwilling to plague themselves about that which requires so much of their attention. Besides the *ear* being at such great pains to make out the *words*, the *mind* would be thereby *inattentive* to the *matter* delivered.

To avoid these inconveniences, you ought to have a *clear strong* voice, so that you may be able to fill the place in which you speak, and that your tones may reach the ear of the farthest person in the assembly. Some people have this power naturally, and in this respect are peculiarly fortunate, if they discharge their duty by improving it to the best advantage. But by those whom *nature* has not so favoured, great things may be done, if they call in the assistance of *art*, supposing there is nothing defective in their *organs* of speech, for in that case it would be much better for them to turn their mind to some other pursuit than that which requires a public delivery.

How to strengthen the voice.

If your voice be only weak and inclined to tenuity, speak *aloud* in your chamber a quantity every day of whatever you may be reading.—At first do not deliver or read out much, for you may thereby injure instead of strengthening your organs—Increase the quantity by
B degrees,

degrees, for it is by degrees and perseverance that you may hope to accomplish your purpose. Your organs will thus gradually open, and your tones will gain power every day.—It is astonishing how practice will *strengthen* and give *vigour* to the voice, and ultimately bring it to a perfection that will enable the speaker to do almost any thing with it. That of *Demosthenes* was naturally weak, and it was by practice, and no other means, that he brought it to sufficient strength. If, therefore, you have nothing to complain of but a *weak voice*, do not despair, but pursue what others have successfully done before you, and *read or deliver aloud* by yourself such a quantity which you think will not overstrain your powers.

FAULTERING. *How to get rid of it.*

If you are apt to *falter* in your *speech*, accustom yourself, in your *private readings*, to pronounce your words and syllables so *distinctly* one after another, that they may all have their *full sound* and *proportion*. When you have done this for some time, and have got a *habit* of speaking *deliberately plain*, you may afterwards express yourself more *fluently*, and without that *care and deliberation* so essentially necessary at first. If you find it a very difficult matter to avoid this fault of *faltering* or *stammering*, and that when you come to particular *sentences* or *phrases*—in that case you would do well to *change* the *order* of the words, inserting a smooth particle or two, and putting *synonymous* words into the place of those which made you *falter*, and you will thus easily correct yourself of the error.

OF BELLOWING, or SPEAKING TOO LOUD—*To be avoided.*

It is very *unbecoming* and *disagreeable* to speak so *loud*, or rather to *bellow out* such a *tremendous sound* as renders every thing said so confused, that all articulation is destroyed.—Many people think that this gives a *dignity* and *majesty* to what they say; but on the contrary it deprives their speeches of one of their greatest objects, that of being *clearly* and *distinctly* heard. This method is

is so destructive of all good speaking, that the words may be said, not to be uttered, but that every thing is a *confused buddle of sound and noise*.

MUMBLING, or SPEAKING TOO MUCH TO YOURSELF—
To be corrected.

This is an error quite contrary to the one I have just mentioned, and takes place when a man does not *open* his mouth *wide enough* to give *proper room* for his words to pass. By this means he makes a kind of *rumbling noise* about the *roof* of his mouth, as if he were speaking out of a *cave* or a *hogshead*, and hardly ever sends forth one *distinct sound*, or conveys one *articulate word*, much farther than his *teeth* or *lips*. This *hollow* way of speaking is no less unpleasant than the one above mentioned.

THE VOICE TO BE MADE SOFT and AGREEABLE to the
EAR.

As the wish of a speaker is certainly to be heard with pleasure and delight, he ought to endeavour to make his voice as *sweet*, *soft*, and *agreeable* as he possibly can—Every thing *harsh* and *discordant* in his tones must be got rid of, and which for the most part arise from nothing else but *bad habits*—But where the fault lies in the *natural* formation of his *organs*, in that case no effectual remedy can be administered, but perseverance and a little labour may certainly do a great deal. That the art of *softening* and *harmonizing* the voice may be acquired by *care* and *industry* is plain from what *Cicero* did in this particular; for he had a very *rude coarse* voice before he went into *Greece*, but by staying there some time he brought it, by habit, to so much *sweetness* and *delicacy*, that he charmed the *ear* with the *softest sounds* imaginable. You must therefore try to give your voice such a *smoothness*, that the *turns*, *tones*, and *cadences* of it may please the *ear* of your auditor, although he should not understand in the least either your *language*, or the *subject* you are speaking of.

NEVER.

NEVER SPIT, or HEM, *while speaking.*

Several people have a custom of *spitting* and *hemming* in their speech, which are not only disgusting to the eyes and ears of their hearers, but considerably interrupt their delivery.—The latter habit is very common even among the first speakers in both the *House of Lords* and *Commons*. The late Lord *Ashturton* had it to very great excess, which rendered him, with other causes, a most disagreeable and ungracious deliverer, although what he said was always to the purpose, and logically correct.—Both these vices should be carefully avoided.

OF VARYING THE VOICE.

You ought to vary the voice according to the changes of your subject, the *passions* you would express yourself, or excite in others, the several parts of your speech, and according to the nature of the words you make use of.—There is nothing so grating to the ear of an auditory, or that gives them so much disgust, as a voice continually in the *same key*, without the least *division* or *variety*, and yet this is the common fault of most speakers. There are few voices so bad that might not be rendered not only bearable, but pleasant, if their owners knew how to give them those *turns* and *variations* which are so necessary in the course of a speech, in order to keep alive the attention of the hearer. A uniformity of tone not only *palls* upon the ear, but is extremely prejudicial to whatever you say—It places every part of a speech on the *same level*, takes away all power from that which ought to have the greatest strength, not only of argument but of expression, and reduces all to that equality of sound, which gives no more distinction to the *passions*, than to the driest part of a cold and regular narration. This monotony is too common a fault on the stage, in the pulpit, the senate, at the bar, and, in fact, in every place where public speaking is practised.

HOW

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF OF A MONOTONOUS TONE.

The best way to get rid of a *monotony* of tone, is to attend particularly to *common conversation*, to the *chit-chat* of a *tea-table*, or the method with which people pronounce their ordinary *discourse*. Mind likewise the way that women express themselves when they *feel* the subject they talk upon; such as when they *pronounce* their *sorrows* for the loss of a *husband*, a *child*, or any other fond and beloved relative. When you have done this, endeavour to express yourself, when in *private*, after the same manner as if upon the same occasions.—By these means you will insensibly improve your voice, and, in time, give it that *richness* and *variety*, which are essentially necessary to your becoming a popular speaker.

RULES FOR VARYING THE VOICE.

There are the following distinctions in the voice—A *high* tone or a *low* one, a *vehement* or a *soft* one, a *swift* or *slow* one. The speaker's business is to keep up a just measure in these distinctions, and thereby observe that *variety* which I have shewn is so essential. The principal thing is to maintain a proper *medium* of tone, because any *extreme* is exceedingly disagreeable. First, with respect to its *height*, you ought to take care not to *raise* it, as some people do, continually to the *highest* note it can reach, or, on the other hand, must you sink it so *low*, as to render yourself scarcely intelligible. To be constantly *straining* it to the *top* destroys the solemnity of *preaching*, the *weight* and *dignity* of *pleading*, and gives to every thing you say a *squeaking effeminacy*, unbecoming a *manly* and *impressive* speaker. It often likewise creates a *harsh* and *unmusical* sound, and frequently occasions a *hoarseness* in the *throat*, that will prevent you from being able to do the smallest justice to whatever you afterwards say. The *contrary extreme* is just as bad; for to utter in a *low bass* is a kind of *muttering*, and you may as well sit down as continue in such an unintelligible manner, not one word in ten reaching the ear of your auditors. To cure yourself of

these imperfections, when you are alone attune the tones of your voice to your ear, (which ought to be nicely correct) and whatever offends it immediately try to amend, and bring it to that *harmonious sound* which is pleasant to yourself; for if your organs of hearing be perfect, they will serve, in this respect, as a just and faithful guide.

NOT TO BE TOO VIOLENT WITH YOUR VOICE.

Do not be fond of *forcing* your tones too often to that *vehemence* which you cannot support long without considerable pain to yourself, and which, perhaps, might be the means of *cracking* your voice, which, like the *strings* of a *musical instrument*, frequently *breaks* when wound up too high. On the contrary, you should not be too gentle and mild spoken, as these destroy the *force* and *energy* of your *speech*, and make it no more attended to, than the flimsy tone of an ordinary *story-teller*.

TOO GREAT A VOLUBILITY TO BE AVOIDED.

The *volubility* of your utterance ought always to be *moderated* in such a manner as to prevent you from being too *precipitate*, a fault which most people commit, and which injures very materially their articulation; for it often creates a *thickness* in their speaking, one word following another with such rapidity, that all *pronunciation* is destroyed, and every thing is *hurried* and *confused*. This is a vicious mode of delivery, and whatever abilities you may otherwise have, this one error will render them all as useless. All *fluency* should be kept within bounds, or else it becomes an unmeaning *gabble*, and a *chaotic jumble* of words. The object of elocution is to *persuade*; but how can a speaker expect to *convince* his hearers, if he does not give them time to *think*, or reason, upon what he says? and how should a jury be able to keep up with a *lawyer* whose language may be said to *ride post*?—Of reasons and arguments thus *hurled* upon the ear as quick as *flashes* of lightning upon the eye, it is impossible that one in twenty can be remembered,

remembered, and consequently they must effectually fail of their intended effect.

This practice of speaking too fast, without observing the proper pauses, is a great *disadvantage* to the speaker himself, as well as an indecency to an auditory. Distinction of periods, the fine cadences that adorn and illustrate a speech with *grace* and *ornament*, cannot be preserved in the *confusion* of *precipitation*, and the proper time of *drawing* the *breath* not being allowed, the *lungs* are very often thereby considerably affected. Every person who wishes to distinguish himself as a speaker, should carefully avoid this error, but not go to the other extreme, which is equally as bad, namely,

SPEAKING TOO SLOW.

The habit of *drawing* out by degrees, and with the same *regular* tenor of sound, one word *heavily* after another, has a most *somniferous* effect upon the attention, and should therefore be got rid of.—The best way is to regulate your *tongue* agreeably to the *ears* of your auditors, without either speaking *faster* than they can follow you, or *drawing* out your words *slower* than they have *patience* to attend to.—Your speech ought to be sometimes *fluent*, but not *too quick*, and resemble, excepting where the passions are concerned, more the *flow* of a *gliding* stream, than the *rapidity* of a *torrent*.

The distinctions in the voice, which are here mentioned, give the power of great variation of tone; but this ought not to be done *over hastily* (excepting in some few occasions) with too *conspicuous* a difference between *one sound* and *another*; but let one tone, as it were, *melt* or *slide* into another, and not make *suddenly* so *palpable* a change, as to those who did not see you would appear as if another person had just started up to speak.

TO VARY THE VOICE ACCORDING TO THE SUBJECT.

If you speak of such things as you wish your hearers only to *understand*, and nothing else, there is no need of any great *heat* or *spirit* in your delivery, but a *clear*

distinct voice will answer sufficiently the purpose; because your object is not to move the *feelings* and *affections* so much as to inform the *understanding*—But if you design to make your hearers admire the *bounty* and *goodness* of the Creator, his *wisdom* and *power*, you must do it with a *grave* voice, and with a *tone* of *admiration*.

If you speak of the *actions* of any person that deserve *commendation*, and such as you would wish to have your *auditors* value as much as you *esteem* them *yourself*; or if you speak of those that are *unjust* and *infamous*, and which you would have your hearers *abhor* and *detest* as much as you do, you must adjust your voice to the quality of the one and the other—expressing the first with a *full*, *lofty*, and a kind of *satisfactory* tone, and the other with a *strong*, *violent*, and *passionate* voice, and with a tone of *anger* and *detestation*.

If you speak of the *events* of *human life*, you must give, in the relation, those that are *fortunate*, a *brisk* and *cheerful* tone, and those that are, on the contrary, *unfortunate*, with *sad* and *mournful* accents. The tone of *mirth* suits well the character of *good fortune* and a *melancholy* one is proper for any story respecting *disappointment* and *afflictions*. The one is a subject of *gaiety* and *good humour*, and the other of *melancholy* and *dejection*.

Things respecting *nature* must be spoken with a tone of *ease* and *clearness*, but require no exertion, we mean in plain narration—Yet those are not all *alike*, for some are more considerable than others with respect to their *grandeur*, *beauty*, and *lustre*—such, for instance, are the *heavens*, more *noble* than the *earth*, the *sun* and *stars* are far superior to *herbs* and *insects*; and therefore they are not to be *spoken* of with the same tone of *voice*, or equal stress of *pronunciation*.

The *actions* and *events* of *human life* too are not all similar, because a *great crime*, or an *extraordinary cruelty*, is infinitely *worse* than the omission of the payment of a *common debt*; the *noble exploits* of a *brave conqueror* are to be considered as deserving a higher rank than the *vulgar actions* of a *captain of a mob*; and the safety of a

whole kingdom is of more consequence than the interest of a *private individual*—They then consequently require, whenever they are introduced into a discourse, a different kind of delivery, according to the *diversity* of the subjects; for it would be ridiculous to speak *common* and *ordinary* things with a *solemn tragical* tone, and equally absurd, on the other hand, to speak of *great* and *important* affairs with a tone of *unconcern* and *familiarity*, fit only for the *prattle* of a *tea-table*.

HOW TO VARY THE VOICE ACCORDING TO THE PASSIONS.

The best way to make others feel the same *passion* or *affection* of the mind you would wish to express, is to consider with care and attention what you are going to speak of; “force your soul (as Shakespeare says) to your own conceit,” and you will thereby be sensibly *touched* with the subject, and be able to *move* others upon it with more effectual *sympathy*. Some orators have brought, by art, a *counterfeit resemblance* of feeling to much perfection, and although, at the time, they have not *felt themselves*, still have contrived to make their auditors feel, and that to an astonishing degree—But there have been but few who have excelled in this talent, for without it is exquisitely done, the whole deception is immediately seen through, and consequently can have no other power but that of creating *risibility* in the audience. The method I have above advised, and which is more particularly mentioned in a subsequent part of this work, is infinitely the best, and can by habit be accomplished by almost every body whose feelings are properly refined. If you are *affected*, your emotion will soon display itself by the voice, which, like the *string* of an *instrument*, will sound as it is *touched*. It will express *love* by a *soft, gay, and charming tone*; *hatred* by a *sharp, sullen, and severe one*; *joy* with a *full, flowing, and brisk tone*; and *grief* with a *dull, heavy, and sorrowful one*, occasionally heaving a *sigh* from the *bosom*. *Fear* is demonstrated by a *trembling agitated voice*, sometimes interrupted by a *perplexity* and *apprehension*.

benison of thought. *Confidence*, on the contrary, is discovered by a *loud, strong* tone, always *bold* and *daring*, but ever within the bounds of *decency* and *moderation*. *Anger* is expressed by a *sharp, impetuous, and violent* tone, often taking *breath*, and the utterance frequently *smothered* by the *strength* of the *passion*—As for instance in the tragedy of *Cymbeline*, when *Posthumus* suspects the contingency of *Imogen* :

No swearing——

If you will swear you have not done it, you lie.—

And I will kill thee if thou dost deny

Thou'lt made me a cuckold——

——O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal——

I will go there—and do it in the court—before

Her father——I'll do something——

———Oh ! all the devils !

This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not ?—

Or less—at first—perchance he spoke not,——

You must of course speak these words with an *elevated* and *enraged* tone, and with the *accents* of a man all on *fire*, and in a *fury* next to *distraction*. And when *Lear* is denied the liberty of speaking to his daughter :

Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !——

Fiery ? what fiery quality ?

———my breath and blood !——

Fiery ? the fiery Duke ?—tell the hot Duke that——

Again in the same play :

———Darkness and devils !

Saddle my horses——call my train together——

Degenerate bastard——I'll not trouble thee——

It is evident that these expressions must be spoken in such a manner, as if the *passion* had almost *choaked* up
your

your delivery, and that you cannot utter more words together, your *choler* and *vexation* being so great.

If you are moved with *compassion*, and your *tones* be in *unison* with you *feelings*, you will express yourself with a *gentle compassionate* voice—As Mr. Erskine did (in his memorable defence of *Captain Bailie*, 1776) who was charged with a libel by the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, and one of the Governors of Greenwich-hospital) in reading the following words, which are part of an affidavit of Charles Smith on his *dismission* from his situation in the hospital :

————That he received his *dismission* when languishing with sickness in the infirmary, the consequence of which was, that his unfortunate wife, and several of his helpless innocent children died in misery and want ; the women actually expiring at the gates of the hospital.

This sentence was delivered by Mr. Erskine with the *humblest accents* of commiseration.—His voice was composed of such tones as affected every person who heard him.—He spoke with *passion* too ; but then it was the *passion* of a mind afflicted, and sensibly touched with the *sad and unfortunate* situation of him whom he alluded to.

When *Mr. Garrick*, in the character of *Lear*, repeated the following lines :

You see me here, ye gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely—touch me with noble anger ;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.

He spoke them with such a *heart felt* and *deplorable* tone, that the whole theatre was filled with *grief* and *melancholy*.

ESTEEM or ADMIRATION. *How to express them.*

If you would wish to impress your audience with a respect for the character of any particular person or persons of whom you are speaking, and would *testify* your own *esteem* of him or them, you should do it with a *lofty* and *magnificent tone*, in the same manner as Mr. Burke concluded his beautiful speech in support of Mr. Fox's famous India bill in the year 1784 :

I anticipate with joy the reward of those whose whole consequence, power, and authority existed only for the benefit of mankind ; and I carry my mind to all the people, and all the names and descriptions, that, relieved by this measure, would bless the labours of that Parliament, and the confidence which the best House of Commons had given to him who best deserved it. The little cavils of party would not be heard where freedom and happiness would be felt. There was not a tongue, a nation, a religion in India, which would not bless the presiding care and manly beneficence of that House, and of him who proposed to them this great work. Their names would never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness, in whatever language, or with whatever rites, pardon was asked for sin, and reward for those who imitated the Godhead in his universal bounty to his creatures.

Let any man speak these words with a *low* and *languishing* voice, and nothing can appear more *cold*, *flat*, and *insipid* ; but, on the contrary, let him pronounce them with a *noble accent*, and animate them with a *lofty tone*, agreeably to their own *spirit* and *magnificence*, and then they will appear in their own proper *lustre*, create in an *auditory* the highest admiration, and delight perhaps as much as if they came from the mouth of the original speaker.

CONTEMPT.

CONTEMPT. *How to express it by the Voice.*

If you would wish to shew the *contempt* you have for a man, and expose him to the audience, you must do it with a *scornful tone*; but without the smallest *passion*, *eagerness*, or *violence* of voice, as, no doubt, Cicero did, when he spoke to *Cæcilius*, who pretended to be preferred before him for *pleading* in the accusation of *Verres*.

But you, *Cæcilius*, pray what can you do? Where's your capacity upon this mighty pretension of yours? When, and upon what affair have you ever made any trial of your skill, or given any proofs of your parts and sufficiency to men of sense, and have not attempted at the same time upon your own weakness, and run the hazard both of your reputation and judgment? Do you not consider the difficulty of managing the *cause* of the *commonwealth*, of maintaining the peace of the public from disgrace and oppression, of unravelling the whole life of a man from the first breath of business, and not only of setting it forth in its proper colours to the understanding of the *judges*, but of exposing it also to the whole world; the difficulty of defending the safety and welfare of *allies*, the interest of *provinces*, the power of *laws*, and the authority of our courts of judicature? Take it from me, Sir, this is the first opportunity you have met with of learning something from your betters.

There is also a fine example of contempt from a reply made by *Lord Chatham*, when Mr. Pitt, in the year 1740, to Mr. *Winnington*, who had called him to order, but in so doing had himself used very illiberal terms.

If this be to preserve order (said Mr. Pitt) there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue;
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for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to any thing but truth. Order may sometimes be broke by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be reestablished by a monitor *like this*, who cannot govern his own passion, whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others.

Happy would it be for mankind if every one knew his own province ; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge ; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself.

These are speeches of *flight and disdain*. If spoken with a *passionate* voice, and with an appearance of any concern and indignation, their proper effect is at once destroyed, for the objects spoken of are not thought worthy of *anger or resentment*, but merely of *contempt, scorn, and derision*. You would be laughed at, if you answered a *dull reason* with *heat and choler*, or spoke in a *passion* against that which deserves only to be *trifled with*—It would be silly to exert the last effort of your voice, in reply to some *puny insignificant* arguments, as if you made use of *Hercules' club* to kill a *worm*, which is easily trod to pieces, and crushed under foot.

A GRIEVANCE COMPLAINED OF—*How to be expressed.*

When you speak of any *abuses* you have received from a person, you must of course deliver it in a different manner to the last, and express the *injustice* you complain of with an *elevated* tone, proportioning the *vehemence* and *passion* of your voice to the *cruelty* of the *injury* ; for if you spoke it without the least *heat or concern*, your auditors would neither believe what you said to be true, nor that you were in the smallest degree aggrieved.—This was the reason that *Demosthenes* reprimanded a man that came to him upon an *assault and battery*, and desired him to plead his cause for him ; telling him the plain truth of the business with a great deal

deal of *simplicity*, and shewing no manner of *concern* or *venation* by his voice. Why, says the counsellor, *I cannot believe what you tell me.* But another man having told him the same story over again in a *great passion*, with a spirit of *fury* and *revenge* for the affront; *Well, I believe you* (says he) *now you speak with the accent and zeal of a man that has been assaulted and beaten.* This plainly shows with what a *tone of voice*, he thought, a person ought to speak upon *oppression* and *injury*, either to be believed, or to make good his cause.

Almost innumerable are the situations in which the changes and *inflections* of the voice are highly necessary; but as I do not purpose to enter at large into any of the parts of speaking, but merely to make such scattered observations as I think will essentially serve those who want immediate assistance, I shall conclude this part of my labour, by observing, that the best way to acquire the faculty of *varying the voice*, not only when the *passions* are concerned, but in places where they are not called forth, yet where great difference of tones is necessary, is to be often reading *comedies*, *tragedies*, or any *dramatic works*, as nothing else will be found to improve you, in this particular, half so much as these.

EXORDIUM. *What kind of tone to use in it.*

The *exordium* ought to be spoken with a *low* and *modest* voice; for to begin in an *unpresuming* tone is not only agreeable to the auditors, as it shews how great a *respect* you have for them, but is also an advantage to yourself; for you will thereby be able to manage your voice much better, and work it up, by degrees of moderation, to a *higher pitch* of *warmth* and *passion*, which, not attended to, will cause you at first to be out of breath, for want of proper management, and perhaps you will not be able to recover yourself during the whole of your speech. This does not, however, mean that you should begin so *low* as to be heard by only a few people; but on the contrary, you ought to *speak* at first, so *clear* and *distinct* as to be *heard* without the least difficulty by every attentive auditor. Some cler-

gymen are very faulty in beginning their discourses so low, that hardly any person in the congregation can hear them; but, all of a sudden *they raise their voices* to such a height, that every body's ears are both offended and astonished.

The proper method is to speak the *exordium* in a soft and easy tone, and in a lower key, together with a more humble address, than the other parts of your speech. But this rule admits of an exception; for there are some *exordiums* that do not fall under it, such as those which begin in an abrupt and unexpected manner—As that of Mr. Fox in the House of Commons, in February 1784, in answer to a declaration from Mr. Pitt, that his Majesty had not, in compliance with the resolutions of the House, dismissed his ministers :

I have just heard the declaration of the right honourable gentleman with the greatest astonishment and concern. It was a language that House had never heard since the revolution, or at least since the accession of the present royal family. What was it but a flat and peremptory negative to the sentiments and wishes of the House of Commons, who on their part had employed every caution and every delicacy? In what situation then was this branch of the legislature involved? To what degree of insignificance were the representatives of the people and the people themselves reduced? Could it be said that they had any longer the least influence in the constitution of the country? I will answer boldly, and to the point :—In my opinion the matter is nearly at a crisis.

So abrupt an *exordium* as this is not very common, and seldom found but upon very extraordinary occasions—When, however, such a one is used, it is evident, that it is to be spoken with an elevated tone, according to the passion, either of anger that transports, or of grief that afflicts,

afflicts, and which obliges you to set out so *abruptly* in your discourse.

NARRATION. *What tone necessary.*

It is not in the least necessary to *raise* your voice to any great *vehemence*, as many do, upon the *proposition* or *narration* of your speech; for your business in this part of your speech is to inform your hearers, in order to make them properly understand the subject in question. It is therefore sufficient that your tone be a *little higher* than that in which you speak the exordium; only you must take care that your *articulation* be very *clear* and *distinct*, because the *narration* lays the *ground-work* of the whole speech, and therefore it is absolutely necessary that you should make it *well heard*, if you intend to raise your arguments upon that *foundation*. This is not the proper place for any *vehemence* of voice, which must be kept in reserve for the following parts of your speech.

CONFIRMATION and CONFUTATION. *What tone necessary.*

In these lies the *greatest stress* of your speech, and the last *effort* of your voice; for as your mind is more engaged here, in the first by setting forth your arguments, and in the other by solving your *adversaries' objections*, and when, at this place all the adorning figures of rhetoric are made use of, you ought therefore to speak with the *greatest force* and *impression*, and give your delivery as much *variety* of tone as possible, confining the whole, however, within the bounds of *decency* and *moderation*.

PERORATION. *What tone to be used:*

You would do well (and *Mr. Erskine* generally practises it with great effect) to make a considerable pause between this *part* and the *former*, and to begin it with a *lower* tone than that in which you spoke the *Confutation*. As you proceed a little, you should break forth into a *louder voice*, and conclude your speech with

a kind of *triumphal tone*, upon an assurance that you have sufficiently *made good* your cause, and that to the entire satisfaction of your whole auditors—As Mr. Erskine did in his glorious defence of the Dean of St. Asaph in 1784 :

As the friend of my client, and the friend of my country, I shall feel much sorrow, and you yourselves will probably hereafter regret it, when the season of reparation is fled. (*Now he broke forth into a tone of full confidence that there was no reason to fear his success.*) But why should I indulge such unpleasant apprehensions, when in reality I hear nothing ? I know it is impossible for English gentlemen, sitting in the place you do, to pronounce this to be a seditious paper ; much less upon the bare fact of publication explained by the prefixed advertisement, and the defendant's general character and deportment, to give credit to that seditious purpose which is necessary to convert the publication of a libel itself into a crime.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

What tone to be used in speaking some of them.

EXCLAMATION. *The proper tone to be used.*

The figure *Exclamation* clearly shews by its name that it must be pronounced with a *louder voice*, and a *more impressive accent* than any other. As for example, when the illustrious Chatham, not long before his death, exclaimed in the House of Lords, at the time that they were debating upon the calamitous event at *Saratoga* :

What ! has some dreadful inundation, has some tremendous earthquake swallowed half the empire, that the nation should stand thus deprived of sense and motion !

If you speak these words without any *elevation of the voice*,

voice, you deprive them of all their *ornament* and *force*, and instead of the animated effect which would follow them, if properly delivered, the whole becomes *dull*, *lifeless*, and *insipid*.

SWEARING. *The same tone proper.*

The same *lofty tone* is necessary when you *swear* by any thing, especially when there is something extraordinary in what you are going to say—As in what Lear says, when he disclaims all future intimacy with his daughter *Cordelia* :

Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dow'r :
 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
 By all the operations of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for ever.—

Garrick used to repeat these lines with an *elevation* of *voice*, as well as great rapidity of utterance, that almost chilled every person who heard him.

PROSOPOPOEIA.

You ought, in this figure, to change your *voice*, so that it may immediately appear as if it were not you speaking for *yourself*, but for *another person* introduced in the course of your speech.—You must likewise vary your tone according to the *character* and *business* of the assumed personage.—For instance, if you bring into your discourse a *plain venerable old man*, your manner of speaking for him would be of course very different to that you would make use of for a *young fashionable rake*.—This is so apparent that no example is necessary.

If you would introduce a man *talking with himself* upon

a point of great moment, and arguing in his own breast what he should do in the business, you must do it with a *low voice*, as if he were only speaking to *himself* and within his *own hearing alone*, intending not to be overheard by any other person. Here is an example from *Tully's Oration for Cluentius*, where he says of *Stalenus*—

When the poor perfidious wretch saw a round sum of money brought home to him, he began to think of all the *ways* and *means* that malice, corruption, and fraud could invent. *Talking thus with himself*:—If I should let the rest of the *judges* come in now for snacks with me, what should I get by the bargain but danger and disgrace? Can I think of nothing to have this *Oppianicus* condemned for it? What then! Why I'll try what can be done, &c.——

APOSTROPHE. *The tone necessary.*

You ought particularly to attend, in this figure, to the nature of the object you address, and to the reasons you have in making use of it, so that you may adjust the turn of your voice accordingly. For instance, when you speak to *inanimate things*, you must *raise* your voice above an *ordinary pitch*, or a *common tone*, as no doubt *Cicero* did in pronouncing that fine apostrophe, in his speech for *Milo*.

I call you to witness, ye mounts, and groves of Alba! and ye ruined altars of the Albans! once glowing with social and equal rites—Ye altars! which the profane madness of *Clodius* has overthrown, and buried under the frantic piles of tasteless extravagance.

If you make an *apostrophe* to *God*, many writers on oratory have pointed out the necessity of raising your voice to a *considerable height*, as if you were to be heard *afar-off*—For when you speak, say they, as it were to the

the *Divinity*, you ought of course to speak in a *higher strain* and in a *loftier* tone, than if you were speaking only to men upon the same *level* as yourself.—This method, in some cases, will answer very well, but in many others a *low, grave, and deliberate* tone will suit much better the solemnity of an appeal to the Deity. This was sufficiently proved by the manner in which Mr. *Erskine* spoke the following lines, at nearly the commencement of his admirable defence of Hardy—

He (alluding to the prisoner) holds his life from the law, and by it he demands to be tried. This fair trial I ask ; first from the court—I ask it more emphatically from the jury—but (*here he lowered his voice to the utmost solemnity*) lastly, and chiefly, I implore it of him in whose hands are all the issues of life, whose just and merciful eye expands itself over all the transactions of mankind, without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground, and at whose command nations rise and fall, and are regenerated. I implore it of God himself, that he will fill your minds with the spirit of justice, and of truth, that you may be able to find your way through the labyrinth of matter laid before you ; a labyrinth in which no man's life was ever before involved in the whole history of British trial, nor indeed the universal annals of human justice or injustice.

EPIMONE. *In what tone to utter it.*

In this figure the speaker presses upon a particular point, and still *insisting* upon it, expresses it over and over again, until he makes it ridiculous by the repetition. Here you would do well to use a *brisk, pressing*, and, as it were, a kind of *insulting tone* upon those parts where you lay the *principal stress*, in order to *rivet them* upon the attention of your hearers—which method Mr. *Sheridan* adopted in one part of his speech on his motion in 1793, in order to consider of the seditious practices, &c. referred to in his Majesty's speech.

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My friend (Mr. Windham) has been *panic struck*, and now strengthens the hands of government. Not later than the preceding sessions *he would pull off the mask of perfidy*, and declaimed loudly against that implicit confidence which some had argued ought to be placed in ministers. It was owing entirely to this *panic* that Mr. Windham now prevailed with himself to support the minister *because he had a bad opinion of him*. It was owing to this *panic* that a noble and learned lord (Loughborough) had given his *disinterested* support to government, and it was owing to this *panic* that he accepted the seals of an administration he had uniformly reprobated. But above all it was owing to this *panic* that a right honourable gentleman (Mr. Burke) had lost his fine taste, and descended to the most ridiculous pantomimic tricks, and contemptible juggling—such as to carry knives and daggers to assist him in efforts of description.

PARRHESIA. *The tone necessary.*

This is a figure in which you take the liberty of saying very *bold* things, in fact whatever you like, let the danger be what it will, where there is any confidence in the cause, or any fear of losing it—When you practise it, your voice must be *full* and *loud*, as upon the following words of Tully in his oration for Ligarius :

O admirable clemency ! worthy of eternal praise, honour, and memory. Cicero has the boldness now before Cæsar to confess *himself* guilty of a crime for which he cannot endure *another* should be falsely arraigned, neither does he fear the private resentments of his judge for it—See how undaunted I am now upon the confidence of your goodness. See the great lights of generosity and wisdom that countenance me from your royal aspect. I will raise

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my voice as *loud* as I can, that all the people of Rome may hear me. The war being begun, Sir, and almost ended, I went over to your *enemy's camp* before the finishing stroke of it, upon my *own choice*, and without any *compulsion*.

CLIMAX. *How to manage the voice.*

When your speech climbs up by degrees through several clauses of a sentence to a *period* or *full point*, it is evident that the *voice* must accordingly rise by the same *gradations* of *elevation* to answer every step of the figure, until it is at the *utmost height* of it—As in this climax of Mr. Erskine's in his speech in defence of Mr. Tooke, on the late state trials, alluding to the trial by jury :

—There still remains that which is even paramount to the law—that great tribunal which the wisdom of our ancestors raised in this country for the support of the people's rights—that tribunal which has made the law, that tribunal which has given me you to look at—that tribunal which is surrounded with an hedge, as it were, set about it—that tribunal which from age to age has been fighting for the liberties of the people, and without the aid of which it would have been in vain for me to stand up before you, or to think of looking round for assistance.

ANTITHESIS. *How to speak it.*

You must particularly distinguish both the *contraries*, and pronounce the *first* of them with a *different tone* from the *latter*—*this* with a *louder accent* than *that*, to shew the *opposition* between the *one* and the *other*, and to adjust the voice to the *contrariety*. As in the following example, in the *second Catilinary* :

If we will but compare *both parties*, and weigh the justice, and the reasons of the *one* against the *other*, we shall find

find how inconsiderable our enemies are, and how easy it is to conquer them. For modesty fights on *this side*, and impudence on *that*: *here* is purity of manners, there *impurity*; *here* is faith, *there* fraud; *here* is piety, *there* wickedness; *here* is constancy, *there* fool-hardiness; *here* is honour, *there* infamy; *here* is continence, *there* lust. *Here*, in fine, justice, temperance, courage, prudence, and all kind of *virtues* are in confederacy, and contending with injustice, with luxury, with cowardice, with temerity, and all kind of vices, &c. &c.

I shall not trouble the reader with any more of the figures which rhetoricians have given us, it not being necessary to our present purpose, and shall therefore close them with the *antithesis*.

BREATH. *How to manage it in speaking.*

There are *some sentences* very *short*, each part of which is but a *simple expression*, and consists only of *one single proposition*. As the following:

He died young, but he died happy. His friends have not had him long, but his death is the greatest trouble and grief they ever had for the love and loss of him. He has enjoyed the *sweets* of the world only for a little while, but he never tasted the *bitters* of it. He has not taken a *long walk*, but he went only upon flowers.

These periods can not only be pronounced with *one breath*, but can hardly be pronounced otherwise, without considerably *weakening* their expression.

There are some sentences that are *longer*, such as the following:

Look upon the world as a place where you will be losing something every day, till you have lost *all* and have no more

more to lose ; and with these meditations prepossess your soul, that, having its original from *heaven*, it will one day have the happiness to return *thither*.

And this sentence may be also pronounced all at a *breath*, if your voice be tolerably good ; if you cannot do it with ease to yourself, you must practise it ; for a period so delivered comes *rounder* and *fuller* to the ear, and appears with more *force* and *beauty* than if you take *breath* often.

LONG BREATH *necessary in a speaker. How to acquire it.*

You must endeavour, by frequent exercise, to acquire a habit of being *long-winded*, but it must be done by degrees, for *nature* is not to be changed in a moment. She may do a great deal in this respect, but where there is a deficiency, *art* may do much. It is said that *Demosthenes*, who had naturally a *short breath*, finding the necessity of a public speaker having a *long one*, gave a great actor of comedy a *thousand drachmas* to improve him in this particular—He used to exercise himself upon all the difficulties of *respiration*, and while *running up a hill*, would repeat verses, or parts of his harrangues ; which custom particularly strengthened his *lungs*, and in a short time, with pains and labour, he accomplished his purpose.—Any person may by the same means be as successful, if he will make the experiment.

There are other periods that run considerably *longer* than those I have given, which cannot be pronounced without taking *breath twice or thrice*—As for example :

As it is prejudicial to one's health to take food and not to digest it, because crude and indigested meats create ill humours, and do not nourish, but cloy and corrupt the body : so when the stomach of the *soul*, that is the memory, is filled with a great deal of knowledge ; if this knowledge be not well digested by the warmth of *charity* ; if it do not diffuse itself after that through the *arteries* and

marrow of the soul, and pass into the *actions* and *manners* of men; and if it does not become *good* itself upon knowing what is good, and what goes to the making of a good life; does not this knowledge turn into *sin*, as that *nutriment* does into *bad humours*?

You ought to pronounce the first part of this period without *taking breath*.—If you find you cannot utter the second in the same manner, it will be much better for you to make a pause at the best place you can; than run yourself *out of breath*, which is destructive of whatever you attempt then to repeat.

CLAUSES OF A PERIOD. *How to manage them.*

In distinguishing the *several parts* of a period, you must not do it in such a way as if there were *more periods* than *one* in a sentence. Where the *distinction* of the *clauses* are compelled to be *prominent*, you would do well to distinguish them by your *pronunciation* without *taking breath*, excepting there be so many of them, that *one single respiration* cannot reach the end of the whole period.

SHORT PERIODS.—*Pauses after them different from those after long ones.*

It is proper to make a *pause* after every period; but it must be a very short one after a *short period*, and a *little longer* after *long ones*. This rule must of course be broke into, when the sense requires that you should wait for some considerable time after a sentence, in order to leave an impression of some weighty matter upon the mind, although the sentence perhaps be very short; and, on the contrary, there are many long periods, after which you may pause but a very little time, as they contain nothing that is worthy of marking particularly on the attention.

SUBSEQUENT PERIOD LOWER THAN THE CLOSE OF THE PRECEDING ONE.

When you begin a period, you ought to do it in a *lower*

lower tone than that in which you concluded the *last*.— This will be found to give you ease, and save your powers, although in many cases it is much better to begin it with a tone a little *higher*, than the cadence of the *last*, in order to accord with the sense and spirit of your sentence ; and in so doing a *variation* of tone is created, which prevents you always beginning in the *same manner*.

PERIOD THAT REQUIRES GREAT FORCE OF VOICE.—

How to manage the sentences immediately preceding.

When you have a period to pronounce that requires a great *elevation* of the *tone*, you must *moderate* and *manage* your voice with care, upon those periods that *just precede* it ; lest, by employing the whole *force* of it upon *those*, you exhaust yourself, and express *this languidly*, which requires more *vigour* and *vehemence*. It is in this management that *Garrick* particularly excelled ; as when *Hamlet* is collared by *Laertes* in *Ophelia's* grave, he exclaims, among other things :

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

The energy with which this great actor repeated these lines was sufficient to give them a certain force ; but it was not so great as he would, no doubt, have called forth, had he not known, that it was necessary for him to save his powers for what was to follow :

Come shew me what thou'lt do,
Wou'd'st weep ? wou'd'st fight ? wou'd'st fast ?
wou'd'st tear thyself ?
Wou'd'st drink up *Egle*, eat a crocodile ?
I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine ;
To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?
Be buried quick with her ; and so will I ;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make *Offs* like a wart!—

Here he exerted all his powers, which he could not have done, if he had spent himself, and exhausted his voice beforehand, upon any occasion that just preceded.

PRONUNCIATION.

Your *pronunciation* (which word, by the bye, is very frequently called, by even decent people, *pronunciation*) ought to be such as is commonly practised in the ordinary conversation of *well bred companies*. Their method of *pronouncing* words you must make yourself acquainted with, for it is the standard of *pronunciation* for the time, and there is a kind of fashion in this, as there is in almost every thing else. Many words spoken twenty years ago were pronounced differently ten years after, and some of these are at this time pronounced unlike what has been practised at any other period. Whatever impropriety there may be in this continual fluctuation in the mode of uttering words, still that is a matter you may lament, but cannot rectify of yourself—Your business, as a speaker, is to pronounce in such a manner as not to *offend* the ears of your auditors; and the only way you can do this, is to speak the language according to *common custom*, we mean among those from whom we are sure to hear no *vulgarisms* of accent, or any *vicious provincial pronunciations*.

If any friend of yours has had greater opportunities than you have had of making himself acquainted with the elegant mode of pronouncing, you ought not to be ashamed of asking his advice, whenever you entertain doubts respecting the proper *pronunciation* of any word; and if you can persuade him to be present whenever you speak in public, for the purpose of setting down those words in his mind which you pronounce wrong, and afterwards tell you of them, you will thereby be able,

in a short time, to correct yourself in such improprieties, and bring your speech to that *polish* and *refinement*, to attain which is one of the most important objects that can possibly engage your attention.

TO KEEP YOUR VOICE UP TO THE END OF A SENTENCE.

Many people have a most vicious habit of gradually and regularly *falling the voice* as they proceed in a sentence, and when they come to the last word it is hardly intelligible. This error you ought particularly to avoid—Your tone must be *kept up* upon the *pronunciation* of the *last word* of a period as *audibly* as in any other part; and this rule induced Garrick (who cautiously attended to it himself) at the hour of levity, when he was superintending a rehearsal, to give an actress, who was not remarkable for her strict observance of virtue, the following advice :—“ *My good Madam*, the close of “ your periods will not be heard by half the audience—“ For heaven’s sake let your voice be *audible* to the very “ end—I am sure you must know how absolutely necessary it is to *keep up your end*.” The instruction was good; and the way in which he worded it created a titter among the surrounding performers.

FIRST. *Use no action at the beginning of your speech.*

You must make use of no *action* when you begin to speak, at least but very little, unless you make a kind of an *abrupt commencement*, which sometimes happens, as was the case in a speech of the late Lord Chatham's, in the House of Lords, on the 20th of January 1775, on a motion made by him for removing his Majesty's forces from Boston.

I rise with vast astonishment to see these papers* brought to your table at so late a period of this business; papers, I am sure, the contents of which are already known, not only to every noble lord in this house, but almost to every person in this kingdom who has made American affairs in the least an object of enquiry; yet now, in the very tale of this business, when measures should be long since determined on, we are furnished with an empty parade of parchments—to tell us what?—why what the world knew before—that the American force, under injuries, and irritated wrongs, stript of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of *that blessing* to which life and property are but secondary considerations.

Here pointing at the papers above alluded to, was without doubt very proper, as well as absolutely necessary; but without this *abrupt* beginning, and the allusion to a particular object before him, it would have been erroneous to have made use of any action whatever; for *exordiums*, in common, ought to be spoken gently, and without any motion.

SECONDLY. *Never clap your hands.*

You ought never to *clap your hands*; nor ought
clergymen.

* The whole of the American papers, just then delivered in at the table by Lord Dartmouth, at the command of his Majesty.

clergymen to thump the pulpit, or beat the breast, for these appear too much like the manners of an enthusiastic ranters, or a mountebank.

THIRD. *Action mostly with the RIGHT HAND—Instances where the LEFT ALONE may be used.*

Most of your actions ought to be with the *right hand*; and whenever you make use of the *left*, let it only be to accompany the *other*, and never lift it up so *high* as the *right*. To use the *left hand* alone is what you must particularly avoid, excepting when you speak of the *right hand* and the *left* by name—For instance—

The Sovereign Judge of the world will make a *separation* between the *good* and the *bad* in the last day of judgment, placing the just on his *right hand*, and the wicked on his *left*.

Here it is not only allowable, but necessary to make such action according to the distinction, marking *one* of them with the *right hand* alone; and the *other* with the *left* alone.

FOURTH. *To place the RIGHT HAND on the breast.—If LEFT HANDED, how to manage.*

The *right hand* is naturally placed on the *breast* whenever the speaker talks of *himself*, with respect to his *faculties*, his *passions*, his *heart*, his *soul*, his *conscience*, &c. &c.—But it must be done only by laying the *hand* gently upon the *breast*, and not violently *beat* it, as some people do. You must every where avoid making use of the *left hand* alone, with the exceptions we have made.—But there are some men naturally *left handed*, and cannot forbear using the *left hand* by itself, because they have been *accustomed* to it from their *infancy*—In this case (although I am persuaded it is possible to get rid of the awkwardness by a little patience) I cannot advise better, towards concealing the imperfection, if they will not take the trouble of breaking themselves

of it, than to let *all their action* be with *both hands together*, for then they will not offend the eye of the spectator with the *left hand* alone, which can make but few motions of itself, but what are *disagreeable and inelegant* in the extreme.

FIFTH. *Action from the LEFT to the right.*

Your action ought to pass from the *left* to the *right*, and generally end to the *right*, but not in a violent manner.—Whenever the sense will permit it, (and for the most part it will) lay your hand down with great *gentleness and moderation*.

SIXTH. *When action advisable, to begin it when you begin to speak.*

You must begin your action, when you are to use it, with your *speech*, and end it with it again; for it would be ridiculous, either to begin your action *before* you had opened your mouth, or to continue it *after* you had done speaking.

SEVENTH. *Motion of your hands to suit the thing spoken of.*

The *movement* of your hands must always answer the nature of the thing you speak of; which Shakespeare alludes to, when he says,

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

It would be ridiculous to *stretch out the arm at full length*, when you repeat the words "*Come in*"—or *bring your hand towards you*, when you say, "*Go back*," or *clapping your hands together* at the words, "*Separate them*," or *open your arms* at "*Close it*," or *hang them down*, when you mention "*Raising*," or *hold them up*, at the words "*Cast him down*." All these would be contrary to reason, and expose you to the laughter and derision of your hearers.

EIGHTH. *Action must suit the figures you make use of.*
Upon all perturbed parts of your speech, the action of

of the hands is particularly necessary to suit the *beat* and *passion* of the *figures* you make use of.

NINTH. *The hands never, or seldom, HIGHER than the EYES.*

When you lift up the hand, it ought seldom, if ever, to be raised *higher* than the *eyes*, and not *lower* than the *breast*, although there are many who are very *extravagant* in this respect, clergymen (we mean those among the Dissenters) in particular, who sometimes raise the hand so high, as if threatening the heavens, and at other times *hanging it dangling* down over the pulpit, as if it were *dead*—This is more the method of a violent enthusiast, than a polished and dignified declaimer.

TENTH. *Your ARMS not to be STRETCHED out sideways from your body, but a certain distance.*

You ought not to *stretch out* your arms sideways, farther than *half a foot*, at most, from your body, or else your action will be quite out of your own sight, which is wrong, unless you turn your *head* aside to see it, which would be ridiculous.

ELEVENTH. *RAISE your hand in SWEARING, exclamations, &c.*

You must *raise* your hand in *swearing*, and in *exclamations*, so that the *action* may suit the *expression*, and both of them agree to the *nature* of the *thing*.

TWELFTH. *Not to use too much action.*

You must not make use of *action* at every place, for although it is true, the hands should not be *idle*, still this does not mean, that they should be in *continual motion*. This would be below the gravity, character, and dignity of a speaker, and would reduce him to the level of a *minick*, or those performers who play in *pantomimes*, and express every thing by *antic* and *apish* *gesticulation*.

THIRTEENTH.

THIRTEENTH. *Some actions not to be attempted by the hands.*

There are some actions which must not be attempted by the *hands*, nor must you try to put yourself in the *posture* of those that make use of them—Such as *fencing, making a bow, presenting a musquet, or playing upon any musical instrument, &c. &c.*

FOURTEENTH. *When you talk for another person, what action to use.*

Whenever you make use of the figure *prosopopœia*, in which you introduce another person speaking, you must take care not to use any *action* that would be improper for *him* to practice, and not agreeable to the state and condition in which you represent him.

There are many other things respecting the action of the hands, that might be here set down, and which have been more copiously mentioned by others; but as I intend this treatise merely as a manual for the student, to contain such useful hints as may be more immediately necessary to him in the practice of speaking, I shall here close my observations on this subject.

PERSON. *How it ought to be managed.*

Many people keep their bodies in *continual motion*, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, or else regularly move backwards and forwards, as if oratory consisted in nothing else but in *perpetual agitation*. This is so *unmeaning, absurd, and ungraceful*, that every speaker ought to break himself of it, if he find himself inclined to it. On the other hand, it is as bad to stand immoveable as a statue, during the whole time you are speaking, without any change of posture whatever, as nature and reason point out the necessity of sometimes making a motion with the body, to correspond with, and give strength and vigour to the sentiment. This occasional change of the body is as indispensable, to a certain degree, as the various changes of a discourse, and the different inflections of the voice; the whole,

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if appropriately combined, affording the highest satisfaction, and setting every thing off to admiration.

THE HEAD. *How to manage it.*

It is needless to say here what *gestures* and *signs*, what innumerable *hints* and *intimations* the head is capable of making, as every body is acquainted with them already—As in *refusing*, *granting*, *confirming*, *admiring*, and in a thousand other instances. A few things, however, respecting its regulation, we think proper particularly to mention—First, the head ought not to be extravagantly *stretched out*, as this is a mark of *arrogance* and *haughtiness*.—Secondly, it ought not to *hang down* upon the *breast*, as, in so doing, the voice is considerably injured, being rendered less *clear*, *distinct*, and *intelligible*.—Thirdly, it ought not to *lean* towards the *shoulder*, for that shews a *languor* and a *faint indifference*, but, on the contrary, it ought to be continually kept up, as it were, *modestly erect*, a state and position that *nature* requires.—Fourthly, it is not handsome for the head to continue always fixed in one immoveable posture, as if you had no joint in your neck; nor is it, on the other hand, pleasing, for it *constantly* to be *moving*, or *throwing* itself *about* at every turn of expression, an error too commonly practised—But to avoid both these *awkward extremes*, it must turn *softly* and *gently* upon the *neck*, if the nature of the sentiment permit it—not only to look upon those that are directly before your *eyes* in the *middle* of an *assembly*, but also to cast a look, now and then, upon those who are situated on *each side* of you, sometimes on the *right* hand, and sometimes on the *left*; and after you have done this, to return again to such an *easy* and *becoming* posture, as your voice may be heard without the smallest difficulty by the greatest part of your auditors. It must be here added, that the *head* ought always to be turned on the same side with the other *actions* of the body, excepting only when they are exerted upon *things* we *refuse*; as for instance, when the poet says,

I will not take the proffer'd kindness—

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Or upon things we *detest* and *abhor* ; as,

Take him away—He is loathsome to my sight.—

These must be expressed by an *action* of the *right hand*, while the head, at the same time, is turned to the *left*. Many other examples might be given.

THE FACE. *Hints respecting its management when speaking.*

Of all the parts of the *head*, it is the *face* that gives the greatest *life* and best *grace* to *action* ; so that great care ought to be taken that there is nothing *disagreeable* and *unpleasant* in it.—It is the part most exposed to *view*,—as an attentive audience have continually their eyes fixed upon it. It is therefore essentially necessary, that, as the regulation of the features is of the highest importance to a speaker, he should carefully attend to the proper adjustment of them in *private*, before he makes a display of his powers in *public*. The smallest irregularity or imperfection in the face is immediately *taken notice of* by every body, and according to its enormity your speech is proportionably lessened in its effect. In order to improve yourself in this particular, a *looking glass* may be recommended ; but I am persuaded that nothing can be half so advantageous as the assistance of a *friend*, who will carefully observe the common motions of your countenance, and frankly, and without reserve, inform you of whatever he sees *disagreeable* or *offensive* to the *eye*, so that you may thereby easily correct it afterwards by yourself (and here the *glass* may be called in to your aid) or in his presence, if not unpleasant to you. Still, however, all the *movements* of the face ought to be adjusted according to the subject you treat of, the passion you would express, or make others feel, and the *quality* of the *persons* to whom you speak.

THE EYES. *How to regulate their motion.*

When you are speaking, you ought always to be casting your eyes upon some or other of your auditors, and

and *rolling* them *gently* about from *this side* to *that*, with an air of *regard*, sometimes upon *one person* and sometimes upon *another*, and not fix them, as is often the case, upon *one spot alone*. This is a *dull* and *stupid* habit, and throws a *listless stupor* over your auditory; when to look them *modestly* and *decently* in the *face*, as is done in *familiar* and *common conversation*, would keep them *alive*, and insure their attention to whatever you say. Your whole *aspect* should always be *pleasant*, and your *looks* direct, never *severe* or *sour*, unless when the *passion* or *sentiment* requires it, and then your *feelings* will soon dictate a change. In this case your imagination throws an expression into your *eyes* that corresponds with your sensations, and the *passions* are depicted in your *looks*, as soon as your heart is *affected*.

How to draw tears from your own, as well as your auditor's eyes.

Whenever you are afflicted with a *violent grief* for your *own misfortunes*, or touched with great *compassion* for the *miseries* of another, the *tear* will *start* in your *eyes*. This made the *ancient actors* apply themselves, with much care and attention, to the acquiring a faculty of moving their imaginations to the *power* of *weeping* and *shedding tears* in abundance, whenever the occasion required; and they succeeded so well in this particular, and brought it to such perfection, that their faces used to be all over blurred with *crying* after they came off the stage. They accomplished this by various methods; but the most effectual was the following—They contrived to employ their imaginations upon some *real private afflictions* of their *own*, that lay very much at *heart*, and not upon the *fictions* of the *play before them*. There are many instances handed down to us by historians, of the astonishing effects this produced. The speaker who would wish to attempt it, ought to form *within himself* a very *strong idea* of the *subject* of the *passion*, and the *passion* itself will then certainly follow of course, ferment immediately in the *eyes*, and *affect* the spectators with the *same tenderness*. *Passions*

are wonderfully conveyed from one person's eyes to another's, the tears of the one melting the heart of the other, and creating a visible sympathy between their imaginations and aspects.

Of lifting up the eyes, or casting them down.

It is plain you must regulate this according to the nature of the thing spoken of.—For if you speak of heaven and the celestial powers, you ought, without doubt, to lift up your eyes towards heaven; but if you talk of the earth, and terrestrial things, you must, of course, cast them down upon the ground. You must also govern the eyes according to the passions, so as to cast them down upon things of disgrace and contempt which you are ashamed of; and to raise them upon things of honour, which you can talk of with credit and confidence. You ought, likewise, more particularly to turn up your eyes towards that by which you swear, and to lift the hand up in the same action.

EYE-BROWS. *How they should be managed.*

These should not be, on the one hand, altogether immoveable, or too full of motion on the other. You must not raise them both, as many people do when speaking of any thing with eagerness or anxiety; nor ought you to lift up one and cast down the other; but, for the most part, they ought to remain in the same posture and equality in which nature has placed them.—However, they are permitted to move sometimes, and it is fit they should, when the passions require it—That is to say, to contract them in sorrow; to smooth and dilate them in joy; and to hang them down whenever you would wish to delineate modesty and humility.

THE MOUTH. *How to manage it.*

You must take especial care not to let your mouth go in the least awry or uneven, as it is in the highest degree vulgar and disagreeable. Do not project the lower lip, as some people do, but let both of them be nearly

nearly *even*, and when you occasionally stop in your speech, leave off with the mouth a *little open*.

THE LIPS. *Not to bite them.*

You ought never to *bite* your *lips*, excepting when the passion demands it; and even then it is more adapted to the *actor* than the *orator*. Some persons have a trick of *licking* them with the *tongue*, which habit is exceedingly *low* and *ill-bred*, and becomes more the *mechanic* than the *gentleman*.

E A S T L Y.

THE SHOULDERS.

There are many who *shrug up* the shoulders almost at every expression, which is very unmeaning, or at best has but an appearance of *poverty*. Historians relate, that *Demosthenes* was addicted to this custom, but that he got rid of it by using himself, for a long time, to declaim in a confined place, with a *dagger* suspended over his *shoulders*, so that as often as he *shrugged them up* the point *pricked* him, and thereby put him in mind of his error. By this method he, at last, effectually corrected himself of the habit.

AN
E S S A Y
ON THE
ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT
IN ENGLAND.

IF terror and pity are the throbbing pulses of Christian oratory as well as of the drama, the powers of the former are certainly in this country feeble and unimpressive. Many splendid exceptions may be adduced, but I allude to the deficiency of general excellence: under that consideration, the form of Sacred Eloquence appears sickly and inactive, the pulse at her heart beats languidly, no expression flashes from her eye, and her pale lip attests that no seraph has touched it with the *live coal from off the altar*.

No other excellence can supply the want of animation. "What have the French Revolutionists," says Mr. Burke, "to supply their innumerable defects, and to make them terrible to the firmest minds? One thing only! But that one thing is worth a thousand—they have energy."

An audience may be assimilated to a tree, that is put into motion by the passing gale: how often the voice of a Preacher passes over this tree, like a languid zephyr, without agitating a single leaf!

The beauty and propriety of our Liturgy are universally acknowledged: the learned Curate of Paddington says, in his *Elucidation*, p. 27: "The Church, in all her

ESSAY ON

addresses to the Deity, has, it may almost be said, uniformly selected such titles, attributes, and perfections, as are most appropriate to the petitions to which they are prefixed, and best calculated to produce correspondent affections."

I have frequently borne a silent testimony to the strong impression the prayers of the Liturgy have made on the audience. I have frequently observed an awful expecting stillness when the Preacher has ascended the pulpit. I have observed, when every heart was broken and harrowed up by contrition, and thus incidentally prepared to receive the celestial seed from the hand of the sower, it has been defrauded of that seasonable and vital nutriment which its sensibility required. A cold animated discourse (through which Reason drags her long chain of argument) succeeds to the glowing oration of the Liturgy; or if the discourse takes another direction, and assumes something of an animated form, then that form is powerless; it bears the semblance of merit without the effect, and stands in the order of rhetorical excellence, as the snow-drop in the class of flowers, which appears,

"As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower;
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

See Mrs. BARBAULD'S POEMS.

That languor which adheres to sacred oratory, does not arise from the absence of abilities. Literature is under the highest obligation to the actual labours of the English Clergy. Biblical investigation is unweariedly urging her sublime pursuit. The hallowed shield of Truth is invincibly held up against the arm of Infidelity; and productions of every kind are continually promoting the cause of Morality. The many single sermons or discourses collected into a volume, which is daily issuing from the press, though not glowing with

with that characteristic energy required from a Christian orator, contain a considerable portion of sacred learning elegantly displayed ; so that the clerical mind may be said, with the strictest propriety, to be highly cultivated, and usefully exerted.

As I wish to address this discourse to the younger part of the Clergy, I should advise them not to adhere to the present adopted mode of preaching. *Pectus est quod desertus facit.* They should dive into the recesses of their own bosom, and explore the latent energy of soul, form an acquaintance with their own peculiar powers, and mark the bent and tendency of their rising talents. " Knowledge," says Cudworth, in his *Treatise on immutable Morality*, " is not to be poured into the soul like liquor, but rather to be invited and gently drawn forth from it ; nor the mind so much to be filled therewith from without like a vessel, as to be kindled and awakened. Hence is that strange parturiency, that is often observed in the mind, when it is solicitously set upon the investigation of some truth, whereby it doth endeavour, by ruminating and revolving within itself, as it were to conceive it within itself, to bring it forth out of its own womb ; by which it is evident that the mind is naturally conscious of its own active fecundity."

It is said, that when Shakespeare was born, Nature destroyed the mould in which his great mind was formed. Without losing sight of those splendid exceptions to which I before alluded, I cannot help wishing that some superior genius would break the general mould in which religious discourses are cast. To borrow an illustration from sculpture, an English sermon may be said to be compared to the statue of a correct but unimpassioned artist :* the form displays an apt proportion of parts ; but no soul warms, awakens, inspirits the dead marble. The subject of an English sermon is often admirably well conducted, and ingeniously expanded ; the formation is accurate, but something

* See Rousseau's *Pygmalion*.

thing is still wanting: I cannot better elucidate my meaning, than by these lines from Dryden :

Still the warm sun its cheering power withheld,
Nor added colours to the world *reveal'd*.

I beg I may not be understood that I am recommending to the Preacher to effuse a gaudy colouring over his composition. The celestial form of Religion does not require the flowing robe of Ostentation, nor is it to be viewed as through a prism. A Christian audience is not to be amused with the tricks of oratory, nor is the spiritual food which the audience demands at the hands of their pastors to be supplied with the flowers of rhetoric. The pastors, says Bishop Taylor (in his sermon on the Duty of Ministers), "are not to feed the people with gay tulips and useless daffodils, but with the bread of life, and medicinal plants, springing from the margin of the Fountain of Salvation."

I shall reserve for another opportunity some observations on the sermons that have appeared in the course of the last ten years; in which I have attempted to show, that however many of them may be esteemed beautiful moral essays, they are devoid of that evangelic and pastoral *unction*, which the pulpit demands: that they are not calculated to reach the affections, nor, in correspondence with the object in view, either to disturb, terrify, soften, encourage, or console. They contain no communicative sensibility, and have nothing that is glowing, seraphic, or incentive. If any authority were requisite to corroborate my opinion on this subject, I find the sentiments of Bishop Warburton in perfect consonance with mine: in his Directions for the Study of Theology he has these words: "A pathetic address to the passions and affections of penitent hearers, perhaps the most operative of all the various species of instruction, is that in which the English pulpit is most defective."

Nothing would sooner raise the depressed genius of Religion, says the author of the Chinese Fragment,

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“than the recovery of our Preachers from that *reasoning malady* which has so generally infected them.

If the Divine Promulgator of the Gospel called his Apostles the fishers of mankind, is it not to be presumed they were to endeavour to arrest their audience in the meshes of their eloquence, in order to draw them to the full influence of their exhortation ?

Our late eminent Actor, discriminating between a Preacher and an Actor, said to Bishop Lyttleton, “We speak of fictions as if they were realities, and you speak of realities as if they were fictions.”

If we do not hear of complaints relative to the clerical chair, Hume, in his Essays, tells us the reason : “We are satisfied with our mediocrity, because we have had no experience of any thing better.”

“I am persuaded,” says Gray in a letter to Mason, “that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the Revolution, is not the thing ; but that imagination and warmth of expression are in their place there as much as on the stage, moderated, however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of Religion.” (4to edition, 278.)

It would be an invidious task to draw a comparison between the regal state of Christian oratory at the commencement of the fourth century, and its meagre impoverished existence in the present day. Gregory Nazianzen, in his celebrated valedictory sermon, relates incidentally, rather than designedly, the triumphs of his own eloquence ; which eloquence, however, was not peculiar to him, but displayed the general character of oratory at that period. The venerable Prelate having obtained permission to resign his see, ascended the pulpit for the last time, and took his leave of his audience in expressions flowing from an exuberant sensibility.

“Thou great and august temple, farewell ! Farewell Apostles, ye leaders of my conflicts and my sufferings ; thou dangerous and envied pre-eminence, episcopal throne, farewell !—Farewell, ye widows and orphans ! Eyes of the poor, invariably directed to the

preacher, farewell ! Ye innumerable frequenters of my homilies ! ye swift-handed notaries ! ye rails pressed by my greedy auditors ! farewell, farewell !”

The apostrophe the abdicating orator addresses to the busy notaries, to the eyes of the poor, to the rails that were pressed by the innumerable throng, and the expression of the *greedy auditors*; demonstratively ascertain the brilliant powers of eloquence, when they were exercised by a Gregory Nazianzen, a Basil, or a Chrysostom.

Preaching is the most noble employment of reason. When our great epic poet extols the excellence of his divine art, he assimilates her to sacred eloquence :—“ Poetic abilities,” he says, “ are of power, *besides the office of the pulpit*, to inbreed and cherish in a great people, the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, to set the affections in right tune, and to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God’s Almightyness.”*

Impressed with the dignity of his office, the young Preacher should bring to his task a bosom penetrated with the awful truth he is going to unfold : it is the best method of deepening the effect upon an audience. Crasshaw says, in his quaint, but expressive manner, *the wounded is the wounding heart*.

We read in the history of the Roman Drama, that Polus, a celebrated actor, relinquished the stage for a considerable time, from the melancholy occurrence of losing an only child. Being at length persuaded to resume his profession, in order to engrave still deeper on his soul the tragic scene of Electra, which he was called upon to exhibit, he hurried to the tomb of his beloved son, and with an holy violation bore away the urn that enclosed the endeared ashes ! and when he held up this real object of domestic affliction for the urn of Orestes, he was so vehemently affected, that nature broke out into tones the most impassioned, and the most expressive of grief, while the whole theatre felt a correspondent

* See that valuable work, the *Life of Milton*, by Mr. Hayley ; from whence this extract is taken.

respondent emotion, and echoed the moans of the sorrow-wounded parent.

The Minister of the Gospel has no occasion to have recourse to such stimulatives; the objects of his discussion press equally upon him as upon his audience. Eternity ! heaven ! hell ! death ! these are themes which cast around an awful and universal interest. The Preacher may be compared in some respect to the pilot in a storm, who shares the peril with the passengers. The parliamentary orator delivers his sentiments with animating warmth, under the conviction that he is pleading the sacred cause of his country ; and can the advocate, pleading the cause of eternity, the celestial patriot, perform his awful task with apathy ?

Let the young Ecclesiastic, while he stands on the threshold of the sanctuary, undergo a self-examination : if the silent but heart-felt invitation, if the lonely whispering voice of predilection, do not prompt him to ascend the seat of the preacher ; if an enthusiastic ardour does not elevate him when he is commenting upon the sacred text ; if he carries to his holy task, a supine reluctance ; he may rest assured, that eloquent Nature has not predestined him to occupy a place among the small number of her elect ; that she has not kindled for him the sacred flame ; and that to him these words of Danté may be applied :

A cui natura,

Non scaldo ferro mai, ne batte ancude.

But, if the clerical student is conscious that Nature has imprinted on his mind a peculiar bias ; if, amidst the claims of active life, she urges his power to one peculiar aim ; if, deeply affected with the beauties of profane eloquence, he glows with an enthusiasm till then unknown at the energy of sacred oratory ; if an emulative fire kindles in his breast at the recollection of our church worthies, the spiritual founders, and the successive propagators of the establishment, those immoveable columns, which upheld amidst the bursting

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tempest the sacred roof ! if, stealing from the haunts of man, he invokes the Holy Spirit to descend from above, exuberant of grace, and rich in his sevenfold energy ; if the sacred fountain of tears lodged in the recesses of the soul, is ready, at Nature's call, to overflow with affectionate effusion : these indications testify that he is designated by Religion to the office of the sublimest import, the dispensation of her holy word.

As the fire from Heaven, which in Leviticus consumed the burnt offering, and which was ever after preserved from extinction by the means of common materials ; so the flame of genius, which descends from Heaven to the human breast, must be kept alive by human assiduity : it must be fed from the treasury of learning, and enriched by the deductions of an observing mind. But the Preacher must not be fastidiously solicitous or elaborately nice in the arrangement of periods, and in the marshalling of his words. Milton, the great master of expression, says, " True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth : and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others ; when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

This passage, however, from Milton, must not be adopted without some qualification ; for, unless the Preacher pays some attention to the charm of numerous composition, to the music of verbal harmony, to the selection of graceful metaphors, he will render himself liable to the same strictures which the elegant Melmoth passes on Archbishop Tillotson : " The words of that prelate are frequently ill-chosen, and almost always ill-placed ; his periods are both tedious and unharmonious, and his metaphors are generally mean and ridiculous."

South, in a note to one of his Sermons, thus animadvert

adverts upon an expression of Tillotson : " See a late signal instance of *Providence* in a Prince *who had his shoulder so kindly kissed by a cannon bullet*—as the late Archbishop by a peculiar strain of rhetoric, expresses this wonderful escape in his Sermon at Court—for well indeed might it pass for wonderful ; the salutes from the mouth of a cannon being commonly so boisterous that they seldom kiss but they kill too." Vol. iii. p. 570.

The Christian Orator must direct a peculiar attention to the Bible : St. Jerome, no incompetent judge of this subject, recommends to the priesthood the perusal of the sacred page in these energetic words :—*" Tenentem sacros codices somnus obrepit, et cadentem faciem pagina sancta suscipiat."*

The Scripture is the heaven, from which the Preacher is to steal the Promethean heat which is to animate his composition. The Scripture is the herbal, or rather the storehouse of plants and flowers, from whence the spiritual physician gathers the medical herbs of power to sooth the diseased mind, and disperse that perilous stuff that weighs upon the guilty breast. The Scripture is the arsenal from which are drawn those dread materials that form the thunder which the Prophets, the primitive preachers, wielded over an unrepenting world.

The many texts which will present themselves to the biblical student as candidates for his choice, should be previously examined before he makes his selection. He should soar on the wings of contemplation, and hover over the sacred ground, till, discovering a text that forcibly attracts him, he should seize it, as the descending eagle rushes on his prey.

" The subject of the discourse," says Dr. Langhorn, " may sometimes preach more effectually than the discourse itself ; arising either from the energy and brevity of the expression, or from adapting it with an obvious propriety to some temporary occasion. When the fate of Aaron's two sons was pronounced, the sacred writer gives us this short and striking description : *Aaron held his peace.* What expression ! Would not

this be a most proper text for the subject of religious resignation? And would not the text itself plead more emphatically than the most laboured sermon?*

If history (as it has been asserted) is philosophy realized, historical preaching is truth exemplified. What are words to things? What was the harangue of Anthony to his producing the body of Cæsar? Now a story realizes a discourse, and brings, as it were, the body of Cæsar to our view.

In St. James's Church, on the 7th of March 1800, I heard a subject of this nature treated in the most luminous and happy manner: the subject of the historic discourse was the decollation of St. John the Baptist. The eloquent Prelate† drew with a masterly hand, the characters of all the personages concerned in that drama. The glowing zeal and undaunted courage of the Baptist, the vindictive spirit that reigned in the bosom of Herodias, were displayed in the most striking point of view. In the delineation of the character of the young woman, compassion softened the strain of the Orator; the timid nature of the daughter was vividly contrasted with the imperious command of the mother, and with a lenient hand he flung over the part the daughter acted in this tragedy, the veil of filial obedience. But on Herod, the sacred Orator poured the full torrent of his indignant zeal, and pointed out, in the most convincing, energetic language, that this adulterous intercourse with Herodiās was the cause, at first imperceptible, that led him from step to step to the completion of the crime of murder. He then noticed the frequency of divorces, which indicated an alarming dissolution of manners, and which he awfully represented as sufficient to awaken the divine forbearance, and call down the vengeance of Heaven on this country.

There are many stories in the sacred writings pregnant with the most interesting morality. There are also to be found in ecclesiastical history, subjects that might

* See a little tract, entitled, *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*.

† Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.

might be adopted by the Christian Orator. The story of the forty martyrs of Sebaste occurs to me as a subject that would happily illustrate a discourse that treated upon the necessity of perseverance : the unexpected desertion of one of the holy band, if properly commented upon, would exhibit a terrifying example. I beg leave to recommend this subject, to the Morning Preacher at Spring garden Chapel, a gentleman who possesses superior talents for the pulpit.*

These illustrious soldiers suffered for their faith in the Lesser Armenia, under the Emperor Lucinus, in 320 : they belonged to the same company, and were enlisted into the Thundering Legion : Agricola, the governor of the province, having published an order directing the army to sacrifice to the pagan deities, forty Christian soldiers represented their peculiar situation, and refused to join their comrades in the act of sacrifice : this refusal irritated the governor, to whose menaces they returned this heroic answer :—That his power did not extend to their will, it only extended to the infliction of corporeal pain, which they had learned to despise when they became soldiers. The governor, highly incensed at their courage, devised an extraordinary kind of death. Under the walls of the town was a river, which was frozen. Agricola ordered the protesting soldiers to be exposed naked on the ice ; a warm bath was prepared at a small distance for any who should relent. They readily consented to undergo the severe trial ; and having for a considerable time endured the thrilling agony of the freezing air, one unhappy sufferer relented. While the gates of heaven were just opening to his view, while the hands of angels were preparing his crown of victory, and saints expecting his ascending spirit, the wretched apostate rose from his icy couch, crawled to the seductive bath, and, stooping into the warm emollient water, expired.

Profane history presents many instances of illustrative comparison, between the impure, complicated, hero-

*The Rev. Mr. Beville, Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Manchester.

hero-worship of the Pagan ritual, and the immaculate simplicity of the Christian altar. A striking instance occurs in Sejanus, who sometimes strewed incense on the altar erected to his own memory, and thus at once became the impious sacrificer and the profane deity.

There are some austere duties, some unaccommodating truths, which no attire of composition can soften. These repulsive obligations may be enforced by illustration. The advantage of misfortune is exemplified and pleasingly conveyed to the mind by the following anecdote.

An English officer being taken prisoner by the French Indians, became the slave of an old Indian chief, who treated him with humanity. One day the chieftain took the officer into a retired part of a forest, and addressed him in these words :

"Since you have been my captive, you must acknowledge that I have treated you with kindness : I have taught you to form the swift canoe, to chase the boar, to prepare the beaver's skin, and to speed the shaft. Tell me, is your father living ?"—"He was alive," the officer replied, "when I left my country." The chief returned, "I was a father once : thy loss, oh valiant son ! like the arrow that put an end to thy existence, drinks the blood that warms my heart. No joy, no comfort have I known, since I have felt the absence of him whom I loved with such an affection. Behold that sun ! how bright it shines to you ! Since that sad day it looks to me a cloud ! How cheerfully yonder roses meet your eye ! To me they seem devoid of every charm. Go, youthful stranger, to your father ; go, wipe from his furrowed cheek the stream of parental sorrow : go, bid the sun display to him all its splendour ; and bid the rose in all her bloom appear !"

Anecdotes of Literature, vol. v.

This historical incident will naturally lead the Preacher to observe, that the misfortune of losing his son had softened the bosom of the Indian chief, and disciplined it to this act of benevolence, which no doubt would be rewarded at the throne of grace.

Besides.

Besides the method of conveying instruction through the channel of history, there are circumstances seemingly unimportant, which, if seized with address, will suggest to the Preacher a new and unexpected train of ideas. A Preacher some years ago, in France, who had acquired a considerable share of renown among the villagers at a great distance from the capital, came to Paris on some private business, without any intention of displaying his oratorical talents; but so great was the curiosity of the Parisians to hear the rustic orator, that importunities poured in upon him from every quarter. He was at length prevailed upon to comply with the universal request. The church of St. Sulpitius was chosen for the purpose. The parish of St. Sulpitius is one of the most extensive in Paris, and was inhabited chiefly by persons of the highest distinction and eminence. Never did a more splendid audience present itself to the eye of a Preacher. The Abbé Bridaine found himself encircled with bishops, cardinals, princes, ministers, united with all the female elegance of Paris. Surprised, but not intimidated, he seized the local incident arising from the contrast of the actual to his own accustomed audience, to usher in the following impressive exordium:

“Disused to so brilliant a congregation, I ought to intreat your indulgence towards a poor country curate, who is destitute of those elegant talents which the Parisians require of the Minister of the Gospel. I am, however, conscious of a very different sensation from that of fear; and if I feel myself impressed at this moment with humility, do not imagine that it arises from the wretched disquietude of vanity. God forbid that a Minister of his Gospel should stand in need of an apology when he comes before you to dispense the words of life. Although you may boast of ever so exalted a rank, you are not greater in the eye of Heaven than I am; and every person in this audience is what I am, a sinner. It has been till this day my lot to announce the word of God in churches whose thatched roofs canopy an humble train. Wretch that I am! I have urged

the rigours of penance to those who had not bread to offer to their famished children. I have enforced the most tremendous truths of our religion upon the innocent inhabitant of the cottage. I have carried dismay and affliction into the bosom of those whom I should rather have pitied and consoled. From the place I now occupy, wherever I direct my eyes, I behold only the rich, the great, the fortunate; perhaps I behold the oppressors of suffering humanity; at least, I may with truth affirm, that I behold audacious and habitual sinners! Ah, it is here the impassioned Preacher may roll the thunder of the Gospel! It is here, as through a bursting cloud, he may pour the tempest of his indignation.—

“The certainty of death, the uncertainty of the hour, the small number of the elect, the last judgment, hell, and, above all, eternity! eternity! these are the subjects I shall this day unfold to your trembling view, and which I now lament I had not reserved for you alone. I do not court your applause; for the applause given to the Preacher does not insure the salvation of the hearer. May God touch your hardened hearts! I have acquired a long experience of his mercy; and should remorse harrow up your soul, you will then acknowledge that I am sufficiently eloquent.”

A local occurrence will sometimes claim the notice of a Christian Orator. Dr. Langhorn inserted in a Poem, entitled *The Country Justice*, an event which had happened in his neighbourhood. He had foreseen the effect it would have on the poetical reader by the warm interest it obtained among his rural auditors when he delivered the pathetic story from the pulpit. It is a tragical incident belonging to the simple annals of the village; and although it carries with it a collateral rather than a direct moral tendency, the feeling Pastor was induced to weave it into his discourse for the purpose of exciting a resentment at the unmerciful dispensation of power which is sometimes exercised by churchwardens.

The narrative, divested of its poetical ornaments, yet retaining all its interest, runs thus:—An indigent

and virtuous young married woman, who lived at a considerable distance from her own parish, was returning home : she had passed through the toil of a long day's journey on foot, and in the evening reached a village that was three miles distant from her own. Exhausted with fatigue, and fainting with thirst, she trusted that some charitable person would allow her a little straw upon which she might repose her weary limbs, and she begged for a cup of beer to moisten her parched lips. That boon, indeed, was not denied her ; but the stern overseer, perceiving the advanced state of her pregnancy, hurried her away from the village, without permitting her to partake of any other refreshment ; and having conducted her beyond the limits of the parish, he inhumanly left her on a naked heath. The pangs of childbirth soon assailed her ; she was delivered of her infant and expired. At that moment a highwayman, who had just committed a robbery, was hastening over the heath, and riding close to the very spot, he saw a woman who appeared dead, with a naked babe at her bosom. Forgetting his own perilous situation, the generous robber alighted from his horse, carried the naked infant to a cottage, and distributed part of his booty to the woman who received the child. Every heart must throb with a wish for the humane robber's escape ; but heaven ordained it otherwise : the pity that delayed his flight was the cause of his being taken. The singularity of his case not being accurately conveyed to the merciful ear of the king, he underwent the full rigour of his sentence ; while the unrelenting overseer still presides in his hamlet, the terror of the poor ! and bears, to use the closing words of the poem,

Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers.

There are situations of danger and alarm, that will call forth the most powerful exertions of the Orator. James Saurin, the celebrated Preacher at the Hague, introduced into his discourse the state of the exiled Protestants

Protestants in the most bold and original manner. The sermon was preached at the opening of the campaign 1706, on the fast-day. The annals of religion never, perhaps, presented to the view of a Christian orator a more interesting scene. The promiscuous crowd that thronged the church, was composed of the army, and of their nearest connections and relations, for whose safety they were going to expose their lives. No sinister views, no thought of aggrandisement, no commercial advantages, mingled with the purity of that contest in which they were engaged : nature, security, domestic happiness, called them to the strife, while Religion stood on the pedestal of Ambition.

The Preacher took his text from the sixth chapter of the Prophet Micah :

“ ‘ Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord’s controversy, and
 ‘ ye strong foundations of the earth ; for the Lord
 ‘ hath a controversy with his people, and he will
 ‘ plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done
 ‘ unto thee, testify against me.’ ”

“ This astonishing scenic representation, my brethren, of the Creator entering into a contending dialogue with the creature, is what I shall this day hold up to your view, in order that you may enter into those sentiments of compunction which the solemnity of this day requires. The arm of God is extended over our heads : shall I say for the purpose of defence or of destruction ? Oh ! let me conjure you, by the walls of this temple which still subsist, by the charm of conjugal affection, by the love you bear your children, by the unshaken fidelity you owe to your religion, in the name of our sovereigns, our commanders, our soldiers ; by all these sacred titles to your attention, may my voice this day have access to the inmost recesses of your hearts ! Ye worldly distractions ! Ye terrestrial cares ! Ye birds, ye harpies that disturb our sacrifice, vanish from our mind this day, and leave us with God alone.

“ ‘ Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord’s controversy,
 ‘ and ye strong foundations of the earth ; for the Lord
 ‘ hath

‘hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel.’

“As I consider this text as immediately connected with your present unfortunate situation, you may be allowed to pour out your complaints, and proclaim before the face of heaven and earth the calamities with which you are afflicted.

“ ‘O my people, what have I done unto thee?’

“Lord, thou hast done many things unto us! Ye solitary paths that lead to the gates of Jerusalem! ye dejected sacrificers! ye weeping virgins! ye sanctuaries levelled with the dust! deserts peopled with holy fugitives! members of Jesus Christ wandering upon the face of the earth! ye children torn from the arms of your parents! imprisoning caverns gorged with confessors! forms of deceased martyrs denied the asylum of the grave, and exposed to the mangling talons of voracious birds! ye fallen temples! dust! ashes! sacred ruins! ye flames! ye torturing wheels! and scaffolds! oh reply, and bear your testimony against the Eternal.

“But, if we take God for our judge, shall we not find motives sufficient to justify the calamities with which we are now afflicted? The habitual contempt of his word, the abortive warning of his pastors, an inordinate attachment to the world, the many vices that preceded the misfortunes we now lament, should make us smite our bosom, and cry out, in the words of the prophet, The Eternal is just, for we have rebelled against him.”

Ecclesiastical history informs us of a most happy local incident, of which the great Chrysostom failed not to avail himself. Eutropius, a man of the lowest extraction, had, by the means of a smooth insinuating manner, gained an ascendant over the mind of the Emperor Arcadius, who having previously raised him to offices of emolument and power, had elevated him to the dignity of consul. Invested with authority, he oppressed the people, and persecuted the church. Among the several rigorous laws and provocations that emanated from his administration, the edict that suppressed the

the

the privilege of sanctuary gave considerable offence. The undaunted Chrysoſtom ſtood forth upon all occaſions to oppoſe the innovating ſpirit of the miniſter. At length the people, uniting with the army, loudly demanded his diſmiſſion. The emperor, who had already expreſſed his indignation at his conduct, ordered him to retire from court, with an injunction never to return. Abandoned by the emperor, and expoſed to public reſentment, the wretched Eutropius fled to the altar for that privilege he had denied to others. The emperor ſent a detachment of his guards to force him from his aſylum. But the generous interpoſition of Chryſoſtom prevailed upon the commanding officer to ſuſpend his orders till he obtained leave from the Emperor for Eutropius to partake of the privilege of ſanctuary. The next day being a great feſtival, an unuſual concourſe of people thronged to the church to behold that perſon reduced to ſo humiliating a ſtate, whoſe deportment in the hour of proſperity had been haughty, imperious, and oppreſſive. The tumultuous noiſe which firſt prevailed having ſubſided into an awful ſilence, Chryſoſtom pronounced the following diſcourſe :

“ ‘ Vanity of vanities ; and all is vanity.’ ”

“ If ever there was a time more adapted than another for the application of theſe emphatic words, it is moſt aſſuredly the preſent moment. Where is the ſplendour that environed the conſul ? where are the honours, where are the imperial diſtinctions that attended him ? are the feſtive hours of his repaſts to return no more ? are the days of his rejoicing departed ? where are his chorifters ? where are his muſicians ? has a mournful ſilence ſucceeded to the applauſe of the circus ? to the loud acclamations of innumerable ſpectators ? a ſudden blaſt has withered the lofty tree, deſpoiled it of all its leaves and flowing honours, and palsied the naked branches. Where is now your late concourſe of ſummer friends ? where is the lengthening proceſſion of your paraſites ? The felicity you enjoyed has paſſed away as the dream that

vanishes at the dawn of day : it has passed away like the beauty of the vernal flower ; it has passed away like an airy vapour before the sun ; it has passed away like a cloud of dust that is scattered by the wind. ‘Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!’ These emphatic words should be proclaimed in all public places ; they should be inscribed upon the walls of every mansion ; they should be imprinted on our garments ; but they should be principally engraved upon our hearts.

“How repeatedly have I said to you, Eutropius, that riches are fugitive slaves ! experience now informs you that they are homicides, since they are the authors of that impending danger which threatens your existence. And to avoid being involved in the same calamity, your parasite companions and adulators, and they who experienced the beneficial part of your power, behold ! they have all abandoned you ; while we observe a conduct of a different tendency : we who, in the day of your prosperity, patiently endured the pressure of your tyranny, in the day of your misfortune protect you with all our authority. The holy religion you have insulted and oppressed offers you an asylum, receives you into her arms, and holds you to her bosom. I do not use this language by way of exulting over the enemy, who is grovelling in the dust, but to strengthen those who stand ; not to inflame the wound that now is bleeding, but to stimulate the attention of those who have yet received no wound ; not to plunge into the roaring waves the man who is shipwrecked, but to instruct those who sail with prosperous winds to escape from being exposed to the same calamity.

“There is little occasion for the parade of words, when the presence of the disgraced fugitive so forcibly describes his misfortune. Most of you assisted yesterday at the strange spectacle exhibited in this temple ; you beheld when the Imperial guards came to arrest the fallen minister, how eagerly he flew to yon sanctuary, and embraced the sacred vases ! a deathlike paleness was diffused over his countenance, a chilling terror convulsed his frame ; his voice burst out at inter-

vals into broken accents. I say not this for the purpose of adding to the mass of his misfortune, but to quicken your sensibility, and induce your compassion to entertain the benevolent idea, that his punishment has already transcended his crime. Is there any person present who inwardly reproaches me for holding out a protecting hand to that unhappy criminal? Does it appear inconsistent, that he should find security in that temple, whose sacred worship he was ambitious to annihilate? Rather think with me that it redounds to the glory of God, that so formidable an enemy should be compelled to acknowledge the power and the forbearance of the Church! This venerable matron, like a tender mother, covers him with her garment from the indignation of the emperor, and the vehemence of public hatred. A clemency of this distinguished nature reflects an additional lustre on that blazing altar. To these eyes never did yon altar appear more resplendent or more tremendous than at this moment, when I behold that lion trembling at its feet."

Nicholas Prevost, a French Preacher in the beginning of the eighteenth century, introduced the following observation through the medium of a local circumstance. It is in his funeral oration upon the Duke of Berri, pronounced at St. Dennis (near Paris), where the royal family are interred.

"Illustrious progeny of the Bourbons! ye worthy descendants of the Condés! behold how the splendour which surrounds your birth is finally to be darkened. This temple may be said to be strewed with the ashes of your relatives, to be paved with the ruins of your ancient house. As we walk along, do we not seem to trample upon broken sceptres, fallen crowns, and degraded forms of monarchs?"

There are also circumstances of a fugitive nature, which, like the momentary and embellishing accidents of light, will serve to heighten and enforce some particular object of discussion. I cannot better illustrate my meaning, than by citing a beautiful passage from a letter

letter of Aaron Hill to Richardson, on the publication of Pamela :

“ When I read Pamela, I could not help naming you to my hope, as the moulder of this maiden model. Pamela possesses general attention, and, like the snow that now lies on the earth, covers every other image with her own unbounded whiteness.”

There is also a method of enforcing an argument from the object which engages the attention of the person you wish to persuade : this is finely illustrated in a speech of Agrippina. Tacitus informs us, that Clodia Pulchra being accused by the emperor, Agrippina, resenting the indignity offered her injured friend and relation, rushed into the presence of Tiberius, and finding him in the act of offering a sacrifice to the manes of Augustus, she accosted him in a tone of vehemence :

“ The piety which thus employs itself in slaying victims to the deceased emperor, agrees but ill with the hatred that persecutes his posterity. Those are senseless stones which you adore ; they are not animated with the spirit of Augustus ; his descendants are living images of him, and yet even they whose veins are warm with his celestial blood, stand trembling on the brink of peril : Why is Clodia Pulchra devoted to destruction ?”

Though the preceding speech cannot supply the Preacher with any imitative hint, nor suggest any thing exactly similar, it may point to him the manner of forcibly seizing a peculiar circumstance, and arguing from immediate situation.

The abrupt diversion of a discourse to another object (a figure in which ancient oratory seems to delight) may occasionally be introduced into a moral exhortation. Cicero's address to the Martian legion, *Vos vero patriæ natos judico !* &c. and his appeal to the hills and groves of Alba, are well known to the classical reader : but however spirited these addresses to departed persons and inanimate objects may appear, they certainly shrink before the sublime appeal of a late unfortunate queen !

who,

who, as she stood at the bar, humbled, degraded, outraged, at a certain calumnious imputation, her elastic mind soared above disgrace ; and, bursting into voice, she cried out with the energy of nature—" I appeal to all the mothers who are in this court ! I consign my innocence to your decision ! tell me, tell me, is it possible that a parent can be guilty of this crime ?"

Is Reason then to be excluded as an unavailing actress in the theatre of Truth ? By no means ! Let her come forward in the cause of religion, and let her be heard in her turn ; and although she is not allowed to wear the flowery garb of Rhetoric, let her chaste argument be clear, forcible, and concise ; let her seeming neglect of exciting the passions be blended with a subdued eloquence : let her have a view to the heart, even while she is addressing the understanding ; let her resemble the shepherdess in Virgil, whose flight is attended with a wish to be seen : *Et fugit ad salices, et se supit ante videri.*

The following melancholy expostulation of Wollaston, under the idea that existence terminates with this life, is a kind of concealed eloquence which reaches the heart through the understanding :

" Is this life the period of being ? Did man come into the world only to make his way through the press, amidst many jostling and hard struggles, with at best only a few deceitful, little, fugacious pleasures interspersed, and so go out of it again ? Can this be an end worthy a First Cause perfectly reasonable ? Can I be made capable of such great expectations, which the animals know nothing of (happier by far in this regard than I am, if we must die alike) only to be disappointed at last ? Thus placed just upon the confines of another better world, and fed with hopes of penetrating into it, and enjoying it, only to make a short appearance here, and then to be shut out and totally sunk ? Must I then, when I bid my last farewell to these walks, when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me and go out ; must I then only serve to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these
herds

herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet ? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them at death ?" *Section the ninth.*

Of this species of reasoning to which I now allude, is the celebrated passage in Sherlock, beginning with these words: "Go to your natural religion."

This solitary instance of animated elocution, amidst so many discourses, "is like the lightning in the collied night, which unfolds both heaven and earth, and ere a man hath power to say, Behold, the jaws of darkness do devour it up."

The Abbé Boismont happily unites the powers of logic with the splendour of rhetoric, in his address to the infidel writers :

"I am ready to acknowledge the service you have rendered humanity : I am ready to acknowledge that you have checked the progress of fanaticism ; that you have thrown down the flaming pyres of intolerance : and, as a Minister of the Gospel, I thus publicly thank you in the name of religion. But let me ask, why you are so ardent for the annihilation of all worship ? why so anxious for the abolition of our solemnities ? Were every temple of this metropolis levelled with the dust, to what sanctuary would the wretched resort to pour out their afflicted soul to heaven ? Were every Minister of the Gospel proscribed, where would be the hand to wipe the tear from the cheek of misfortune ? where the voice to breathe the accents of consolation to the miserable ? Renowned and exalted as your name may be, tell me, do you account it sufficiently powerful to summon avarice and opulence to unlock their treasures, and to respect the rights of the poor ? can the abstract images of humanity, of liberty, of equality, warm, soften, or subdue the heart ? You every where represent mankind in your writings under the soothing imagery of a fraternal community ; with an equal ardour we embrace this image, and hold it to our bosom. To you, that image is a cold statue ; to us, it is warm and throbbing with life ! You declaim, and we perform : for it is in our temples only, this

family of brotherhood is seen ; it is in our temples only, where passion, resentment, vengeance sink into a calm ; where separate interests congregate into one benevolent sentiment. You have your lyceums and institutions for the encouragement of literature, but you have no school for the science of Humanity : you speak of her indeed, in your discussions and academie harangues ; but it is in our temples only, that she speaks herself, acts, and commands ! because equality is only to be found at the foot of the altar, where birth, dignity, talents disappear, and the Christian alone remains !”

Mr. Erskine supplies me with another instance of this moral reasoning, in his speech of June 24th, 1797, in the court of King’s Bench, Westminster, the King v. Williams, for publishing Paine’s Age of Reason.

In order to depress and degrade the pretensions of the shallow unbeliever, Mr. Erskine cites four of our most eminent literary characters, whose brilliancy of mind *was as the sun in the gray vault of heaven !* and who embraced, with the firmest persuasion, the Christian doctrine.

“ In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting, that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light.— But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian !— Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy ; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors, which a minuter investigation

investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances, which the foot treads on? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine to look up through Nature to Nature's God: yet the result of all his contemplation was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.—But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a Christian—Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

“Gentlemen! in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never to be forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided; whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author, that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the my-
thologies

theologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No, they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man. But it was the light of the **body** only that was extinguished; 'The celestial light' shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of 'God to man.' The result of his thinking was nevertheless not the same as the author's. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of the *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

"Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings; all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, distinguishing them from one another, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom."

The next instance I shall produce of that logic adapted to the pulpit, is from a Spanish author: his reasoning is simple and unadorned, but clear, daring, and irresistible.

Savonarola says, in his *Triumpho Crucis*, "That unless the truth of our religion be granted, a Christian must be the greatest monster in nature: he must at the same time be eminently wise, and notoriously foolish; a wise man in his practice, and a fool in his belief: his reasoning

reasoning powers must be deranged by a constant delirium, while his conduct never swerves from the path of propriety : and he must be an abhorred mixture of truth and falsehood, of purity and corruption.

“If the infidel asserts that Jesus Christ is not the true God, this contradiction evidently follows, that he must have been at once the most holy and the most wicked of men : there being no crime so audacious, as that of pretended and usurped divinity. Was it possible that virtue so exalted should be erected upon injustice ? that the proudest and the most ambitious of mankind should be the great master and accomplished pattern of humility ? that a doctrine so pure as the Gospel should be the work of an uncommissioned pretender ? that so perfect a system of morals should be established on blasphemy ?”

I beg leave to offer a more recent instance of pathetic reasoning, of which I was a witness on Friday the 20th of last March in St. James's Church : the eminent Preacher* enforced the conviction of our Saviour's ascent from the grave by developing the character of St. Peter, and by displaying the abrupt change that operated on the mind of the Apostle after that miraculous event had taken place. The previous timid, fluctuating disposition of the Apostle was energetically opposed to his subsequent decisive and intrepid conduct. The logical inference deduced by the illustrious Prelate was not a cold discursive ratiocination : the stream of his argument rushed with convincing power, flooding the mind with certainty, and the heart with rapture.

In this manner I should wish to see the reasoning faculties employed in a moral discourse. The object of this Essay is, to endeavour to remove that *vis inertiae*, to sting that apathy which so frequently adheres to an English sermon. South very properly observes, that “he who presumes on the efficiency of truth, forgets that men have affections to be caressed, as well as an understanding to be informed.”

Fenelon,

* The Bishop of London.

Fenelon, who may be denominated the Priest of Sensibility, excludes from the pulpit all logical ratiocination: he wishes the Preacher would address his audience with the feelings of a parent. In the discourse he pronounced at the ordination of the Elector of Cologne he has the following remarkable passage:

"Ye Pastors, whose function it is to administer the word of God, think not that you comply with the duties of your profession, if you only possess the art of reproving your audience, and of dispassionately expatiating on the letter of the law. I would have every Minister of the Gospel address his audience with the zeal of a friend, with the generous energy of a father, and with the exuberant affection of a mother.—*Soyez pères, ce n'est pas assez, soyez mères.*"

This tenderness, however, of expression, is exceeded by these words of St. Paul to the Galatians: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." Chap. iv. verse 19. And again: "We were gentle among you, as a nurse cherisheth her children."

But how are the young Ecclesiastics, who form no inconsiderable part of the company of Preachers, to supply that authority which is the result of years and experience? To this question I make this answer: By the innocence of their lives. The life of a pious Clergyman, says Hooker, is a kind of a visible rhetoric: and I must add, that when piety is the associate of youth, it has something irresistibly alluring; and, like the almond-tree in blossom, attracts and detains the eye, before the production of fruit. The young Ecclesiastic may supply that fruit of age, *authority*, by a zeal accompanied with a diffident and unassuming manner, when he exercises his professional duty. He should appear impressed with an awful sense of his function, but not subdued! collected; but not distressed! "There should be some life in this paleness, the colour of devotion, giving a lustre to reverence, and a glow to humility."

Every virtue may be excited by the Preacher in his pointing out signal examples. Josephus gives a fine instance

instance of fortitude in Eleazer, a man far advanced in years, who being threatened by Antiochus if he still refused to partake of the meat forbidden by the law, returned this intrepid answer :

“ Old age has not so impaired my mind, or enfeebled my body, but, when religion and duty call upon me, I feel a youthful and vigorous soul. Does this declaration awaken your resentment ? Prepare your instruments of torture, provoke the flames of the furnace to a fiercer rage ; nothing shall induce me to save these silver locks, by a violation of the ordinances of my country, and of my God ! Thou holy law ! from whom I derive my knowledge, I will never desert so excellent a master. Thou prime virtue, temperance ! I will never abjure thee. August and sacred priesthood ! I will never disgrace thee. I will bear to my ancestors a pure unfulfilled soul, as free from stain, as I stand in this place devoid of fear, amidst the parade of your threatening engines, and implements of martyrdom.”

A fortitude not stamped with the image of religion may be held up to view, for the purpose of marking its spurious features, and its illegitimate pretensions to admiration. The French revolution supplies me with an eminent example in the history of Charlotte Corday. She went to Paris, and under some specious pretext obtained admission to that chief of republican tyrants, Marat ; in whose breast she plunged a dagger, and justified the deed by asserting, that it was a duty she owed her country and mankind, to rid the world of such a monster. Her deportment during the trial was modest and dignified. There was so engaging a softness in her countenance, that it was difficult to conceive how she could have armed herself with sufficient intrepidity to execute the deed. Her answers to the questions of the tribunal were pointed and energetic. She sometimes surprised the audience by her wit, and excited their admiration by her eloquence : she retired while the jury deliberated on their verdict ; and when she again entered the tribunal, there was a majestic solemnity in her

demeanour,

demeanour, which perfectly became her situation. She heard her sentence with attention and composure. It is difficult to conceive the heroism which she displayed in her way to execution. There was such an air of chastened exultation thrown over her countenance, as inspired sentiments of love rather than pity. The spectators, as she passed, uncovered their heads, and others gave loud tokens of applause. She ascended the scaffold with firmness; when the executioner took off her handkerchief she blushed; and her countenance, when her head was held up to the multitude the moment after it was severed from the body, exhibited this last impression of offended modesty. This account is transcribed from that entertaining and instructive work, called Medical Extracts, by Dr. Thornton.

After citing this or some similar example, the Preacher must endeavour to eradicate the admiration that naturally adheres to an act of intrepidity. He must endeavour to fortify the eye against the dazzling glare of a bold transaction. When this unfortunate young woman first conceived her criminal designs, she violated the chaste reserve belonging to the female character, closed her bosom against the compunctious visitings of nature, and roughened into an assassin: uninspired from above, unsanctioned by the law, uninstituted by her companions, she entered upon a self ordained mission. In pursuit of her purpose the deluded enthusiast breaks through the barrier of virtue, tramples upon the mild precepts of the Gospel, harbours in her breast the very crime she is hastening to punish, appoints herself the bloody minister of justice; and, while she holds up the dagger, she is a traitress to her religion, and the executioner of her own innocence.

An incident also in the life of our Henry the Fifth might be adduced for the purpose of instruction. The same inventive audacity that obtained the victory at Agincourt in the midst of exhausted resources, prompted him in his youth, when he was under the pressure of parental disgrace, to excite his father to become his murderer.

murderer. The fact is recorded by Holinshed and Stowe.

The young Harry, in the course of his dissolute career, still entertained the impressions of duty. The torrent of dissipation concealed, but did not efface, the image of virtue engraven on his heart. What first awakened him to a sense of decorum, was his being informed that the king had imbibed suspicions (in his regard) of the most atrocious and treasonable intentions. This intelligence tortured his sensibility. He hastened to court with a few of his friends, who remained in the outward apartments while he was conducted by some persons in waiting to the king, who was alarmed at this sudden intrusion; and while fear and indignation gathered on his brow, the prince threw himself at his father's feet, lamenting his past errors. This was no prepared, artfully constructed exhibition, but a natural ebullition of returning duty. He then put a dagger into his father's hand, and said,

"I should wish to vindicate myself from the aspersions of disloyalty; but you, Sir, have suspected me, and the stain of that suspicion will continue: slay the son who has planted thorns on his father's pillow. I am not acting a scene on the stage, I am uttering my own sentiments: I have just disburdened my conscience at the tribunal of confession, and I come from the altar where I received the holy communion, and am prepared to die: I adjure you to put an end to my existence: I swear by the sacred host which so lately passed these lips, that I will forgive you at the day of judgment."—At these words the king dropt the dagger, fell on the neck of his son, and wept.

Should the Preacher weave this story into the texture of his discourse, he would accompany it with the severely reprobating an act that deepens a crime with the profanation of religious rites. Although the pure and simple injunctions of reformed belief are less liable to *devotional* errors, particularly to any of such magnitude; yet instances are not wanting in which an enthusiastic fervour has misled the members of the establishment.

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There are also some who think to bribe the wrath of Heaven by charitable donations. There are others who imagine they can atone (by going to church on the week-days) for wasting that money in a public-house which ought to be devoted to the demands of their family. This last instance of commutative devotion is peculiar to the frequenters of the Tabernacle. The enlightened instructor will take care to inform his audience, that there is no being partially virtuous, that true religion acts upon the mind as Nature when she forms a flower, who develops the whole system of the plant at the same time, and breathes life and beauty on every leaf.

The compliance with the duties of our station, when accompanied with danger, is edifyingly illustrated in the conduct of the Bishop of Marseilles during the plague. When nature sickened, and each gale was death, when the physicians abandoned their patients, when the pastors deserted their flock, the holy Prelate remained within the infectious walls, in order to warm the timid, to infuse hope into the dejected, to soothe the sufferer, to solace the dying, and administer the last office to the dead.

The same virtuous principle operated upon Rotrou, a French dramatic author, the predecessor of Corneille. He was governor of Dreux at the time that a pestilential fever raged in that town. To the solicitations of a particular friend at Paris, who pressed him to remove from the local contagion, he returns the following answer :

“ I cannot obey your flattering importunities : while I retain my health, my presence is of service to this distressed city. The disease is not abated : at this very moment I hear the death-bell toll for the twenty second person who has died this morning : it will toll for me whenever God pleases.”

He fell a victim to his duty a few days after.

These historic illustrations have been adduced for the purpose of recommending to the young Ecclesiastic this method of sometimes enlivening his discourse, and for the

the purpose of stimulating his pursuit in the investigation of similar facts, which are to be found in the page of celebrity, and in the annals of virtue. An authenticated fact, happily introduced, assumes the character of an apologue, where the severity of the precept is lost in the allurements of the story : a recorded example casts a pleasing light upon a discourse, and gives to airy exhortation an attractive form.

While I was stating the edifying example of the Bishop of Marseilles and of Rotrou, my surprise was excited that history has recorded so few particulars relative to those calamities, the fire and the plague in London. It may be presumed those two great events must have produced actions of the brightest heroism, efforts of the most refined virtue, proofs of the most exalted friendship, interesting occurrences, sublime energies, trials of the most afflicting nature, eloquent complainings of wounded felicity, scenes of domestic affection, exhibitions of maternal intrepidity, spectacles of parental agony, exploits of filial piety, and achievements of fraternal love : all which the hand of Oblivion has buried beneath her shroud.

Our great Dryden, in his *Annus Mirabilis*, deals in general description ; he develops no pregnant incident, urges no particular point, displays no heart-rending situation which so recent a calamity must have afforded him ; but he accompanies the conflagration from street to street, from one church to another, in a geographical progress, with a marvellous insensibility.

A calamity of such a tremendous magnitude must have supplied the moral mind with ample materials ; yet the Preachers of that day, Calamy, Sprat, Stillingfleet, &c. did not avail themselves of that important event, either to alarm the impenitent sinner, or console the patient sufferer. The people still carrying on their countenance a recollective terror, besieged the pulpits which were erected in the fields and in the open air, eagerly expecting the words of comfort from the voice of their Pastor. Yet no expressions lenient of sorrow, no reflections peculiarly assuasive, no soothing terms to

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calm the ruffled soul, no consolatory language breathing balm upon the festering sore, ever flowed from the lips of the Preacher.

As a specimen of the manner in which this great event was sometimes mentioned in the pulpit, I will transcribe a passage from Bishop Sprat in his sermon delivered before the Sons of the Clergy, November 7th, 1678 :

“ If you remember how your city first rose out of its ashes after the dreadful fire, which, no doubt, you can never forget : as that was rebuilt not presently, by raising continued streets in any one part, but at first here a house and there a house, to which others by degrees were joined : so every one of your houses being first raised, and appearing eminent above others in piety, others will soon take pattern and encouragement from your building.”

This whimsical architectural simile, I presume, met with great success, since it was adopted afterwards almost word for word by Calamy, in a sermon preached before the mayor and aldermen, on some anniversary of the conflagration :

“ The foundation of this city (says that Preacher) was not all laid at the same time, nor continued streets raised at once, but at first, here a house and there a house, to which others by degrees were joined. Thus our reformation must take its beginning from some few, from whom others may take pattern and encouragement, till at length it generally prevails.”

These citations (to which many others might be added) are sufficient to expose the destitute state of sacred oratory at that period.

The learned Stillingfleet preached before the House of Commons on the fast-day appointed for the dreadful fire, October 10th, 1666. One would imagine that on such an impressive and awful solemnity, the cold faculties of the scholar would have fermented into some awakening expostulation, some terrific retrospect, some elegiac lamentation over a city sepulchred in her own ruins ! The discourse, however, of Stillingfleet, by no

means

means corresponds with its sublime subject : he withdraws from the actual catastrophe to hunt after references and similar distresses : he introduces Sodom and Gomorrah, which are inapplicable to his present object, both from the nature of their guilt, and from the manner of their destruction ; he wanders over history, and leads his audience to the conflagrations at Rome, during the reigns of Nero, Titus, and of Commodus : then he takes his flight to Constantinople, and informs his auditors that the fire broke out at that place in the beginning of September, Anno Domini 465 ; that it broke forth by the water-side, and raged for four days together. And in this catalogue of ruined cities, the overthrow of Tyre and Damascus was certain not to be omitted.

He asserts that luxury and intemperance are among the causes which called down the vengeance of Heaven upon the city. As the indigent could not be supposed to call down vengeance upon their humble habitations for the crime of luxury, I presume he had only in view the tables of the corporation ! and I also presume, when the Orator adds, " Ye kine of Bashan, which say, Bring, and let us drink," he alluded to the court of aldermen.

This elaborate discourse was published by order of the House. When I see annexed to the title-page of a sermon, *Published at the request of the audience*, I am prompted to think that the request sometimes arises from a revengeful spirit, the audience wishing to expose to the world a dull performance they had the misfortune of hearing.

But to return from this digression : I beg leave to recommend to the clerical student the works of our old unfashionable divines : I would have him commence with the writers who were in repute at the revolution. Let him not shrink from a task which will be compensated by solid advantages. The perusal of these authors is like a tour to the caves, where the traveller, as he wanders through the gloomy subterraneous passages, is surprised and delighted with sudden crruscations.

But while I am leading the young student to the door of the ancient school, it is not with the confidence of his finding any genuine and perfect models of moral exhortation : but he will find in this neglected school, a vein of pure doctrine, running through the coarse ore with which it is encrusted ; he will meet with rugged tendencies to literary excellence, which may stimulate his more refined taste ; mishapen, but elevated points, from which he may take his assisted flight ; explosions of unexpected eloquence, which may provoke his emulation ; and uncouth expressions of tenderness, which may awaken his finer sensibility.

I should have recommended Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles, had not the merit of that work been lost in the splendour of a recent Exposition by the Bishop of Lincoln. I beg leave, however, to recommend Burnet's Pastoral Care, which is the warm effusion of an enlightened mind. It was his favourite composition : he was accustomed to speak of it with complacency. In the Preface to the third edition of his Pastoral Care he says, " I own this is my favourite book.—I am now in the seventieth year of my age ; and as I cannot speak long to the world in any sort, so I cannot hope for a more solemn occasion than this, of speaking, with all due freedom, both to the present, and to the succeeding ages."

The reason, perhaps, that this work administered to him so soothing a gratification at the close of life, was, from its being free from distorting misrepresentations, inconsequent conclusions, and political resentments, and containing nothing that could disturb him in the silent hour of reflection.

Episcopal and archdeaconal Charges, even after the gloss of novelty has passed away, and after the bloom of their first appearance has faded, may still administer salutary information, prompting suggestions, and directing outlines to the inexperienced novice. The Charges of the Bishop of Rochester are stamped with a peculiar character, impressing an awful conviction of the Christian doctrine. The charge delivered at his

primary visitation when he was Bishop of St. David, should be the object of peculiar attention to the Clergy of this kingdom when they first enter upon their sacred function; it should be their pole-star to guide them in their apostolic course. This eminent Prelate has still other claims upon public gratitude, as the champion of our faith who has so illustriously served the cause of Christianity in his contest with Priestley, and who scorned to relinquish the field, before he had entangled and captived the lion in his toils.

When the student has stored his mind (to use the words of Milton) "with industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts," he may with calm confidence become a labourer in the holy vineyard: but let him not servilely move in the same track as his predecessors; let him strike out of the diurnal path, and beat the unexplored field: let him not be restrained and chilled with the idea, that every subject has been already discussed; that in the pursuit of novelty, he is in the pursuit of a chimera. Innumerable are the passages in the Old and New Testament, which, either as ornaments or proofs of religion, have not yet been exhausted; and even those sentiments and expressions, which have already been employed, may be considered as so many diamonds that only require to be new set.

But in the variegated arrangement of materials, and in the pursuit of original subjects, it behoves the young student to be cautious and reserved. A new-appointed Lecturer at the west end of the town, introduced a subject that would have been discussed with more propriety at Doctor's Commons. The Lecturer displayed to his audience the crime of deferring the execution of their wills. This spiritual Proctor appeared amiably anxious for the heirs and the future surviving friends of his audience, and ardently entreated all those who had omitted this duty, to fulfil without delay the pressing obligation. A half-repressed smile was visible on the countenance of several of his auditors; and it almost seemed, from the zeal of the Preacher, as if he

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wished to confessee in the mind of the testator the advice and the adviser.

To qualify, however, these strictures with the praise that is due to the abilities of this gentleman, I record with pleasure his sermon on the evening of the 4th of last January. His address to the younger part of his audience was forcible and affectionately persuasive, bursting forth in a strain of uncommon eloquence.

This gentleman I understand obtained the lectureship chiefly through the canvals and mediation of his female auditors, and may be said, in Dryden's phrase, to be "bishopsed by the fair." If this gentleman should not be too vain of his female mitre, if he does not entertain the presumptuous idea that he has already attained the summit of perfection, and if he should assiduously and unremittingly devote his pursuit to his professional duty, I do not hesitate to foretell his future excellence, and that he will be found among those who are eminently qualified to infuse a spirit of animation into the moral exhortation of this country.

Metaphoric language, whether employed for elucidation or ornament, should be directed by the impulse of taste. The young composer must not suffer himself to be dazzled by the lustre of a great immortal name, Edmund Burke! All the treasures of nature, all the riches of art, all the possessions of science, were present and familiar to his expanded intellect. He sometimes therefore forms his metaphor with a wanton luxuriance from inelegant objects: the slaughter-house, the school of anatomy, the hall of dissection, the science of midwifery, are known to illustrate his compositions and administer to his omnivorous mind.

The Preacher, particularly in the season of youth, should be attentive to acquire a chasteness of composition, free from inflated language, and from a boastful declamatory style. A young Italian monk, who was addicted to this unclassical mode of oratory, acknowledges that he was cured of his defect by receiving an unexpected censure while he was in the pulpit. He was appointed to pronounce the panegyric of the tutelary

lary faint of some church at Padua : this young orator (who some years after became a distinguished Preacher) began his discourse in the most exalted strain. Having congratulated the temple on the honour of being immediately under the patronage of so great a saint, he proceeded with saying he knew not where to point out the residence of a saint of such enlarged and complicated merit ! Shall I introduce him into the society of the apostles ? shall I associate him with the army of martyrs ? shall I assign to him a seat among the confessors ? where, where shall I place our tutelary faint ?

As he pronounced these words, a man suddenly rising up cried out, " Reverend Father, as you appear to be at a loss how to dispose of your saint, you may place him, if you please, in my seat, for I am going away."

This practical reprimand, though indecorous, was so pointedly directed, that it was of more service to the declamatory panegyrist, than the perusal of Quintilian's Institutions.

An indecorous custom of occasionally applauding the Preacher obtained even in the reformed churches : nor did that custom fall into disuse till the close of the reign of Charles the Second. We are informed by the memoirs of that period of the contrasted manner with which two celebrated divines received this adulatory homage from their audience : Dr. Sprat, with a rosy pudency, with an amiable reluctance, gracefully waved his hand, as if anxious to suppress the active testimony of approbation : but Burnet, as refreshed with the whispering breeze of flattery (while the applausive murmur breathed around him) sat down delighted in a trance of gratification.

The most unequivocal testimony in favour of the Preacher, is attention ! but particularly so is that profound stillness which reigns during the short intermissions of the discourse, and resembles the silence of solitude.

In a Methodist chapel I have more than once heard a kind of a vocal sigh, a lengthened moan, which, seem-

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ing to issue from a broken heart, invigorated the powers of the Preacher, and touched with sympathy the whole congregation.

It is observed by Mr. Evans, in his Tour through North Wales, "That among the Dissenters in that part of the world, the people vulgarly called Jumpers are so denominated from their carrying their zeal to such a height, that, when the Preacher touches pathetically upon any subject alluding to the Saviour, more especially his unexampled love to men, and his vicarious sufferings for the guilty, the whole congregation begin exulting, and discover their deep obligation, and their grateful sense of deliverance, by gestures that may appear extravagant to those in the habit of thinking less warmly upon the subject, or habituated to more temperate and modest expressions of joy. I have known a Preacher think it prudent to suspend his harangue till the ferment of zeal had abated, but never witnessed any of those indecent ebullitions of passion so frequently detailed by the enemies of religion."—*See Tour through North Wales, p. 414.*

Although the chaste and reserved character of the established church does not countenance the active expressions of joy or of sorrow, yet most assuredly it is the duty of the parochial Clergy to counteract, by every means possible, the desertion of the lower order, attracted to meeting-houses by the fascinating power of a more animated exhortation. May the British Sion, that simple form of evangelic beauty, never have cause to say that her gates are desolate; that the ways do mourn because none come to the solemn feasts.

They who are for divesting moral exhortation of all ornament, should recollect, that reason is no principle of action; that it can neither restrain us from vice, nor excite us to virtue, without the impulse of affection.

Christianity is an institution of life, a discipline of the heart, which is not to be regulated by cold speculations and preceptive discourses. The mind of man is formed by his Creator naturally prompt and alive to the im-

pressions.

pressions of scenery. Objects so remote from sense and matter as moral truths, must be approximated to the mental eye by the power of imagery.

The monotonous, wearisome sound of a single bell might be almost as soon expected to excite moral impressions, as the general tenour of our pulpit discourses, which are (with some exceptions) drowsily composed, and drowsily delivered.

An eminent advocate in Rome accused Quintus Gallius of an attempt to poison him, and came forward to produce his evidence; but the languid inanimate manner of the accuser was interpreted by Cicero into a favourable construction for his client. He exclaimed, "Ubi delor? ubi ardor animi? qui etiam ex infantium ingeniis, elicere voces, et querelas solet."

I shall be told that the eloquent harangues of religious fanaticism have occasioned the most deplorable excesses. To this I reply, that it was the false logic of the fanatic declaimer, and not his eloquence, that excited the evils flowing from persecution. The ennobling sentiment of self-sacrifice, the awakening summons to virtue, are what constitute the eloquence of the fanatic orator, while he insinuates his argument in favour of intolerance, and with insidious art keeps out of sight the deterring principle.

The same may be said of the fanatical politician. The speeches of the French regicides, in their connexion with eloquence, glowed with the impressions of patriotism and the love of mankind, while their impious ratiocination led to the most fatal consequences.

There are some persons who adhere to the present form of moral exhortation because it is the established mode. Like custom grown blind with age, they dare not step out of the long-worn path. They are willing to sacrifice every advantage rather than innovate the prescribed adopted manner: so that the rule may *speak*, they consent that the benefit may be *mute*. It is impossible to be serious with such antagonists; I will therefore beg leave to apply to them a story from Rabelais.

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An abbess having reprimanded one of her nuns for not dismissing a man who had stolen into her cell, the sister Simplicia replied, that she could not have sent the intruder away without ringing her bell. "And why did you not," replied the abbess, "ring your bell?"—"Because," said sister Simplicia, "it was the hour of retreat; and had I made any noise, I should have violated the immutable rule of silence."

Frequent opportunities have occurred since the first edition of this Essay, which have enabled me to separate the unbiassed judgment from the intolerance of prejudice and the inveteracy of habit: and I am happy to find the unbiassed judgment is propitious to my sentiment, which sentiment has been assumed as exclusively hostile to the present mode of exhortation;—whereas that sentiment only goes to the recommending a quicker movement to its march, a more affectionate tone to its utterance: I would have the additional string to the holy lyre resound in blended harmony with the primitive chords.

May the heavenly Muse of Eloquence descend to breathe an added grace on moral exhortation! like the divine Cecilia, who, supposed to be commissioned from above, threw her fascinating inventions over the harmonic system:

"The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit and arts unknown before."

As gold is not the less valuable for being newly brought out of the mine, so novelty is not the less allied to truth, for not having received the stamp of public approbation: trial alone must decide its claim to general currency.

The writer of this Essay has received the pleasing assurance, that the introduction of an historical incident corresponding with the subject, which he so eagerly recommends, has been exemplified in some churches

churches of the metropolis : this is not said for the purpose of gratifying a contemptible vanity, but for the information of the country Clergyman, who may be excited to adopt a method that is countenanced in the capital.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Do not these words easily assume the following natural construction ? Go and reclaim the sinner, instruct the ignorant, soften the obdurate, and (as occasion shall demand) cheer, depress, repel, allure, disturb, assuage, console, or terrify. Can any corresponding effect be produced from this injunction by the reserved, timid, and faintly hued expressions of our temple oratory ? As the angel stirred the stagnant pool, so should eloquence disturb the calm of our pulpit instruction, in order that the paralysed soul may be warmed and invigorated.

Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures ? Would the disciple have made such an animated appeal to his companion, had the Divine Expositor delivered his sentiments in the cold, indigent, repulsive style of our church discourses ?

The Son of God bodied forth his instructions in the alluring form of a parable ; he might have pronounced his divine ethics in plain and common language ; but his infallible wisdom knew that the manner he adopted would more forcibly impress the heart, and longer inhabit the memory.

In the pursuit of truth no person should suffer himself to be restrained by the awfulness of authority ; and on this account I am prompted to pass some strictures on Dr. Parr's spital sermon preached on Easter Tuesday 1800, and lately published. His comparative discussion on the selfish and the philanthropic system, and his reflections upon benevolence as a quality of nature, or a principle of action, are learnedly obscure, and little adapted to the purpose of awakening attention : how can an audience not habituated to scholastic definitions

nitions be supposed to comprehend the following Hutchesonian jargon?

“ Probable it is, that by the laws of association, the elements of those affections which impel us to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice, were brought into action by events that immediately interested ourselves, that produced our own pleasure, or removed our own pain. It must however be allowed, that these affections, mingled as they may be originally with other confused sensations, gradually put on a definite form, and become distinct, entire, ultimate perceptions, without reference, not indeed in their duties, but in their essence and energies, to any other. When they have been repeatedly exercised by correspondent and appropriate objects, reflection arises, and is followed by a calm desire of universal good, according to the same order in which self-love, or the calm desire of our own good, succeeds those gratifications of particular appetites and affections which are the means of satisfaction to ourselves.” P. 9.

This language may suit the silence of a solitary chamber, but it is ineffectually employed in a crowded assembly, where so many things concur to interrupt and avocate attention. After leading his audience through a circuitous avenue, he at length, at page 19, enters upon the interesting part of his subject; but having already wasted so much of his time, and probably no inconsiderable portion of the patience of his auditors, he is obliged to hurry over what should have constituted the principal and vital part of his discourse, I mean the object of the institution. To have commented upon the purposes proposed in *the humble suit* to the royal founder in a correspondent language of simplicity and affection, would have suited better the festive remembrance of the charity than a gorgeous display of learning. The consolation which on his dying bed the royal founder drew from having liberally endowed the institution, is an impressivè and pathetic incident, which would have closed the discourse in the happiest manner. Dr. Parr indeed takes notice of the incident ; but

but the interesting anecdote grows cold at the touch of the scholastic Preacher : he diverts attention from the words of the dying monarch, to that *euthanasia* for which a Roman emperor is said to have prayed, to the requests dictated by vanity, to legacies suggested by superstition, and to donations impelled by remorse. Though the comparative observation may be accurately just, yet, in the urging moment of pathetic impression, untimely comparison sheathes the sting of sensibility.

From a collective view of the style and the abilities of this elaborate Preacher, I may securely affirm that his learning, his redundancy of words, his expanded periods, his pampered metaphors, his splendour of expression, his not unfrequent novelty of observation, with the titles and honours accompanying his literary domain, will never bribe to his possession the Nymph of Sacred Eloquence : though he may cry out with the God of verse,

—Mihi Delphica tellus

Et claros, et Tenedos Patareæque regia servit—

she flies from him with the same acceleration as Daphne fled from Apollo.

A distinguished French Preacher (still living) the Père Beauregard, arraigned his audience some years ago at Paris on the impiety of reading deistical authors. The next day he received several parcels from a great number of his auditors, containing, as a sacrifice to his admonition, all the irreligious books in their possession. Without approving this ostentatious display of their repentance, I shall only observe that the circumstance I have mentioned would not have taken place had the discourse been delivered in a tone of unimpassioned language.

This eloquent Jesuit was in England at the commencement of the French revolution : I was present at his first sermon (in St. Patrick's Chapel, Soho Square) which he addressed exclusively to his ecclesiastical brethren.

brethren. The impression I received at so interesting a scene is not yet effaced. The chapel was crowded with these virtuous exiles: their worn attire, their meek deportment, the visible distress on their countenance, the fervour of their devotion, presented this little army of martyrs to the eye of compassion. When the Preacher looked down from his pulpit, what an audience rushed upon his view! He beheld an assembly never before collected: a congress of fellow-sufferers, a band of spiritual brothers, driven for the same cause from the bosom of their own country, and received into the bosom of another. A congregation thus constructed, thus circumstanced, demanded no rhetorical declamation, no classic elegance, no studied artifice; nothing more was required than the language of the heart; but that was a language the orator knew not how to speak. As if unconscious of the situation of the persons to whom he addressed his discourse, he irritated the wound into which he should have infused the balm of consolation: he chose for his subject the difficulties (which he pronounced almost insuperable) attending the priesthood in accomplishing their salvation. Never, never was a subject so incongruous, so ill-timed, so inapplicable! When I went out of the church I accosted an old ecclesiastic, and asked him, as we walked along, how he liked the discourse? He answered something to this effect: "The Père Beaugard, instead of sweetening, has more embittered the ingredients of that chalice which Providence has ordained to be our potion." The amiable Fenelon, I said, would have preached in a very different manner. The eyes of the venerable man glistened as I spoke, and he replied, "Ah mon cher Monsieur! il n'y a plus de Fenelon."

I had an opportunity of hearing this celebrated Ex-Jesuit three or four times: his manner was harsh, his colouring was not the happy result of lights and shadows harmoniously opposed. His eloquence flared with the beams of indignation, but the soft assuasive light that flows from the eye of consolation was never seen.

The Père Beauregard may not improperly be denominated the Juvenal of the pulpit. His collective character as a preacher reminds me of Dryden's description of Mars :

Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot withers e'en the strong.

The elevated ground on which the genius of Gallic oratory stands was gained by a gradual ascent. At the commencement of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth, the pulpit was degraded by the exhibitions of scenic buffoonery. From the mob of wretched *sermonizers*, one eminently absurd advanced, and attracted the attention of the public. The Father Honoré, a Friar, distinguished himself by a new mode, which was in preaching to the eye as well as to the ear. He sometimes held in his hand a death's head, which he exhibited in various attire with infinite dexterity, according to the character he intended to represent. Now the skull displayed the curled tresses of the gay man of fashion, now the flowing hair of a magistrate : the military plumes then waved over the brow of death : then the terrific gewgaw assumed a female dress, which varied in conformity to the personage either of a prude, a coquette, a widow, or a nun.—*See Histoire de la Predication*, p. 478.

To this buffoonery succeeded a Friar of facetious memory, known by the appellation of Little Father André. His mode of preaching was less scenical than that of his predecessor, but equally improper : he was in the pulpit what Scarron the jester was in society. A vein of low comedy ran through the compositions of Father André. His similes and allusions, though applicable, seldom failed to excite laughter. Tradition has preserved some fragments of his homilies.

Ann of Austria happening to come to church after the commencement of the sermon, instead of observing the established practice, which was to recapitulate what had already been said, with the addition of a personal

sonal compliment, the little Pere André said to the Queen, "Madame, soyez la bien venue nous n'en mettrons pas plus grand pot au feu."

Upon another occasion he observed, that there was a peculiar honour annexed to every profession, whether military, juridical, or monastic, and that the best preservative against vice was the keeping in view that professional honour : he then said—"I was once restrained from committing a great crime by the means I am now recommending : some years ago (it was in the holy season of Lent) a young woman called upon me for the purpose of instruction, when I suddenly perceived a vicious inclination rising in my mind, which I suppressed with this reflection, If a young woman is not free from danger in the chamber of a Priest, where can she be secure?"

When these religious mountebanks evacuated the scene, it was occupied by Preachers who added elegance to thought, and dignity to expression. To this Parisian school of temple oratory I do not, however, wish to consign the English candidate. The several suggestions and presumed improvements which have been offered to the consideration of the reader are not frequently exemplified in the French discourses : even that method of arresting attention without fatiguing it, of interesting the heart without distressing it, I mean the introduction of a well-adapted historic incident, is seldom employed even in the panegyrics of the saints.

The sermons, therefore, of foreign authors should be rather consulted than studied ; they should be perused as auxiliaries rather than principals. If any exception might be admitted to this governing rule, the Bishop of Meaux would claim that exception.

The young candidate must commune with his own thoughts, dive into his own conceptions, and, perhaps, in the inward sanctuary of his mind, he may discover the genius of preaching, whose veil, like that of Isis, no hand has yet presumed to remove.

The severe precepts, the austerity of doctrine, the unremitted rigour, that prevails in the moral discourses.

of the French Preachers, carry with them something of a repulsive nature. Those moralists survey the Christian institution with a spleenetic eye; a sombrous, monastic melancholy broods over their religious instructions: they dwell on the terrific part of the Christian doctrine, deepening those clouds which appear to the affectionate believer little more than relieving shades to attemper the blaze of mercy.

The cause of this overcharged austerity imputed to the French moralists may be traced, perhaps, to their adhering, in their exposition of the Scriptures, to that forced sense imposed upon them by the ancient conventional commentators. It may be also traced to that inexorable law which for ever bars the sacred ministry from marriage. Aliens in their native country, separatists in the circle of mingled society, their labours are never to be relieved by the charm of domestic life; their heart never to be awakened by the finer sensibilities, their bosom never to be agitated by the reciprocal motion of parental hope and apprehension.

A discourse delivered at Bath in 1788, during the King's illness, by the Reverend Joseph Wilks, is an exceptive instance to that austerity of doctrine which I have imputed to the Catholic moralist. This gentleman, who is distinguished by his abilities and learning, has brought eminently forward in his discourse, the cheering amenities, the soothing clemencies, the endearing securities which are scattered by the hand of Divine benevolence over the evangelic page. "In delivering the exhortations of religion," says this judicious and amiable moralist, "I am not to dash your reasonable joys, nor spread a gloom over your early existence. Life, when employed in its proper uses, abounds with exquisite delights; and, far from lessening the portion of human happiness, nothing contributes so much as the sedateness of religion to increase it."

But to return to the subject on the severity of Catholic doctrine: I have heard it asserted, that the Preacher descends from the pulpit into the confessional with a more benignant disposition: this assertion I readily

admit ; for nature must have formed his bosom of adamant, who can behold without emotion a fellow-creature kneeling at his feet, and in the most humiliating manner acknowledging and specifying his errors, crimes, and frailties, with an unreserved simplicity. Madame de Cornuel, a lady celebrated for her lively observations, was accustomed to say of her confessor, the Père Bourdaloue, " *Il surfait dans la chaire, mais dans le confessional il donne a bon marché.*"

La Bruyere, who wrote during the reign of the best French Preachers, acknowledges that there is something still wanting in their compositions, and delivers his sentiments in these words : " Until some person shall appear, who, with a bosom warm and enriched with the treasures of the Gospel, shall utter the language of simplicity and affection, the temple orators will be followed. The Preacher I have ardently wished to see, and whom I had almost despaired of beholding, has at length made his appearance among us : the courtiers have deserted the royal chapel to listen to the word of God announced with a persuasive apostolic energy."

The person on whom La Bruyere has bestowed so liberal an encomium is Father Seraphim, whose homilies, published in six volumes, do not support the character given of him by the French Theophrastus ; they, however, contain several splendid and impassioned pages. Father Seraphim is reported to have had a voice flexible to every tone, and which was, as occasion demanded, vehement or gentle, melancholy or joyful, effusive or hesitating, tender or severe. The musical variety of utterance contributed, no doubt, to that effect which the composition was unequal to produce. This induces me to mention the importance of elocution. As nothing can be esteemed trivial that administers to the sacred function of preaching, I beg leave to recommend to the young candidate a little pamphlet, entitled, *Hints to public Speakers*, printed for Murray, Fleet Street, 1797. They who wish to go deeper into the subject may consult an *Essay on the Action proper for the Pulpit*, which is subjoined to a Dialogue concerning the

Art of Preaching, called Theodorus, by David Fosdyce.

This dialogue also deserves the attention of the young Ecclesiastic. Although the precepts are not relieved by exemplifications, it is written with spirit, and *con amore*. The author directed the full current of his mind to sacred oratory : he travelled with a view to enlarge his knowledge upon that art : after a successful tour through France, Italy, and other parts of Europe, " when he was almost at home, and his friends stood ready with open arms and joyful heart to receive him, enriched no doubt with fresh stores of knowledge, he lost his life in its full prime by a storm on the coast of Holland."

The custom of commencing a sermon with quoting the chapter and verse of a text, has generally obtained ; but where the text is long, and has something adapted to rouse the imagination, it appears to me that the omission of the usual form would have a better effect. Suppose the Preacher were to take for his text the words of St. Paul relative to the resurrection, containing five verses ; how powerfully would he burst upon the attention of his audience, if, without the reference to the chapter and verse, he were to pronounce with a strong impressive voice these august words, " Behold, I show you a mystery !" &c.

This abrupt and spirited manner would summon the attention of the audience, who, thus unprepared by a formal introduction, would receive the full impulse of the text.

To give another instance : I will imagine a Preacher encircled with a congregation for the purpose of hearing a charity-sermon. I will imagine, that, instead of a tedious citation of the chapter and verse, he should command attention with these words : " Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c. pronouncing by heart, in a solemn expressive tone, the seven verses. Would not this be a more decisive method of awakening and captivating expectation ? would it not be sounding the key-note
which

which is to predominate through the whole of the discourse?

Other texts of a similar tendency will offer themselves to the selection of the discerning Preacher.

I must also profess myself a warm advocate for the practice of the pious and learned Dr. Isaac Watts, who, at the close of any weighty sentence, was accustomed to suspend his voice, that, by the intervention of an awful pause, the sentiment might sink deep into the heart.

Dr. Watts was the friend of that enchanting religionist, that lovely enthusiast, Elizabeth Rowe; whose life may be said to be an eloquent sermon. Her piety had nothing repulsive; it glowed with philanthropy, it allured to imitation, it was enlivened by the splendour of hope and the gaiety of an immaculate conscience.

Mr. Gilpin observes, in the preface to his Sermons, "Though a short opening of a text may often be necessary, there seems no occasion for a long preface. Whatever appertains immediately to the discourse had, perhaps, be better introduced into the body of it."

To this just observation of so experienced a Preacher, I might add, that the splitting the subject into different members, and informing the audience how each division is to be treated, is an injudicious and defective method. This babbling anticipation destroys expectancy, that active principle of the human mind. How often have I been disgusted with a tedious bill of fare to a meagre entertainment! I cannot close this observation better than with the following lines from Mr. Hayley:

As the good Parson's quiet sermon grows:

First *calmly* settles on some moral text,

Then *creeps* from one division to the next.

Respecting the length of time that should be devoted to a sermon, no invariable regulation can be adopted; as some subjects require more expansion than others. In that entertaining collection of Dryden's prose works, enriched

enriched with notes by Mr. Malone, I meet with the following information:

“An hour, measured by an hour-glass, fixed at the side of the pulpit, was the usual length of a sermon at this time.” Anno 1655.

When attention is led captive, the road appears short: conciseness is apt to degenerate into improper brevity. The sermons of Dr. Ogden, and of Dr. Gregory, Chaplain to the celebrated Bishop of Landaff, are subject to this flattering objection.

A secret charm is sometimes diffused over a composition, for which our language has no appellation, but which by the French is denominated *unction*. This secret charm is of too ærial a nature to be bound by the chains of a definition. It is not that elegant urbanity which pervades the delightful letters of Sévigné: it is not that insinuating grace which enamels the pages of Addison; it is not that amenity, which, like a silver stream, glides through the discourses of Atterbury; but it is rather that mild magic, that gentle fascination, that endearing simplicity, which characterizes the writings of the Evangelists: he who shall peruse them with enamoured perseverance, will acquire some portion of that affectionate eloquence for which there are no precepts of composition.

It is the attention of the country Clergyman which I wish particularly to excite in the following page. The simple manners of the lower orders of life at a remote distance from the metropolis, give the rural Pastor a singular advantage. There Religion's Orpheus may strike his sacred lyre with more effect: nor is this mythological allusion foreign to the subject; for it was not the groves of the Academy, the polished stones of the Portico, nor the managed horses of Greece, which listened to the harp of Orpheus, but the wild trees of unfrequented woods, the rocks of unexplored deserts, and the tigers of the forest. This obvious allegory, without its primitive construction, may be easily adapted to the rural Pastor and his uncultivated audience. The seasons as they roll, the diversified occupations of

of husbandry, with the varying scenes of nature, will supply the Preacher with many pious observations, persuasive arguments, and quickening allusions. The kind treatment of animals, which is a ramification of charity, may be, with great propriety, inculcated in the country, where they are exposed to the neglect or harsh usage of a thoughtless, and sometimes unfeeling peasantry. Let the Preacher goad the bosom to a sense of compassion for the mute creation, "the inferior family of Heaven." Let him inform his rustic audience how the wild Arab treats his horse with the mildest indulgence, even with a kind of fraternal sympathy: let him dwell upon some of the facts that history has commemorated: let him relate the anecdote of the Arab inserted by St. Pierre in *The Studies of Nature*.

This work of St. Pierre, admirably well translated by Dr. Hunter, should find admission into the study of the young Ecclesiastic: it is adorned with all the learning of the present day. He displays, at times, the rapturous eloquence of Rousseau, without the redundancy: he is the zealous advocate for the cause of Religion, and speaks of her, not in the gaudy language of a panegyrist, but with the accents and interesting expressions of an enamoured admirer.

In a sermon on the kind treatment of animals, by the Rev. Percival Stockdale, I meet with the following passage, which would do honour to the descriptive powers of Pliny the naturalist:

"One strong inducement to treat animals well and kindly, is the returns they make us for that treatment. When we show them that mildness, that care, that tenderness they deserve for their own sakes, and from a proper reverence of that Being by whom they were created, how amiably do they exhibit their natures, I had almost said their virtues! The behaviour of the dog alone, the most grateful, the most affectionate and constant friend—he will not desert his master in the worst of emergencies, in the meanest and most mortifying circumstances. Though he is pleased with splendour,

dour, he will follow his benefactor from a palace to a dungeon. Cold and famine will not cool his attention. His attitudes, his caresses, and his eye, you may infallibly interpret into the following language : ‘ Though you are forsaken by the world, you shall never be forsaken by me : to tear you from me would be tearing me from myself. By having my poor society, you will at least not be in a total solitude. I will participate all your woes, and, if I survive you, I will die upon your grave.’—This picture is not drawn by romantic imagination ; all its essential strokes are well-known truths of natural history.”

It would not be unworthy of the rural Pastor to endeavour to eradicate the erroneous opinions and the false estimates that favour the destruction of the aerial race. Mr. Bewick, in his History of Birds, asserts “ that rooks are often accused of feeding on the corn just after it has been sown, and various contrivances have been made both to kill and frighten them away : but in our estimation, the advantages derived from the destruction which they make among grubs, earth-worms, and noxious insects of various kinds, will greatly overpay the injury done to the future harvest.”

Time and observation will probably lead to more benign discoveries, and expand the science of humanity. Let the rustic auditor be impressed with the idea, that every slight attention paid to the minutest being, is a homage paid to virtue, as it has a reference to humanity : so every particle of diamond dust is valuable, as being of the same nature as the large brilliant.

I cannot dismiss the present subject, without expressing a wish that the annual depredations of birds’ nests might be suppressed : this invasion upon the harmony of the groves, unproductive of any good to the youthful plunderer, should certainly be resisted. Here again the rural Pastor may raise the voice of benevolence against an inhuman practice. It frequently excites my admiration, that Thomson, our great rural poet, whose bosom echoed to every querulous tone in nature, did not more prolixly dwell on a theme that seemed to

demand his most indignant zeal : he transiently notices the abuse for the sake of introducing Virgil's celebrated lines on a plundered nest.

However custom may have functioned this abuse, to the reflecting mind, to the lover of nature, it must appear an act of wanton cruelty. When the Prophet Isaiah introduces the king of Assyria exulting in his deeds of oppression, he makes him delineate his tyranny under the imagery of a nest-plunderer : " My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people." Chap. x. verse 14.

Melmoth observes, that children, by being unrestrained in sports of this kind, may acquire by habit, what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of suffering but their own. Accordingly, the supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below its cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a poor bird, that had unhappily fallen into his hands.

The evangetic Monitor should be diligently observant of the living manners, in-order to subdue the springing folly, and rising vice, while they flutter on feeble pinions. I was present two years ago at a sermon, into which the Preacher introduced a circumstance which had at that time excited much conversation : the subject of the discourse was Death, at the close of which he joined the public complaint against those wretches whose practice was (for a sordid interest) to violate the repose of the dead ; who, like the wolves in winter, tear from the graves the mangled corpses. I recollect the discourse concluded with words to this effect :

" Let the remains of the murderer or the notorious offender be consigned to the anatomist ; but, in the name of God and of nature, let the tombs of the innocent be still respected. When resignation has somewhat assuaged and bound up the wound of the survivor for some dear relative, these monsters rend the bands asunder,

afunder, and inflict a new agony on the gaping wound."

A vice of a new construction, or at least assuming a new and formidable appearance, has been vigorously denounced, in a sermon delivered at Bath by Dr. J. Gardiner. The passage merits attention, and is worth transcribing :

"What makes me tremble for the fate of my country is, to hear of a crime that has found its way in all parts of the kingdom, and among all ranks of society, the very idea of which almost freezes one with horror, and which one hardly knows how to name in a civilized assembly—a crime, accompanied with this aggravation, that, in being perpetrated to defraud the revenue, it deprives the state of those supplies which are necessary in our emergency for the preservation of every thing we hold dear. Have the persons, who, under the most scandalous subterfuges and nugatory pretences, daily commit this crime, ever considered what perjury is? It is by making use of deceit, and to impose on man, openly to mock and bid defiance to the great Searcher of hearts. He who takes an oath, concluding, 'So help me God!' may be supposed to express himself in such language as this: O God! I acknowledge that thou dost exist, that thou art Master of my life, and of my immortal soul: I consent that thou shouldst deprive me of this life, and plunge this soul into everlasting misery, if I speak contrary to my knowledge."—1798. Rivingtons.

The passions of men (it has been observed) have usually been the channel through which the understanding is disturbed; but in France the understanding has been the instrument of disturbing the passions. Polite literature prostituted its powers to the purposes of rebellion. Though not conspiring to the same effect, libertinism has set her seal to the lighter productions of this country, and consequently they become suitable topics for the animadversion of the pulpit. The following observation, apposite to the point under consideration, is transcribed from a very ingenious pamphlet, entitled,

entitled, "The Story of the Moor of Venice," printed for Cadell, 1795 : "Biography, converted as it has lately been in Great Britain, into memoirs and private anecdotes, becomes the school of vice and treachery ; the infamous vehicle in which the strumpet proclaims her debaucheries, and the villain avows his crimes. Did they not find readers, such disgusting publications would scarcely deserve the honour of being censured. But we would willingly suppress the passion by which they are encouraged : that malicious prying curiosity into the secrets of family history, where dissipation and idleness seek for apologies in divulging the weakness and folly of others. A suitable degree of public virtue and resentment would have shut these babblers up for ever in the vaults of silence."

Some persons to whose judgment I pay the greatest deference, have expressed their surprise, that I did not, in a former edition of this Essay, point out the crime of duelling as a subject of reprobation : to these persons, by whose notice I am honoured, I beg leave to observe, that an uncommon skill is requisite in arraiguing this vice : it is the offspring of exquisite sensibility and deluded honour ; it cleaves to the heart by a multitude of delicate imperceptible fibres : it takes root in the deep recesses of the soul : it grows by the seat of Virtue, and sends its innovating tendrils round her throne, as the woodbine embraces the elm. How tremblingly alive, how correctly disciplined, must be the hand which attempts so intricate a performance ! I am almost prompted to cry out with the poet :

" Rash hand forbear,
Left with rude touch the work you tear,
And wound some kindred virtue there."

But when this vice has carried desolation into the bosom of some family, when the offending survivor is summoned to the bar, this infamous vice may then be consigned to the obloquy it deserves. In the trial of Mr. Barbot for the death of Mr. Mills, in the island of

St.

St. Christopher, 1753, Mr. Horne, the counsel for the prosecution, delivered his sentiments in the following manner, which may serve as a model for the Preacher, should he still be inclined to arraign this crime from the pulpit :

“How is the name of honour prostituted ! Can honour be the savage resolution, the brutal fierceness of a revengeful spirit ? True honour is manifested in a steady, uniform train of actions, attended by justice, and directed by prudence. Is this the conduct of the duellist ? will justice support him in robbing the community of an able and useful member ? and in depriving the poor of a benefactor ? will it support him in preparing affliction for the widow’s heart ? in filling the orphan’s eyes with tears ? Will justice acquit him for enlarging the punishment beyond the offence ? will it permit him, for, perhaps, a rash word that may admit of an apology, an unadvised action that may be retrieved, or an injury that may be compensated, to cut off a man before his days be half numbered, and for a temporary fault inflict an endless punishment ? On the other hand, will prudence bear him out in risking an infamous death if he succeeds in the duel ? but if he falls, will it plead his pardon at a more awful tribunal, for rushing into the presence of an offended God ?

“Senseless as this notion of honour is, it unhappily has its advocates among us : but for the prevalence of such a notion, how could the amiable person, whose death has made the solemn business of this day, be lost to his country, his family, and his friends ? Would to God that I was a master of words, and it could be indulged to the tenderness of a friend to pay a tribute to his memory ! I might then endeavour to set him full before you in the variety of his excellence ; but as this would be venturing too far, I can only lament that such virtue had not a longer date : that this good man was cut off in the strength of his age, ere half his glass was run : when his heart was projecting and executing schemes to relieve distress, and by the most surprising

acts of beneficence, vindicating the bounty of Providence for heaping wealth upon him.

“Duelling seems to be an unnatural graft upon genuine courage, and the growth of a barbarous age. The polite nations of Greece and Rome knew nothing of it: they reserved their bravery for the enemies of their country, and then were prodigal of their blood. These brave people set Honour up as a guardian genius of the public, to humanize their passions, to preserve their truth unblemished, and to teach them to value life only as useful to their country. The modern heroes dress it up like one of the dæmons of superstition besmeared with blood, and delighting in human sacrifice.”

The eulogium the gentleman who signs himself Clericus is pleased to give this Essay, induced me to consider the subject with renewed meditation. His arguments in favour of the present mode of preaching have not shaken my opinion. Our Preachers have a great way to go before they reach the confines of Methodism: he wishes that the actual character of public exhortation should remain fixed and unalterable. Is not this wishing it to remain fixed as in a frost?

I have also to make my acknowledgments to Miss Seward, for the flattering notice with which she has honoured this Essay: her objections to pulpit oratory, attired in the splendour of diction and attractive imagery, display the powers of that art she so sparingly indulges to the Preacher. During the intervening period between the last and the present edition, she has more illustriously distinguished this Essay by inserting two letters addressed to the Author of these pages in the Gentleman's Magazine, for the months of February and March. To this celebrated Lady I beg leave to apply a line of the Cardinal Polignac's, in his Anti-Lucretius:

Eloquio victi re vincimus ipsa.

Among the few remaining suggestions I have to offer to the clerical candidate, I have to recommend to his observance a caution not to direct his censures against

gainst any one particular person of his audience. Holy animadversion carries no quiver of poisoned arrows for the bosom of an individual.

The severe and animated strictures which the Abbé de Poule pronounced at Versailles, were not liable to exception, because they comprehended the whole audience. This picture of the French Court, not long before the revolution, is well drawn; and, like the portrait of a celebrated personage who no longer exists, it becomes more interesting,

“Is not the gayest apprehension excited at the name of the court? Does it not present itself to the mind as the temple of voluptuousness? This image, however, resembles more the world than the court. He who enters the precincts of this palace, comes not in pursuit of pleasure; comes not to exhibit his own greatness: the sun-beams of royalty overwhelm every other splendour. The sovereign demands and receives exclusively, every obeisance, every homage: the femineities of the world are here blended with that servile crowd who in every other place accumulate incense on their altars. The great depose at the portal of this habitation their claims to rank and titles: they resign their honours, in order to resume them when they depart. Ambition and interest usher in the visitors of this mansion, and while they are excited by the gaudy visions of success, they are constrained by the presence of the sovereign, and by the watchful eye of concurring expectants. Thus it is, that out of the bosom of the same nation arises another nation different in manners and in modes of expression, while in the pursuit of their wishes they are guided by an artful duplicity, whose purport is to deceive. The courtiers seem occupied with trifles, and consigned to careless dissipation, while they are only influenced by the hopes of aggrandizement, only solicitous to make their defects appear accomplishments, and only careful to spread over their vices the most attractive colouring. Mark how they endeavour to supply the language of truth and the sentiments of friendship with the accents of artifice and the
careless

caresses of simulation. Behold how they irradiate the countenance of Disappointment with smiles, and smooth the rude aspect of Hatred with the polish of affability. Observe how they wear the deportment of humility and affection before those persons whose characters they secretly ridicule and degrade. A spectator would be naturally led to think, from the appearance of such prevenient attentions, from such an intercourse of mutual professions, that this splendid concourse of the great formed one harmonious family, whose interest flowed in one channel. But remove the veil of simulation, and you will behold a throng of jealous and deep-designing rivals, who are intent on each other's destruction; whose acts of treachery and perfidiousness would excite our abhorrence, did they not possess the art of fascinating our judgment and of conciliating our indulgence with our disapprobation."

This austere and unqualified representation of the manners of the great, excited discontent, and called forth murmurs and complaints; but as no individual of the courtly herd was singled out for sacrifice, those murmurs and complaints died away.

St. Chrysostom, who sometimes indulged a satirical propensity, could not fail of giving offence to the young women who had taken the vow of celibacy, when he publicly directed his strictures to them in the great church of Antioch, where they only formed a part of the audience. The passage is curious, as it minutely describes the dress of those primitive nuns, in whose breast (according to the great Orator) the desire of pleasing still lingered:

"If St. Paul prohibits the luxuriant indulgence of dress in the married women who move in the higher circles of life, would he not have extended his prohibition to those who are bound by the restrictive vow of celibacy? You tell me that none of your order appear in public glittering with brilliants, or invested with the decorations of art: very true; but the simple, brown, and somewhat coarse garment which you wear, is arranged with all the delicacy of grace and all the elegance:

elegance of design. Your dark sandals assume so elegant a form, that they excel the paintings of the most skilful artist: the natural beauty of your countenance I am ready to allow is not heightened by the blushes of art, but every other attention is devoted to its embellishment. Can I withhold from observing that white veil that floats over your hair, to which is superadded a rose of black ribands, which designedly displays the whiteness of the veil and the colour of your complexion? Shall I not reprobate those quick glances which are perpetually darting from side to side? shall I not reprobate your studied attitudes and premeditated gestures? shall I not mention that loose mantle, with which this moment you conceal your form, and which the next moment you throw back with a graceful negligence? shall I not mention those smooth white gloves, which being drawn on with such skilful sollicitude, exhibit the appearance of naked arms? To conclude, let me inform you that from this detailed attention to your humble apparel, results a more seductive attraction than from the display of a magnificent attire."—See *Les Extraits de St. Chrysostom par l'Abbé Auger, tome quatrieme*, 133.

But to proceed in the path which leads to the immediate object of this Essay; there is a theme which would call for the exertions of the Christian Orator, were it not become an object of parliamentary discussion—Indian Slavery! who still pants for the day of her emancipation, and who boasts of having attracted to her cause the most generous, unwearied, and eloquent advocate, who makes his annual appeal to his country, and calls upon Compassion to pay her long arrear.

I should wish the rural Pastor would often impress on his audience the duty of reading the Bible, particularly the New Testament. He might occasionally awaken in them a desire of perusing the Holy Scripture, by commenting upon the parables, by elucidating some local passages, and pointing out the less obvious and retired beauties. If the cottager should be led to acquire

quire the habit of perusing the New Testament, it would diffuse an inexpressive charm round his humble existence : for, as Cudworth observes, “ Scripture faith is not a mere believing of historical things, but a certain higher and diviner power in the soul peculiarly correspondent with the Deity.”

Dryden, in his *Religio Laici*, disapproves of the Bible being put into the hands of the laity : he expresses his sentiment in a coarse, but original and well-adapted simile :

“ The crowds unlearn’d, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm :
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.”

How different is the opinion of the great poet in an enlightened period, from that of a poor shepherd in the reign of Henry the Eighth ! When an act had passed, prohibiting the use of the Bible in English, this shepherd manifested the deep concern the prohibition had impressed on his mind by the following remark, which he wrote in a spare leaf of an English abridgment of Polydore Virgil’s book of the Invention of Arts :—*When I kepe Mr. Letymer’s shype, I bout thys boke, when the Testament was obbergatyd, that sheperdys might not rede hit : I pray God amende that blyndnes.*—*Writ by Robert Wylljams keppynge shepe upon Seynburie Hill.* 1547.—See the History of Biblical Translations by Lewis, p. 150.

There is something singularly pleasing and affecting in the style and language of the passage just adduced : while the shepherd on Sunbury Hill was entering his humble protest against the prohibiting act, he little imagined he was conveying his name to the notice of posterity.

With regard to the points of religious controversy, they should be cautiously admitted into public discourses : Asperity is apt to insinuate her serpentine form into the subject, and stain the purity of evangelic

forbearance.

forbearance. Controversy, like a rapid wheel, sets itself on fire in its course, and by that means does not attain the object of its pursuit. Let the controversialist exert his abilities in his cabinet and not in the pulpit. The controversial Preacher appears, in some degree, as the violator of the laws of religious freedom. Christianity, of whatever denomination, is like the sacred vessel sailing to Delphi, which was at all times unmolested.

But against the progress of modern scepticism occasional exertion may be made with salutary effect. Against that German monster Infidelity, which (to use the words that Gildas applied to the Arian heresy) like a fierce serpent, is continually vomiting forth her *transformine* poison upon us ! against that growing monster let our most strenuous exertions be directed ; and, to adapt a once celebrated expression to a better purpose, let us not be *germanised* to stone.

Subjects of animadversion will sometimes arise from peculiar modes and customs : St. Austin mentions, in the fourth book of his Christian Doctrine, the success of the discourse which he directed against the annual and popular games which were held in Cesaria, and which never terminated but in the death of some of the combatants. " I adopted," says St. Austin, " the most vehement expressions, I employed the whole collected powers of my mind, to stem the destructive torrent : I had to oppose the authority of a long-established custom, and to combat the prejudices of an impassioned people. I had not long proceeded in my discourse, before I heard an imperfect sound of approbation, like a faint gale rustling through the leaves : as I continued to speak, the imperfect sound became more ascertained, till my voice was lost in a general acclamation. This thunder of applause conveyed no gratification to the Preacher : it declared to me that the audience was rather pleased than convinced. But at length the loud voice of approbation diminished, and progressively faded away into a profound stillness. At that moment I urged my pursuit with a greater ardour of sentiment, and

a new energy of soul, when I soon beheld remorse diffused over every countenance, emotion sat on every brow, and tears began to flow. Then, then my throbbing heart assured me that I had obtained the victory. Eight years are now elapsed, and I have the cheering confidence to assert, that none of my auditors have ever since assisted at the annual games, either as actors or spectators."

Subjects of animadversion will sometimes present themselves from the Clergyman's peculiar place of residence. They who dwell in the vicinity of the seacoast, will have occasion to exert their influence to suppress that inhuman treatment which the unfortunate persons who are shipwrecked not unfrequently receive from the hands of their own countrymen. It would be too painful to relate the several depredatory and atrocious acts that have been committed during the present war; the intelligence of which has come to my knowledge from indisputable authority. The recurrence of these inhuman practices would almost prompt one to think, that the nation whose heart glows with benevolence is palsied at the extremities.

Wherever the Pastor is stationed, it becomes his duty to mark what passes around him; to observe the varying and Protean shape that vice assumes: he must bear in his recollection that he is the person to whom these words may be applied; "let him declare what he seeth." Isaiah, chap. xxi. ver. 6.

These observations, that an honest zeal has induced me to offer to the attention of the juvenile Ecclesiastics, will, I trust, be of some utility to them in the administration of their professional duty. If they woo Religion for Religion's sake, and stand at her altar enamoured of the form of Truth, much may be done by their patriotic exertions, for such they may be denominated with the strictest propriety. The times are truly awful, and demand the unwearied vigilance of the Priesthood. "Let him declare what he seeth;" let the voice of the monitor be heard; let it enforce this truth so little attended to, that the prevailing luke-warm attach-

ment to virtue is little better than habitual vice : " Let him declare what he seeth." If the torrent of modern dissipation still urges on its impetuous course, bearing away with its rapidity all recollection, all economy (the treasury of charity) all good resolutions, health, and improving leisure ; if the languid lamp of devotion should be totally extinguished, may we not expect some domestic calamity, some English misfortune ? It is, perhaps, in the power of the Clergy to avert the impending destruction. Let the young Ecclesiastic awfully behold the sublime task that is assigned him ; let him look up with rapturous hope to his great reward. The retrospective view on his past endeavours will administer to him (on some future day) that pure serene delight, which the world, with all its treasury of happiness, has not to bestow. He will feel (at the close of life) a glowing confidence, that as our nature at the ascension was triumphantly translated into heaven, he will ascend the same glorious height, and partake of the triumph of the great Preacher, Jesus ! who has promised that they shall be clothed with a star-like brilliancy, who shall have illumined others in their road to eternity.

I beg leave, before I conclude this Essay, to advert to the small encouragement that is given to sacred eloquence. The many charitable institutions in this town, whose turrets pierce the skies, and, as Mr. Burke observes, " like so many electrical conductors avert the wrath of Heaven, do honour to general benevolence." These charitable institutions, however, hold out no allurements to clerical talents. The trifling stipend offered to the morning or evening Preacher is not sufficiently attractive to a young man of genius to make him forego other literary pursuits, to devote himself entirely to this hallowed art, without which excellence is not to be obtained, and, like the plighted virgin, leave behind all other endearing connexions to adhere to the object of her choice. The governors of the charitable institutions may say they offer to the Preacher as much as they can deduct from their other various demands :

to this supposed assertion of the governors, if I am not competent to reply, I may be allowed to observe, that if young men of distinguished abilities were incited by a more liberal remuneration, the audience would be more numerous, more splendid, and the collection more productive. We have all heard of the surprising and repeated collections made in a neighbouring island by the means of sacred eloquence. Genius shrinks (like the sensitive plant) uninvited by patronage, unexcited, unrewarded,

“Nor trusts its blossoms to the churlish skies.”

As the embosomed seed springs not from the earth unless warm suns and genial showers call it forth, so the parturient mind yields not the expected produce unless equal justice

“Scatters with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden show’rs of plenty o’er the land.”

Encouragement is the test of genius ; it acts upon it as a provocation operates upon an irritable mind. Genius is fostered at the bar, and there we see it triumphant. In musical composition we behold the reverse : although the *light golden showers are not wanting* to the genial climate of the stage, none of our musical dramas discover any original merit : the barren, un inventive compiler only does the honours of foreign composers : I am therefore compelled to think, that vocal and instrumental compositions are repugnant to English genius. But of the more important and more exalted art, whose cause I am now pleading, I entertain a very different sentiment. From many indications that appear on the surface, I indulge the pleasing idea, that the quarry contains an invaluable treasure. The new Royal Institution proclaims the liberality of modern patronage : why might not a fund be established for the purpose of awakening an emulative disposition in the rising race of Preachers, and of calling forth dormant and inactive capacities ? Several persons of the

most

most enlightened discernment with whom I have conversed upon this subject, concur with me in thinking, that an endowment of the nature I am suggesting would be productive of the most salutary and early effects: Sacred Eloquence would assume the honours to which she would then be entitled, and take the lead in the procession of talents.

May the 1st, 1781.

E U L O G Y

OF

JAMES BENIGNUS BOSSUET,

BISHOP OF MEAUX.

JAMES BENIGNUS BOSSUET was born at Dijon, on September 27, 1627, of a family distinguished in the parliament of Burgundy. From his childhood he devoted himself to study, with all the ardour of a rising genius, which seized upon and devoured every thing presented to it.

As he destined himself to the ecclesiastical profession, he embraced the whole circle of studies which he thought necessary, or simply useful, to this important ministry, from the interpretation of the Bible to that of the profane authors, and from the fathers of the church to the scholastic theologians and the mystic writers. His lively taste, and, as it might be called, passion for the sacred writings, foreboded the prelate who was to preach religion with the zeal of the apostles, and celebrate it with the eloquence of the prophets. Among the doctors of the church, St. Augustine was his favourite. He knew him by heart, quoted him perpetually, and always made him the companion of his journeys. "In St. Augustine," said he, "I find an answer to every thing."

With respect to the authors of profane antiquity, among which he already sought for masters and models of eloquence, he gave the preference to Homer, whose sublime but uncontrolled genius most resembled his own. He also delighted in the perusal of Cicero and Virgil; but he placed less value on Horace, whom he rather judged as a strict Christian than as a man of taste, and whose Epicurean morals effaced in his eyes the merit of the poet.

While Bossuet fed his active understanding with all the objects of knowledge suitable to a minister of the church, his heart, not less active, and which also required an object worthy to fill it, formed itself to piety by frequent visits to the abbey of la Trappe; an abode which appears calculated to inspire the most luke-warm with a conviction of the efficacy of a lively and ardent faith in rendering dear the most rigorous privations; an abode which may afford even the philosopher interesting matter for reflection on the nothingness of glory and ambition, the consolations of retirement, and the happiness of obscurity.

Bossuet's talents for the pulpit disclosed themselves almost from his infancy. He was announced as a phenomenon of early oratory at the hotel de Rambouillet, where merit of all kinds was summoned to appear, and was judged of, well or ill. He there, before a numerous and chosen assembly, made a sermon on a given subject, almost without preparation, and with the highest applause. The preacher was only sixteen years old, and the hour was eleven at night; which gave occasion to Voiture, who abounded in plays of words, to say, that he had never heard so early or so late a sermon.

Together with such rare talents for eloquence, nature had endowed Bossuet with a prodigious memory. He alone, without reckoning many other great men, would suffice to refute the trite axiom concerning the antipathy between the memory and the judgment; an axiom repeated with complacency by persons who flatter

ter themselves that nature has given them in judgment what it has denied them in memory.

Destined by taste and character to excel in eloquence and controversy, Bossuet bore, as it were, the impress of talents suited to the orator and the theologian. The tone of the pulpit changed as soon as he appeared. To the indocencies which debased, and the bad taste which degraded it, he substituted the force and dignity which become Christian morality. He did not write his sermons, or, rather, he wrote them only in an abridged form. After meditating profoundly on his subject, he threw upon paper the principal heads; and sometimes he put down, one after the other, different expressions of the same thought, of which, in the heat of action, he seized that which first offered itself to the impetuosity of his career. His printed sermons, the remains of a prodigious number, (for he never twice preached the same) are rather the sketches of a great master, than finished pieces; but this renders them the more valuable to those who delight in such designs to see the rapid strokes and dashes of a bold and free hand, and the first tints of creative enthusiasm. This glowing and rapturous fecundity, which in the pulpit resembled inspiration, subdued and bore along all hearers. One of those persons who make a parade of their unbelief, wished to hear, or rather to brave him. Too proud to confess himself conquered, but too just to refuse the homage due to a great man, he exclaimed, on leaving the place, "This man to me is the first of preachers; for I feel it is by him I should be converted, if I were ever to be so."

The splendid success of Bossuet soon carried his reputation to court, where his sermons were heard with transport. Lewis XIV. a still better judge than his courtiers, did not delay to give him marks of his esteem more substantial than mere applauses. Though the new orator of Versailles presented a spectacle as novel from his conduct as his eloquence, though he shewed himself only in the pulpit or at the foot of the altar, asked no favour, and, like almost all men of great abilities,

itics, was neither cautious nor supple ; the recompence he merited came to him spontaneously in the solitude in which he lived at court, and the king nominated him to the see of Condom. Bossuet, who saw in Bourdaloue a rising successor worthy of him, and formed on his own model, resigned the sceptre of Christian eloquence into the hands of the illustrious rival to whom he had opened the path of glory, and was neither surprised nor jealous at seeing the disciple surpass his master. He soon confined himself to a particular species in which he had neither superior nor equal, that of funeral orations. All of these which he has delivered bear the stamp of the strong and elevated mind that produced them ; all resound with those terrible truths which the powerful of this world cannot too often hear, and which it is so unfortunate and culpable in them to forget. There it is (to use his own words) that " all the gods of the earth are seen degraded from their dignity by the hands of death, and swallowed up in eternity, as rivers lose their name and glory when mingled in the ocean along with the most inconsiderable streams." If, in these admirable discourses, the orator's eloquence is not every where equal ; if he even sometimes appears to lose himself, he excuses his deviations by the immense height to which he soars. The reader feels that his genius demands unbounded liberty for expanding itself in all its vigour ; and that the shackles of severe taste, the details of punctilious correctness, and the dryness of perfect regularity, would only enervate his glowing and rapid eloquence. His bold independence, which seems to spurn every kind of fetters, causes him sometimes to neglect even the dignified style in his expressions ; a happy negligence ! since it animates and hurries on that vigorous career in which he abandons himself to all the vehemence and energy of his soul. One might suppose that the tongue he uses was created for him alone, that even in speaking the language of savages he would have compelled admiration, and that he only required a single mode, whatever it were, for transferring to the minds of his hearers.

hearers all the grandeur of his own ideas. Frigid and scrupulous censors, who, in the midst of so many beauties, should preserve tranquillity enough to remark a few spots, incapable of effacing them, might be answered in the words of lord Bolingbroke* in another sense applied to the duke of Marlborough, "He was so great a man, that I have forgot his faults."

This orator, with all his sublimity, is also pathetic, but without losing any of his grandeur; for elevation, scarcely compatible with ingenious refinement, is capable of forming the happiest alliance with sensibility, which it renders more interesting by ennobling it.—Bossuet, says a celebrated writer, obtained the greatest and most uncommon of victories, that of causing the court to shed tears at the funeral oration for Henrietta of England, dutchess of Orleans. He was himself interrupted by sobs, as he pronounced these words, which are impressed upon every one's memory, and are never thought too often repeated: "O night of disaster, night of dismay, on which, like a thunder-clap, the overwhelming news burst forth, Madame is dying, Madame is dead!"† A softer, but not less sublime, stroke of sensibility, is found in the concluding words of the funeral oration on the Great Condé. It was this fine discourse that terminated Bossuet's oratorical career; and he finished with his master-piece; in which it is to be regretted that he has not been imitated by several illustrious men, less prudent or less fortunate than he. "Prince," said he, addressing himself to the deceased hero, "with you shall end all these exertions of the preacher: instead of deploring the death of others, I will henceforth learn of you how to sanctify my own; happy if, warned by these grey hairs of the account I am to render of my ministry, I reserve for the flock committed to me to be fed with the word of life, the relics of a failing voice, and of a dying

* Lord Peterborough.—TRANSL.

† The different genius of either the languages or manners of the two nations, absolutely precludes in English the use, in a passage of sublimity, of that technical designation of a person of rank, which does not offend a French ear in the title of Madame.—TRANSL.

dying ardour." The affecting conjunction presented in this picture between a great man who has quitted the stage, and another who is soon to disappear, penetrates the soul with a soft and profound melancholy, by giving it a painful perception of the vain and fugitive splendour of parts and renown, the misery of the human condition, and the weakness of an attachment to a life so short and sorrowful.

Satiated with toils and triumphs, after the death of the great Condé, he put in execution what he had declared on concluding that prince's funeral oration. He gave himself up totally to the care and instruction of that diocese which Providence had committed to him, and in the bosom of which he had resolved to finish his days. Disgusted with the world and with glory, he now, he said, only aspired "to be buried at the feet of his holy predecessors." He no longer ascended the pulpit but to preach to his people that religion, which, having so long through his mouth struck terror into the sovereigns and great ones of the earth, now, through the same mouth came to be the consolation of weakness and indigence. He even condescended to catechise children, especially those of the poor, nor thought himself degraded by this function, so worthy of a bishop. It was a rare and touching spectacle to behold the great Bossuet, transferred from the chapel of Versailles to a village church, teaching the peasants to support their misfortunes patiently, tenderly assembling their young families around him, delighting in the innocence of the children and the simplicity of their parents, and finding in their words, gestures, and affections, that precious *truth*, which he had vainly sought at court, and rarely found among the rest of mankind. Retired to his closet as soon as he had any moments at his disposal, he continued there to fulfil the duties of pastor and father; and his door was ever open to the afflicted who came to ask advice, consolation, or relief. They were never sent away with the answer another *very learned* prelate* caused to be given them — "My

—"My lord is at his studies." The study of the gospel, which this *studious* prelate ought to have preferred to any other, had taught Bossuet, that the obligation of all seasons, to him who is to declare to men a Deity of goodness and justice, is to open his arms to all who suffer, and to dry up their tears.

It was in these labours of pastoral love that Bossuet ended his life, on April 12, 1704, honoured by the regrets of the whole church, which will preserve a dear and everlasting remembrance of his doctrine, his eloquence, and his attachment. He has, indeed, received from it a kind of apotheosis, in the respect paid to his works, the weight given to his authority in matters of faith, and the homage that all the parties which divide and lacerate the church have constantly rendered to the name of the Bishop of Meaux. Religion, whose most courageous defender he ever was, appears by its suffrage to have confirmed the eulogy which la Bruyere was not afraid to give this great man in a full Academy, when, mentioning Bossuet in his admission discourse, he exclaimed, in a transport shared by his auditors, "Let us anticipate the language of posterity—a *father of the Church*."

ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS attempt to convey to the English reader some idea of the eloquence of the Bishop of Meaux, might, perhaps, be denominated an abridgement, rather than a translation.

The many local and incidental passages arising from the peculiar habits, the popular opinions, and religious persuasion of France, so well understood and felt by the audience before which these Discourses were delivered, would pall upon the English reader, and depress that interest the Translator has endeavoured to excite.

If the clerical student should not find in the following Sermons a perfect model for composition, he will see how a mind fermented by genius presses on the attention; diffusing dignity round inferior objects, shedding fecundity on sterile materials, bodying forth aerial substances, animating common topics, infusing into reproaches a severe delight, alarming the confident, appalling the guilty, casting the splendour of conviction over what is obscure, and *breathing a browner horror* upon what is terrific.

S E R M O N S.

SERMON I.

Preached on the first Sunday of Advent before the King.

THE NEGLECT OF SALVATION.

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.—Rom. chap. xiii. v. 11.

SHOULD I obtain belief, were I to say that the whole human race is plunged in a profound sleep; that, even amidst the agitation of this splendid court, the greater number are oppressed with an inward lethargy? It is however an immutable truth, that he only is awake who is mindful of that great concern, his salvation. How many of this audience are unfortunately diseased with this somnolent affection! and who perhaps will not be excited at the alarming object of this discourse!

Let me direct your attention for one moment to nature's great concluding scene! when, at the terrific solemnity of the descending God, astonished nature will be convulsed, and a destructive sound will be heard, announcing the ruin of the world. May the terrible Judge whose menaces I this day proclaim, endow my words with an energy powerful enough to rouse the inattentive sinner, to break the bands of his lethargy asunder, and alarm him into contrition!

It is an uncontroverted point, which the sacred writings establish, and which experience justifies, that the origin of all our crimes, and of all our misfortunes, is, the want of reflection. If sometimes the virtuous man, in the reposeing calm of his passions, inadvertently forsakes the helm, and is lost; how diligent, how active the sin-

ner should be in repairing the shipwreck of his conscience ! There is not a precept, which the Son of God so often repeats and enforces as that which bids us watch and pray. The Epistles, the Gospels, every page of the New Testament, cry out to us to be on our guard against the unknown hour.

Whence is it that man, who is so alive to his own interest, so actively attentive to his own concerns, should turn away from an object of such tremendous importance, as God ! and his justice ! When I have endeavoured to trace the origin of this infatuation, and dive into the profound cause of this insensibility, this observation has occurred. The human mind being closed within the narrow circle of its own orbit, feels nothing strongly but what acts within that circle : and the present disposition, whatever it may be, throws its own colouring on the surrounding objects. The choleric man, when he is under the influence of excessive passion, thinks every person participates of his resentment. The man whose eyelids are oppressed with slumber, thinks the world is at rest around him. A similar delusion actuates the sinner, who, while he feels the languor of indifference, is apt to imagine that the divine justice partakes of the same languor. But this is an error pregnant with most fatal consequences. Let not the silence of God be misconstrued into an approbation, his patience perverted to a pardon, and his forbearance assimilated to an oblivion. God is patient, because he is merciful ; and, if his offer of mercy be rejected, he still is patient, because vengeance is in his power. They must act precipitately, who depend on the rapidity of the occasion. But Omnipotence, who, from the centre of his own eternity, sends forth the train of ages, while time, throughout its progress, is under his dominion ; that awful Being acts not with precipitation.

I have now to unfold a less obvious truth ; I wish to impress you with the idea, that the quiet, the serenity of mind which attends the habitual sinner, is inflicted on him as a punishment : behold a new mode of vengeance which the Deity assumes to himself. The
sinner,

sinner, delighted at the unrestrained course of his prosperity, imagines he has nothing to apprehend ; from whence arises that fatal supineness, that sleep of death, of which I have spoken. This state of mind is the greatest of misfortunes, because it borders on the precipice of final impenitence, and irremediable destruction. The prophet Isaiah represents this misfortune under the figure of a cup, which he calls the cup of the wrath of God ! The intoxicating liquor means their crimes, and their licentious desires : they taste the poisonous potion, and the ascending vapours darken the lustre of reflection : by which means the soul dimly sees, through an intervening cloud, the truths of religion, and the terrible judgments of God. They deplore, however, their weakness ; they cast a look of regret on the virtue they have abandoned, their conscience awakes, and says, as it heaves a sigh from the heart, Oh piety ! oh chastity ! oh innocence ! oh sanctity of baptism ! But sensuality soon prevails over the suggestions of conscience : they taste again the inebriating cup, their mental powers decrease, the light of reason dies away, and darkness reigns : nevertheless, amidst this incumbent night, a glimmering ray sometimes is seen, some feeble recollection of a God will arise amidst this general forgetfulness. They once more apply their lips to the fatal cup, and behold the pernicious effects, as they are displayed by the prophet. " Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the head of all the streets." (Isaiah, chap. li. v. 20.) This is an image of sinners, who having intoxicated themselves at the chalice of human delight, lose all knowledge of God, and all consciousness of their own situation : they sin without remorse, they remember their crimes without sorrow, they repent without contrition, they relapse without fear, they persevere without disquietude, and at length die without repentance.

Behold, oh thoughtless men ! your alarming state. While you are indulging your inordinate desires, you are drinking a long oblivion of your Creator : at the same time, there is collecting against you in the bosom

of God, a mass of hatred. "Thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath." (Rom. chap. ii. v. 5.) That wrath will one day burst upon your head, and you will be awakened by its explosion, only for the purpose of receiving your sentence. Haste then from the wrath to come, and may my voice be the warning sound to alarm you into reflection!

Jesus Christ commands the ministers of the Gospel to announce to his people the danger of delay. I will therefore plead the cause of this important truth, in the words of the parable: "Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched; and would not have suffered his house to be broken up; therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing. Verily, I say unto you, that he shall make him ruler over all his goods. And if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken, the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

This parable reveals to us, not only that the intent of our Saviour is to surprise us with an unexpected arrival, but it also reveals to us, that the only method of avoiding this calamity, is to be upon our guard, and to watch without ceasing. Such is the counsel of God: such is the wise economy which the universal Father has established in his family. It is his sacred will, that his servants should be vigilant, and perpetually attentive. For this purpose he has ordained the even flow of time to be almost imperceptible to our observation.

We perceive not its progress, as it steals along, nor the ravage it makes in its course. Time, says St. Austin, is a feeble imitation of eternity, and it endeavours to supply the want of consistency, by succession : when one day is passed, another succeeds so exactly similar, that we do not regret what we have lost ; and thus it is that time deludes us, and conceals from us its rapidity. A long reach of his course will, however, discover the deception : the advancing infirmities of age bear testimony that a great portion of our existence is already ingulfed in his rapid stream. In this visible depredation of our better days, and even while time is daily despoiling the human form, it still affects to imitate eternity. For as it is the characteristic of eternity to continue things as they are, so time acts its feeble imitation, by gradual advances, by leading us through a gently sloping, imperceptible descent, to the shades of death. If still you obstinately persevere in the path of vice, let me ask what it is that urges you to this infatuated conduct ? Do you foresee that, on some future day, you will meet with a more favourable occasion ? Do you expect a gospel more accommodating ? a judge less severe ? Do you expect another paradise ? another hell ? When the passion that is now the tyrant of your heart, shall have quitted its possession, do you imagine you will be more at liberty ? Will not the satiated crime yield to a successor, and the second to a third, and so progressively, till the last link of iniquity will be fastened to your coffin ?

“ I know thy works,” says the Apocalypse ; “ thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead.” (Apoc. chap. iii. v. 1.) The tree which is dead, may still occupy its place. Behold yon spreading oak, stripped of its leaves, naked and sapless : death has touched its vital part, and withered its roots ; nevertheless it maintains its station, and extends its majestic branches ! Whoever in this assembly is addicted to habitual vice, let him here survey his image. Although he is not swept from the face of the earth, and plunged into the abyss of hell, yet God has withdrawn his Holy Spirit from

from him, and he is spiritually dead. But of this audience let me entertain a more cheering hope ; I will not think that this day my voice has been as an empty cymbal. I trust I have excited some salutary emotion in your breast, and that you will, like the tree in the opening of the vernal season, display symptoms of animation. The love of God must be the leading principle of this spiritual existence. Do not imagine that the avocations of life, the hurry of business, the demands of professional duties, or even the calls of innocent amusements, are incompatible with this great command. Any object which we have deeply at heart, frequently recurs to our mind, without forcing our attention, and without torturing our memory. Ask the mother if it be necessary to remind her of her only child !

Illustrious monarch ! you whom we behold indefatigably occupied with the duties of your exalted station, I offer you this day an employment of a more exalted nature—the service of God ! For what, Sir, will it avail you to have lifted so high the glory of your country ? to have stretched her celebrity to the remotest parts of the globe ? that you have rendered the most ancient kingdom the most formidable ? that you have occupied the world with your name ? unless you direct your mind to works which are of estimation in the sight of God, and which deserve to be recorded in the book of life ?

I mentioned in a former part of this discourse the terrors which are to usher in the last day, when the Saviour of the world will appear in tremendous majesty, and send judgment unto victory. Reflect, if the stars are then doomed to fall, if the glorious canopy of the heavens is to be rolled together as a scroll, how will those works endure which are constructed by man ? See the fiery destruction rushing on towns, fortresses, citadels, palaces, till the whole globe becomes a general conflagration, and shortly after a mass of cinders.

Can you, Sir, affix any real grandeur to what must one day be blended with the dust ? Elevate then your mind,

mind, and fill the page of your life with other records, with other annals.

Let me remind this audience, before I conclude, that the motives which now urge us to desist from the present course of our life, become every day more cogent ! Death advances, habitual sin is gaining ground, and our hearts are petrifying. " Now," says the Apostle, " is our salvation nearer than we believed." If our salvation approaches, our damnation approaches also : they advance together, and one or the other must be our eternal destiny. Let us all embrace the salvation offered us by so merciful a Saviour, who came into the world full of grace and truth. Let us be faithful to his grace, and attentive to his truth, in order that we may participate of his glory.

SERMON II.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. ch. i. v. ii.

THIS day the God of Israel makes his first entrance into the temple : this day the High Priest of the New Testament, the Sovereign Sacrificer, resigns himself into the hands of the pontifical successors of Aaron, who was an emblem of his priesthood : the God of Moses bows to the law of Moses ; the INEFABLE condescends to receive a name from the lips of man, at the instigation of the Holy Spirit. Surrounded thus with mysteries, to which sublime subject shall I direct my attention ? Shall I speak of the circumcision of the Saviour, or shall I dwell on the name of Jesus ? that name which is the delight of heaven, and of earth ; that name which is our only consolation, as we wander through the pilgrimage of life. This venerable temple, which is dedicated to that holy name, and a certain

tain impulse glowing at my heart, urge me to pronounce the name of Jesus, and unfold (if my humble voice dare presume) its mysterious excellence—Jesus ! that is to say, Saviour ! a name that embraces, in the most extensive sense, benevolence and charity. Let me then proclaim the glory which pertains to the Redeemer, for having exercised so great a mercy in our behalf, in saving us by the effusion of his precious blood. Let this hallowed roof resound with the name of Jesus ! Were our eyes sufficiently spiritualized and divested of the obscuring film of mortality, we should behold angels crowding this temple, and we should see them reverently bow, whenever we pronounce the name of Jesus.

As man is made to resemble, in some instances, the brute creation, so is he conscious of a disposition which takes a more exalted aim, and unites him almost with the nature of celestial intelligences. True as it may be, that the soul is degraded, and pressed down with the weight of its material investment, nevertheless the Apostle, preaching to the Athenians, informs them, that man is allied to God ! “We are also his offspring.” The Divine Creator, in compassion to man, whom he has formed after his own image, lets fall on his soul some scintillations of that flame which glows in the seraphic breast. It is worthy of remark, that we no sooner arrive at the age of reason, than the opening mind is endowed with a kind of inspiration, which brings with it a consciousness of God. In all our afflictions, in all our wants, does not a secret instinct prompt us to cast our eyes to heaven, as if we were convinced that there resides the Arbiter of human events ? This is the homage the Pagans paid to God, without knowing him. It is, as Tertullian excellently observes, the Christianity of nature.

Besides this natural elevation of the mind to God, there is also in man an impulse (springing up from the bosom of his nature) which leads him to social intercourse ; hence that communication, that mental commerce through the organs of speech. These are the

two

two propensities which actuate the whole human race : from the first arises religion ; from the other, society. But as every thing human tends to perversion, unless restrained by the hand of discipline, it was necessary to establish a form of government, embracing profane, as well as more exalted objects : without the one, religion would be subverted ; and society would degenerate into confusion without the other. Hence arose those two legitimate authorities, royalty, and the order of priesthood. The Roman emperors, those lords of the earth, thought they should acquire an accession of dignity ; by adding the title of Sovereign Pontiff to the magnificent appellations of Augustus and of Cæsar ; and when I behold those monsters of the human race, a Nero, a Caligula, performing the duties of priesthood, I cannot help declaring that the gods of stone and of bronze, the adulterous and parricidal deities which blind antiquity adored, were worthily served, and their altars worthily attended, by such infamous ministers.

But thou, oh Jesus, King of the Christian world ! oh Pontiff of the true God ! be thou this day exalted ! oh, exercise this day your royalty, by the dispensation of your grace, and exercise your priesthood by the expiation of our crimes. We now commemorate the day on which the Son of God received the name of Jesus, and yielded to the first effusion of his blood : they who are scandalized at the shedding of this sacred blood, they who imagine the violent death he endured, was the tacit avowal of his imbecility, are very imperfectly initiated into the mysteries of Calvary ! The cross is the throne of our heavenly King ! and the altar of our heavenly Pontiff ! Oh Saviour, oh Pastor of our souls ! let fall one sanctifying drop of thy blood on these lips, which are to utter so often the adorable name of Jesus.

I shall not dwell upon the mistaken notion which even the Apostles affixed to the character of the Messiah, but shall endeavour to explain the sentiments which the holy Jesus entertained upon that subject. I cannot observe, without an emotion of astonishment, the conduct

duft of the Son of God in this particular : I fee him through the courfe of his miniftry difplaying, even with parade, the lowlinefs of his condition ; and when the hour approaches which is to terminate in his death, the word Glory dwells on his lips, and he difcourfes with his difciples of nothing but his greatnefs. On the eve of his ignominious death, when the traitor Judas had juft gone from him big with his execrable intention, it was then the Saviour of the world cried out with a divine ardour, “ Now is the Son of Man glorified.” Tell me in what manner is he going to be glorified ? what means the emphatic word *now* ? Is he to rife above the clouds, and from thence to launch vengeance on his foes ? or is the angelic hierarchy, fephaphs, dominations, principalities, and powers ! to defcend from high, and pay him instant adoration ? Ah, no ! he is going to be degraded, to fubmit to excruciating pain, and to expire with malefactors. This is what he denominates his glory ; this is what he efteems his triumph. Behold him as he makes his entrance into Jerufalem, riding on an afs. Ah, Chriftians ! let us not be afhamed of our Heavenly King : let the fceptic, the deift deride, if they please, this humble appearance of the Son of God ; but I will tell human arrogance, that this lowly exhibition was worthy of the King who came into this world, in order to degrade, to crush beneath his feet all terreftrial grandeur ! I do not mean, however, to call your attention to this point. Behold ! behold ! what a concourfe of people of all ages, of all conditions, precede his entrance into Jerufalem, with branches of palm-trees in their hands, in the act of exultation ; how the air refounds with thefe acclamations : “ Hofanna to the Son of David ! bleffed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hofanna in the higheft !” Whence is this fudden change, fo oppofite to his former conduct ? whence is it, that he now courts applaufe, whom we fee, in another part of the Gospel, retiring to the fummit of a folitary mountain, to efcape from the follicitations of the multitude, who afsembled from all the neighbouring cities

cities and villages, for the purpose of electing him their King ? He now listens with complacency to the people, who accost him with that title. The jealous Pharisees endeavour to impose silence on the multitude ; but our Saviour replies, " If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." Let me again repeat, whence is this abrupt change of conduct ? He approves of what he lately abhorred ; he accepts what he lately rejected. The last time he entered Jerusalem, it was in order to die ; and in consonance with the sentiments of the Messiah, to die is to reign. How dignified was his conduct through the whole process of his passion ! how august his deportment at the tribunal of Pilate ! Did he not humble the majesty of the Roman fasces, by the dignity of silence ? Let Pilate return into the pretorium, for the purpose of interrogating our Saviour ; he will make no reply, but to one question : the Roman president says, " Art thou a King ?" The Son of God, who had disdained to utter any answer to the other questions of his judge, no sooner heard his title to royalty mentioned, than he abruptly replies, " Thou sayest that I am a King ; to this end was I born ; and for this cause came I into this world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Yes ! I comprehend you, oh my Saviour, oh my King ! it is your glory to suffer for the love of your people, and you will not claim the sceptre, till you are going, by the means of a victorious death, to deliver your subjects from eternal slavery. Let heaven and earth burst forth into a song of praise. You, oh faithful and happy subjects of the Saviour King, you who have been regained and conquered to his protection, at so high a price, what gratitude, what loyalty, what affection can ever repay the magnitude of such a benefit ? It is not the palace, the throne, the gorgeous accompaniments of royalty, that lead my imagination captive. But when I behold (in whatever country) a whole people expecting and receiving protection and liberty from the hand of a monarch ; when I view a civilized state ; when I see the land cultivated ; when I see the freedom of the

ocean unrestrained ; when I see every person living unmolested beneath his peaceful roof ; when I behold the rays of royalty, like the sunbeams, darting their salutary influence over the remotest part of the kingdom ; then, then, my understanding moves a willing captive round this glorious spectacle. Send now your capacious view over the whole globe, and you will find that the dispensation of blessings, so profusely scattered, and so widely disseminated, is the gift of our celestial King.

But to the virtuous subjects he is still a more liberal Monarch ; through him they not only live, but entertain a hope of future felicity, a hope of reigning themselves ; for such is the munificence of our celestial King, that in his court every brow is to be encircled with a diadem. Attend to the beautiful hymn of the twenty-four elders, who represent, perhaps, the assemblage of the faithful of the Old and New Testament ; twelve represent the patriarchs, the fathers of the synagogue, and the other twelve represent the twelve apostles, the princes and the founders of the church : observe that the elders are crowned, that they fall prostrate in humble adoration before the Lamb, singing, " Thou hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign upon the earth." Let me ask this Christian audience, if human grandeur dare enter into competition with the splendour of this celestial court ? Cyneas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, in speaking of ancient Rome, says that he beheld in that imperial city as many kings as senators ! But our God calls us to a more resplendent exhibition : in this court, in this nation of elected kings, in this triumphant city, whose walls are cemented by the blood of Christ, I do not only affirm that we shall behold as many kings as senators, but I assert that there will be as many kings as inhabitants ! The King of the world admits to the participation of his throne the people whom he had redeemed with his blood : oh, sacred blood, advantageously effused ! oh, spotless life, benevolently resigned ! oh, victorious death ! oh, triumphant degradation !

Let

Let me now direct your notice to the cross, on which was displayed this inscription, in three languages: "*Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.*" It is true that Pilate wrote these words in opposition to the Jews. This complacent judge, who sacrificed the innocent Jesus lest he should offend the synagogue, becomes of a sudden obstinately determined to preserve three or four words which he wrote without any design, and which appeared of so little importance. Oh God of my Saviour, I here behold thy secret interposition; it was thy will that the royalty of Jesus should be proclaimed from the ignominious cross on which he expired. The inscription is written in Hebrew, which is the language of the people of God! it is written in Greek, which is the language of the learned! and it is written in Latin, which is the language of the empire of the world! Inventors of the arts, oh Grecians! inheritors of the promise of God, oh Jews! lords of the world, oh Romans! draw near, read this pregnant inscription, and bend before your King: the time advances, when this unpitied, deserted Sufferer will call to his standard all the inhabitants of the earth. Let me yield to the exultation that now warms my bosom, while Tertullian informs me, that in his days, in the infancy of the church, the name of Jesus was universally adored: "We form," says that illustrious personage, "almost the greatest number in every town. *Pars pæne major civitatis cujusque.*" The invincible Parthians, the *antinome* Thracians, so called by the ancients in consequence of their refractory nature, which disdained the restraint of law; these ardent, undisciplined minds, submitted to the yoke of Jesus. The Medes, the Armenians, the Persians, the remote Indians, the Moors, the Arabs, the extensive provinces of the East, Egypt, Ethiopia, Africa, the wandering Scythian, the savage inhabitant of Barbary, embrace the humanizing doctrine of Christ. England, inaccessible from its immortal bulwark, the ocean; "even on the shore of this isle," says Tertullian, "the faith of Christ has landed." The British coast, which the stately ships of

the warlike Romans approached with caution, with peril, and with labour, the boat of the holy fisherman found of easy access. Shall I not mention the inhabitants of Spain, the warring nation of the Gauls, and the ferocious Germans, who were accustomed to boast that they never would consent to fear, unless the canopy of the heavens should fall upon their heads? even these tygers crouch submissive to the Lamb. Rome, imperial Rome, that proud city, drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; even she lays her sceptre at the foot of the cross! Oh, sacred instrument of our salvation! thy form shall be erected over every temple, thy form shall be the ornament affixed to every diadem.

Allow me to imagine for an instant, that an angel, a celestial herald, suddenly made his appearance in the midst of this assembly, and that, accosting this audience, he should say, "How long will ye halt between two opinions? If the God of Israel is the true God, he it is who claims your adoration: if Baal is God, then let him receive your homage." Brethren, let me inform you that the ministers of the Gospel are also heralds and messengers of the God of Hosts: I then demand of all who are listening to this discourse, and I prefer the same question to myself, Why do ye halt? if Jesus is your King, why is he not obeyed? if the prince of darkness is your king, why does he not receive your allegiance? You shudder at this execrable proposition; I hear you say, "Jesus, Jesus, is the King, and the Lord of our affection." I nevertheless repeat the question, Why do ye halt? "If," says the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet, "I be a Father, where is mine honour? if I be a Master, where is your fear?" (Malachi, chap. i.) Inform me which I am to believe, your words, or your actions? The Son of God commands us to approach the Father in poverty of spirit; why are we then encircled by a troop of licentious desires? He commands us to exercise benevolence towards one another; but the fiend Envy residing in our breast, prompts us to speak the language of calumny, and pamper

pamper the appetite of insatiable enmity ; and while the hand of profusion is wasting our treasure, in vain does the Son of God command us to relieve the poor. If then Jesus is your King, pay to him the homage of your actions, as well as of your words ; and if the prince of darkness is your king, add, without constraint, the homage of your words to your actions. But heaven and earth forbid we should ever make this sacrilegious choice. Let us conclude with renewing our vow of allegiance to our celestial King. Oh, Jesus ! oh, Royal Master, to whom we so justly and exclusively belong, who has redeemed us with the price of unutterable love and unbounded charity, we acknowledge thee to be our Sovereign ; we offer thee this day a solemn dedication of ourselves ; thy law shall be the law of our hearts. I will sing thy praises ; I will never cease proclaiming thy mercies ; I vow to thee eternal fidelity ; and in this entire consecration of myself to thy service, may I live, and may I die !

SERMON III.

THE PERFECTION OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

TRUTH is a queen who may be said to inhabit her own excellence, who reigns invested with her own native splendour, and who is enthroned on her own grandeur, and on her own felicity. This queen condescending to reign in this world for the good of man, our Saviour came down from above to establish her empire upon earth. Human reason is not consulted in the establishment of her empire. Relying on herself, on her celestial origin, on her infallible authority, she speaks, and demands belief ; she publishes her edicts, and exacts submission : she holds out to our assent the sublime and incomprehensible union of the most blessed Trinity : she proclaims a man-God ! and shows

shows him to us extended on a cross, expiring in ignominy and pain, and calls upon human reason to bow down before this tremendous mystery.

The Christian religion, not resting her cause upon the principles of human reason, rejects also the meretricious aid of human eloquence. It is true, however, the Apostles, who were her preachers, humbled the dignity of the Roman fasces, and laid them at the foot of the cross; and in those very tribunals to which the Apostles were summoned as delinquents, they made their judges tremble. In the Acts of the Apostles we read, as Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Tell me, which is the judge, and which is the prisoner? "Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." It is not the accused who solicits a respite, it is the terrified judge who proposes a delay to the criminal who stands before him. Thus did the Apostles conquer idolatry, and present their converts as willing captives to the true religion. But they accomplished this end, not by the artifice of words, by the arrangement of seductive periods, and the magic of eloquence: they effected their purpose by a secret persuasive power, which impresses, ah, more than impresses, which enchants the understanding. This power, this enchantment, being derived from Heaven, preserves its efficiency even as it passes through the lowly style of unadorned composition, like a rapid river, which, as it courses through the plain, retains the impetuosity which it acquired from the mountain whence it sprung, and from whose lofty source its waters were precipitated.

Let us then form this conclusion, that our Saviour has revealed to us the light of the Gospel, that day-spring from on high, that celestial gift by means worthy of the Giver, and at the same time by means the most consonant with the demands of our nature. Surrounded as we are with error, and distracted with uncertainty, we do not require the aid of a doubting academician. But we stand in piteous need of a God to
illuminate

illuminate our researches. The path of reason is circuitous, and perplexed with thorns. Pursuit presupposes distance, and argument indecision. As the principle of our conduct is the object of this inquiry, it is necessary to have recourse to an immediate and immutable belief. The Christian has nothing to investigate, because he finds every thing in his faith. If the articles of faith which Christ proposes to his acceptance are too immeasurable for the narrow capacity of his intellect, they may still be embraced by the expansive submission of his belief.

Let us dwell on a theme so interesting ; let us still direct our view to those divine features which proclaim the celestial origin of our religion ! When she first descended from above, did she not come as an unwelcome visitant ? Rejection, hatred, and persecution, met her in every walk ; nevertheless she made no appeal to human justice, no application to the secular power : she enlisted defenders worthy of her cause, who, in their sacred attachment to her interest, presented themselves to the stroke of the executioner in such numbers, that persecution grew alarmed, the law blushed at its own decree, and princes were constrained to recall their sanguinary edicts. It was the destiny of Truth (if I may be allowed the expression) to erect her throne in opposition to the kings of the earth. She did not call for their assistance when she laid the foundation of her own establishment ; but when the edifice rose from its foundation, and lifted high its impregnable towers, she then adopted the great for her children ; not that she stood in need of their concurrence, but in order to cast an additional lustre on their authority, and to dignify their power. At the same time our holy religion maintained its independence ; for, when kings are said to protect religion, it is religion who protects them, and is the firmest support of their thrones. I appeal for the ascertainment of this fact to ecclesiastical history, which may be called the history of the reign of Truth. The world threatened, while truth continued firm and immutable. Heresy polluted the course, the

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spring retained its purity : scism wounded the holy form of the church, while truth remained inviolable. Many were seduced, the weak were overcome, the strong were shaken : an Osius, an Origen, a Tertullian, and others, supposed to be the pillars of the sacred edifice, all fell ignominiously, while the white column stood immovable.

What rebellious spirit will dare resist an authority thus established ? and how can it but excite my astonishment, that in a Christian kingdom of such long duration, so many are found who renounce the Gospel ! Am I unfortunately doomed, wherever I go, to meet with these mental libertines, these rash censurers of the counsels of God ? these ignorant blasphemers, who, as St. Jude expresses himself, " speak evil of those things which they know not ?" They are twice dead, according to the same Apostle, because they are without charity, and because they have destroyed their faith : " trees," says the Apostle, " without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots," and consequently severed from the church.

You who think yourselves endowed with a sagacity to pervade the secrets of God, approach, and unfold to us the mysteries of nature : the whole creation is spread out before you ! choose your theme ! unravel what is at a distance, or develope what is near ; explain what is beneath your feet, or illustrate the wonderful luminary which glitters over your head. What ! does your reasoning capacity stagger in the very threshold ? Poor, presumptuous, wandering, erring traveller, do you expect that an unclouded beam of truth is to illuminate your path ? Ah, be no more deceived ! advert to the dark tempestuous atmosphere diffused over that country through which we are all travelling : advert to the weakness, the imbecility of our reasoning power ; and until the omniscient God shall remove the obscuring veil that hangs between heaven and earth, let us not reject the salutary aid and soothing intervention of faith.

I now turn from the infidel, and direct my view to

the careless, inattentive man. The votaries of indolence are, perchance, as numerous as the votaries of infidelity. Lulled, as it were, into a kind of apathy, they scarcely know whether they are believers, or unbelievers. They are ready to embrace any opinion, provided they are left unmolested in the pursuit of a voluptuous life. The deists obtain no credit from the voluptuaries I am now describing; not that they censure the opinion of the deist, but because they regard every thing with a somnolent indifference, except pleasure and business. I will endeavour to rouse their lethargic insensibility, and provoke their attention, by presenting to their view the unfading charms of the Christian morality.

PART THE SECOND.

They who rashly assault the Christian doctrine, are ready to acknowledge the purity and the perfection of its moral tendency: but faith and morality are two excellencies which are inseparable. Two suns are as unnecessary in religion, as in nature; whoever is sent by God to illuminate our moral conduct, the same person is undoubtedly empowered to communicate the belief which ought to accompany the moral conduct; and in my opinion, the Son of God displays a higher proof of his divinity in directing the march of morality, than in commanding the bed-ridden to walk. He most assuredly is more than man, who, amidst the crowd of pressing errors, contending passions, discordant opinions, diversified fancies, ever-varying conceits, and increasing uncertainties, could point out the infallible line of conduct. Thus to reform is to create; and the same wisdom must have assisted at the birth of such moral excellence, as formerly presided at the creation of the world.

How imperfect is the attempt that ancient philosophy made to draw the portrait of moral excellence! If on her canvasses some faint appearances of beauty dawn, how the colouring fades before the chaste but glowing charm

charm of our divine original ! I now propose to hold to your view this object of legitimate adoration, and point out the leading features of Christian morality.

The great characteristic excellence is, her referring man to his Creator, in the most extensive sense—root, branch, and fruit ! that is to say, his nature, faculties, and actions. In this dedication of ourselves to God, this moral prompter tells us we are his victims, and she therefore commands us to restrain our licentious passions, those subtle seducers of our reason : she enters the closest recesses of the heart, to extinguish even a spark, lest it might kindle into a flame : she strangles infant resentment, lest it should grow up to a gigantic enmity ; from the impulse of jealousy she restrains the wandering eye, for fear she should lose the heart. Her whole pursuit is to render our material part submissive to the mind, and the mind submissive to God. This, in a word, is the *sacrifice* which is required of us.

Let us now consider the institution of marriage, from whose chaste rites our Saviour has precluded the approach of polygamy. Affection is no longer permitted to stray from her first object, while, through the consecrated union of two hearts, flow domestic concord and family attachment. Our Saviour having replaced this holy institution on its primitive ground, Purity watches at the sacred couch, and Human Nature resumes her dignity.

The next religious obligation is our obedience to the authority of princes and of magistrates. Tertullian remarks how strictly this duty was observed by the Christian converts : he says to the ministers of the emperors, "The number of your enemies decreases from the growing multitude of Christians."

This is a faint sketch of the Christian morality : what perfection is diffused through the whole system, reaching equally every part ! He is the enemy of mankind who rejects the Gospel. Jesus Christ has reared his moral precepts upon the foundation of faith ; and when so perfect an edifice attracts our notice, shall we tell the Divine Architect that the foundations are insecure ?

insecure? shall we not rather conclude, from the beauty and strength of the superstructure, that the same wisdom has attended to that part which is out of view? As for myself, I am ready to confess that my reason submits, and that my heart surrenders its affections to this holy institution. The moral excellence alone of Christianity would impel me to embrace its faith: this faith and this morality are pledges of one another: they form a sacred alliance, an indissoluble union, which the power, the malice, the ingenuity of heresy can never tear asunder.

SERMON IV.

Preached before the King.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The severe and unrestrained reproaches which the indignant Orator utters in the following Discourse against the distinguished part of his audience, must not be understood as a formal accusation against the French nobility, for a wilful inattention to the poor. There being no established provision for that unfortunate class of society, the Preachers thought it incumbent upon them to enforce the topics of charity with a peculiar energy.

IMPENITENCE.

The rich man also died, and was buried.—St. Luke, chap. xvi. v. 22.

I HAD proposed to have drawn from this text two distinct discourses, one on the life of the rich man, the other on his unfortunate end: but it occurred to me, that if I did not bring to view the death of the rich man connected with his life, there might be some in this assembly, who would avail themselves of this division,

ion, and separate what is irresistibly connected, by entertaining the presumptuous hope, that they would be able in their old age, or on the confines of the grave, to atone for the irregularities and vices of their past life. I come here this day to combat that delusive opinion, and I wish to impress, to engrave on your mind, this rigorous but salutary truth, that a vicious life inevitably terminates in a death of impenitence.

As at the close of a theatrical exhibition, the leading personage does not assume a new character, why should we look for an inconsistency in the last scene of life? Pleasure and business entirely occupy the man of the world: and this pleasure, united with worldly concerns, hardens his heart, and renders him insensible to the misfortunes of others. The rich man, we find, "which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," and who probably was also a man of business and political intrigue, was so attentive to the alternate demands of pleasure and of business, that he did not even cast a glance of compassion on the beggar, who was laid at his gate full of sores. This is the picture of the worldly man. Many who are listening to this discourse, will, I fear, unless they quit the ruinous path they now tread, many, I am bold to say, will find themselves involved in this parable. Let us now suppose the rich man extended on the bed of death, and trembling at the opening of eternity! In this perilous situation he casts his distressful eyes to heaven, and in broken, dejected accents implores the mercy of God; but as he never exercised any commiseration towards others, Heaven, in return, is deaf to the voice of his affliction; till, passing through many anxieties, perturbations, mental conflicts, and alarms, he arrives at the closing fatal period, from which I recoil with terror.

Let not any one in this audience imagine that the parable of the rich man relates only to those persons in high station who are the most profligate and abandoned: it extends even to those who are passionately addicted to amusements and avocations of an innocent nature.

For the Son of God does not speak of the extortions, of the adulteries, of the blasphemies of the rich man ; he only says that he was clothed in purple and fared sumptuously ; which is to teach us, that not only the forbidden object, but that an unrestrained indulgence of innocent pursuits also constitutes a crime. Ye great ! ye rich ! ye splendid favourites of fortune ! I will not disguise my feelings, I will candidly own that I tremble at your destiny. The rider who urges his swift steed to the precincts of a given boundary, is in the rapidity of his career irresistibly carried beyond the goal. And when once the habit of immoderate attachment is formed, it requires almost a miraculous interposition to break the bonds which chain us to the earth. I entertain therefore little confidence in the abrupt repentance of an habitual sinner, or in those languid conversions which are born on the bed of the expiring sinner.

There are some, who, though not in possession of their wishes, though frequently repulsed by disappointment, still dedicate themselves to the world with all the ardour of hope. The world, that great promiser, allures these votaries to his altar, by dazzling expectancies, and the bright prospect of reversions, till at length they reach the foot of the grave, dragging after them the long, immeasurable chain of their blasted hopes.

There are others who are confident that they are advancing in the path of virtue, if they occasionally attend the divine service, yield to the casual impulse of benevolence, and contribute their mite to some charitable institution : these persons are no more severed from the world, in consequence of these occasional practices, than the stately oak is rooted from the earth, when the wind rushing through the branches disturbs its solemn repose.

Let us now return to the sick chamber of the rich man ; behold him, pale and ghastly ; the hour-glass of life is pouring fast its few remaining sands. The terrible denunciation of Ezekiel is now applicable to him :

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"an end is come, the end is come : it watcheth for thee ; behold, it is come." (Ezekiel, chap. vii.) Unhappy criminal ! come and plead your cause before the omniscient Judge ! Among your accusing witnesses, behold the poor who bear testimony to your inexorable heart. To that insensibility which the poor too frequently experience from the great, I now wish to direct and confine your attention.

The great apostle calls those who are addicted to pleasure, men without natural affection. Though an inveterate attachment to the world and its pleasures may appear to have nothing in its nature of a malevolent tendency, yet under the veil of amenity lurks a malignant power. When I listen to the voluptuary in Solomon, I meet with nothing at first, but what is innocently gay : "let no flower of the spring pass by us, let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." (Wisdom of Solomon, chap. ii.) But as the voluptuary proceeds we hear him say, "Let us oppress the poor righteous man, let us not spare the widow, nor reverence the gray hairs of the aged." Ver. 10. Who would suspect that so savage a disposition could rise out of manners so gentle and alluring ? This is, however, the characteristic of voluptuousness. You will tell me, this audience is free from the crime which I am now arraigning ; but let me inform you, that there are other crimes for which the voluptuous man is responsible : for besides that barbarity which extends to the active oppression of the poor, there is another species of cruelty attending the voluptuary, which closes his ear to the voice of complaint, and his bosom to the softening visitations of nature. Be not astonished, gentlemen, if I tell you that this cruelty is robbery without violence, and murder, without the shedding of blood ; and I will boldly assert that the inhuman rich man in the Gospel, robbed the beggar at his gate, because he did not clothe him, and murdered him, because he did not feed him. O God of clemency ! it was surely not for this purpose you communicated to the great a portion of your power : no ! you ex-

alted them far above the condition of their fellow-creatures, in order that they might become the parental guardians of the poor. Yet they every day meet with a number of helpless, disconsolate, indigent suppliants : it might almost be said, that Misery, personified, stretches her emaciated form at their door, weeping and lamenting. I am not moved with astonishment at this melancholy picture : how can the rich man listen to the voice of the poor amidst the clamour of his own ravening desires ? And therefore the poor are neglected, abandoned, consigned to their unhappy lot, and even doomed to perish. Yes ! they languish, they sicken, they die for want on your estates, in your villages, and at the gates of your palaces.

It is an alarming truth, that prosperity, independent of any criminal habit, is too apt to harden the heart. This is the malediction that attends human grandeur ; and here we see how the spirit that influences the world, acts in opposition to the genuine spirit of Christianity. What is the great characteristic of Christianity ? Compassion ! What is the leading principle among the great ? Self-love ! Hear the language of the rich man in the words of the Prophet : “ Thou hast said in thy heart, I am, and none else besides me.” (Isaiah, chap. xlvii. v. 10.) “ This crowd of miserable objects that press upon my view have no claim to my attention, they are not to interrupt me in the career of pleasure.”

But God is equitable ; and the time must come when you, ye great, will stand in need of mercy : I do not threaten you with the loss of your estates, or with the change of situation : those are casual events ! The closing period, the fatal day will come, when, encircled by your friends, by your relatives, by your domestics, you will nevertheless find yourselves more abandoned than the wretch, who dies without a winding-sheet to cover him in his grave. Far other friends, far other ministers of comfort, will then be wanting. The poor whom you have neglected—ah ! had you applied in time to them, had you cultivated their friendship, they now would have opened to you the gates of mercy and

of heaven : had you solaced their woes, had you sometimes benignly listened to their complaints, your compassion would now have forcibly pleaded your cause ; the benedictions with which they would have hailed you in the days of their distress, would have allayed the perturbations that distract your mind. It is now too late ! Your obdurate heart has excited a sympathetic obdurateness in the bosom of God. Although you may perform some charitable dispensations at your death, you act in vain ! The sky is to you an iron canopy, and your prayers cannot pass through !

The rigours of God's justice have not relented towards this unhappy country. In his clemency, it is true, he has accorded to France the blessing of peace ; but our continual crimes have awakened his resentment : his outstretched arm afflicts us with sickness, mortality, and famine. The irregular course of the seasons, and distempered nature, seem to threaten us with the most fatal calamities, unless we endeavour to appease his anger. In the distant provinces, in this town, in the centre of luxury, and profusion, on the confines of pleasure, in the very bowers of bliss, a number of wretched families die of want. This is no exaggeration : I do not appear in this awful place as an actor on the stage, for the purpose of exciting compassion with invented tales of distress : the calamity I deplore is a truth too well attested.

Let it hence be no more a subject of inquiry concerning our obligation to relieve the poor : famine, famine has silenced the inquiry ; despair has terminated the question : and, according to the opinion of the theologians of every age, if we do not assist the ulcered beggar at our gate, we are guilty of his death, and we are responsible to God for his blood, for his soul, for every excess into which his rage, hunger, and despair betrayed him.

Your Majesty has given edifying proofs of your benevolent disposition to the poor, which I trust will be followed by the most salutary effects. Though kings cannot do all their natural generosity excites them to perform,

perform, they are one day to give a strict account to God, for all they were able to perform. This, Sire, is all that a minister of the Gospel presumes to say to your Majesty: I will say the rest to God, and humbly entreat the King of kings, that he would furnish you with the means of satisfying the love you bear your people, of gratifying the demands of your benevolence, and of erecting on that sure foundation, charity, the superstructure of your eternal happiness.

SERMON V.

Preached before the Court.

CONVERSION.

Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.—St. Luke, chap. iii. v. 9.

IF the preacher in the desert, were to appear before this august assembly; if the voice that cried out in the wilderness were to resound in this temple; would the preacher, in surveying the tenour of your life, remove the axe from the tree? Would the voice which cried out in the wilderness breathe here in softer accents? Would it not rather utter with a more energetic power, "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire?" To allure you from the erroneous course you are, perhaps, now pursuing, and by that means to save you from being involved in the exterminating menace my text displays, I should wish to possess your mind with this idea, that the indulgence of the passions does not, even in this life, secure happiness. Sin, which deranges the order of the world, excites a perturbation in the bosom where it

was first conceived. The vengeance you inflict on the offender, must necessarily raise a turbulent emotion in that heart through which it rushes. Injustice, which possesses what belongs to another, plunders first its author, by depriving him of that perpetual fountain of contentment, integrity! Ambition has its corroding moments, trembles at contending rivalry, and is acquainted with the torture of disappointment. Even on the most elevated station, Misfortune will erect her standard, and from that eminence, throw Ambition down the precipice with a more terrible destruction. Avarice, that odious passion, is also but feebly gratified, while, with its iniquitous treasure, it accumulates a mass of disquietude. Even the chalice of adulterous love is poisoned with the venom of jealousy. Extracting then from our passions, the small portion of substantial pleasure that attends them, we shall find that a gratified passion plants a thorn in the reflecting mind, and lodges an ever-gnawing disquietude in the heart.

Advert once more to the words of the text:—"Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree." Imagine you hear a voice addressing the unfruitful tree—"Gentle showers have moistened your branches: the sun has benignly shed on your form its animating influence. No care, no cultivation has been wanting; therefore the axe and the fire are your destiny." Apply these words, and bring them home to your own bosom. Early instruction was poured as the morning dew on your mind. The exciting object of good example was placed before your opening eye. Virtue informed your young ideas how to shoot. No care, no cultivation has been wanting; and therefore, with the unfruitful tree, the axe and fire must be your doom.

Tell me not that you are young, and in the full enjoyment of health: frequent instances occur within the circle of your acquaintance, which prove that health and vigour are feeble barriers against the power of death. But even under the prolongation of your life the fatal lot may be decided. The injured Deity may be said to strike the blow when he withdraws his sanctifying grace.

grace; and if it be irrevocably withdrawn the root has felt the destructive axe, and hope is dead. Let us then hasten to produce the fruit which is required of us. It may, however, be said, that in case the axe is already laid at the root, there is not time sufficient for the production of fruit. This is not the necessary consequence; the spiritual fruit I am speaking of, springs instantaneously with the sigh that heaves from the heart: unfortunate then is that person, ah, most unfortunate! who shall quit this temple, without feeling in his heart, that productive desire. Let him smite his flinty bosom; let him liberally dispense his superfluities among the poor, for the purpose of recovering, through the mercy he exercises towards his neighbour, that grace which he has forfeited. Some of the charitable institutions of the metropolis demand immediate succour, while Profusion presides at your tables, and Sumptuousness spreads out your furniture. If you are still inadvertent of the repeated admonitions of the ministers of the Gospel, I will not hesitate to pronounce, that your situation is truly alarming. How can I entertain any hope of amendment from the female part of this audience, when I see them enter this awful abode in so dissolute an attire, as if with an intent to allure the eye of wantonness? Will you presume that you bring with you a penitential disposition, when I behold you ornamented with the profusive hand of vanity? Do you not appear more the idols of the temple than the victims of the altar? Take warning from the Jewish nation; the Jews confessed the voice of the prophets: God shook that haughty nation, as the storm assails the tree. Her crown, her sceptre fell! To God the sceptre is as a reed; and, when he pleases, the reed is as a sceptre. The temple, however, stood! Sacrifices still were offered! The authority of the pontiffs was still held sacred! and an appearance of government was still exhibited! But Jesus entered on his mission; and not long after, the Jewish nation, which we have represented under the image of a great tree, was torn up by the roots. Titus, the avenger of our Saviour, comes! The Roman

eagle urges his descending flight, and Judea is no more ! Although Titus was ignorant of the crime, he acknowledged himself to be the instrument of God's vengeance. Apollonius Tyanæus says, that Titus was offered a crown in consideration of his taking Jerusalem ; but he declined that honour, saying, that he was nothing more than an instrument in the hand of God, who manifested, on this occasion, his resentment against the Jewish nation. The temple is now demolished, the sacrifices cease, the nation is scattered, and is become the object of universal derision. May this terrific catastrophe impress us with a trembling awe, lest the same people, who, when they were favoured by the protection of God, prefigured the grace we now enjoy, should, under the scourge of his afflicting hand, predict some unforeseen calamity to our own country !

SERMON VI.

THE PASSION OF OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Isaiah, chap. liii. v. 6.

THE most soothing consolation to the man who is plunged in affliction, is the consciousness of his innocence ; which, like an angel, watches at his side, and whispers comfort to his soul. The holy confidence arising from the consideration of innocence, supported the martyrs, and upheld their enduring patience under the pressure of the severest tortures ! This consideration acted with a magical influence : it calmed their sufferings ; it lulled the exquisite sensation of the flames while they consumed their bodies, and diffused over their countenance the expression of a celestial joy. But Jesus, the innocent Jesus, found no such consolation in his sufferings : what was given to the martyrs was denied

nied to the King of Martyrs. Under the ignominy of the most disgraceful death, under the hostile impression of the most agonizing torments, he was not allowed to complain, nor even to think that he was treated with injustice. It is true, he was innocent respecting man; but what did the recollection of an immaculate life avail him? The heavenly Father, from whom alone he looked for consolation, who from eternity had shed upon his beloved Son the effulgence of his glory, now withdraws his sacred beams, and, darkening round, spreads over his head as an angry cloud! Behold, behold the innocent Jesus, the spotless Lamb, suddenly become the goat of abomination, burdened with the crimes, the impieties, the blasphemies of all mankind. It is no longer the Jesus who once said, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" (St. John, chap. viii. v. 46.) He presumes no more to speak of his innocence. Oh, Jesus! Jesus! I dare not now pronounce you innocent, while I see you bending beneath the weight of universal guilt. Brethren, what a subject for our most serious thoughts! what a theme for our affection! For you, and for me, this miracle of benevolence is performed. Devoid as we are of all merit, what have we to offer to our suffering Redeemer but our gratitude! Were you forcibly impressed with this sublime act of charity, your tears and lamentations would interrupt this discourse. See imputed to our divine Saviour the crimes of the whole world: all the perfidies that ever were acted, all the impurities and adulteries that ever were committed, all the sacrileges that ever were executed, and all the imprecations, all the blasphemies that ever were yelled from the throats of unbelievers. This turbulent ocean of iniquity is ready to engulf our Redeemer; whichever way he casts his eyes, he sees torrents of sin bursting upon him. Let us now approach the divine Sufferer, and behold him carrying his cross! I confess that this incident overpowers my bosom with affectionate gratitude. To be fastened to the cross is to suffer the punishment of malefactors; but to carry the cross was esteemed as a public avowal of the con-

damned person, that the death he was going to suffer was justly ordained; and, therefore, when our Saviour was in the act of carrying his cross, he bore testimony to the justice of his condemnation. But to proceed: the cross is now uplifted, exhibiting the sublime victim! Now flows the sacred blood! The Jew exclaims, "His blood be on us and our children!" (Matthew, chap. xxvii. v. 25.) So it shall, thou race accursed! Thy prayer shall be granted far beyond thy expectation; that vocal blood shall call down a peculiar vengeance, which shall set a stigma upon you to the end of time; till, mitigating the austerity of his justice, the Almighty shall extend his protection to the wretched remnant of your countrymen!

But to us the divine mercy was immediately extended. As we sometimes see the face of the heavens wrapt in a brooding storm, till, gathering to maturity, it bursts with a tremendous explosion, yet wasting its strength as it descends, and losing, as it were, its relentment in diffusion, the face of the heavens resumes its wonted cheerful serenity; so the fulminating wrath of God overwhelms his sacred Son; but, like a cloud rent asunder by its own vehemence, the storm subsides, the Deity relents, and the returning beams of mercy glitter from his throne!

By a wonderful commutation, which comprises the mystery of our salvation, the heavenly Father abandons the innocent Son, in consequence of his unbounded love towards guilty man! and receives him into the arms of his forgiveness for the love of his innocent Son! How feeble is description, how inadequate is language, to uphold this weight of mercy! Let this church be to every one of us a Calvary! and let us not depart from hence before we have kindled, in our bosom the flame of eternal gratitude for the sublime act of mercy which is this day recorded throughout the Christian world.

SERMON VII.

Preached before the King.

THE RESURRECTION.

Knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more.—Epistle to the Romans, chap. vi. v. 9.

THOU holy truth of our religion! oh glorious Resurrection of the Redeemer! oh cheering assurance of our immortality! announced by the voice of prophecy, echoed by the attestation of beholders, re-founded by the vocal blood of martyrs, confirmed by progressive belief through a long succession of centuries: oh glorious resurrection! oh cheering assurance! have you not yet exalted man above the pursuits of terrestrial objects? Have you not yet elevated the human mind from earth to heaven? Must the minister of the Gospel have still recourse to arguments in order to stimulate your indolent belief? You tell me, indeed, that you are Christians, that you abhor that mental licentiousness which leads to scepticism. But wherefore, then, does your life correspond so ill with your belief? wherefore do you walk in the same path with the infidel? How is it that I behold you still dazzled with the splendour of the world, inebriated with its favour, and basking in its smile? Let us no longer deceive ourselves; let us avow the truth. Feeble Christians, or declared sceptics, we equally renounce, by the tenour of our lives, our claim to future felicity.

That life of future felicity which so little occupies your mind, tell me, is it not, at least, the object of your desire? If it be the object of your desire, let me inform you that this desire encloses the seed of immortality: it carries with it a silent testimony of that eternal life for which you were created. But this desire must be nourished in order to maturo the seed of eternal felicity. The Jews, who did not know the power of Christ's resurrection,

nor the powers of the world to come, preferred, it is true, the altar of the living God to the shrines of idolatry, but their wishes terminated in the possession of temporal blessings. But thou, oh God! art the object, the sole object, of our religious pursuit. Whatever is not eternal is unworthy of thy liberality as well as of our solicitude. I tremble, when I reflect how few of this audience accompanied me with sincerity of heart in the words I have just now uttered! Lazarus, festering in his grave, is an emblem of your spiritual corruption: your soul is a religious corpse uninhabited by celestial thought, unanimated by the breath of prayer, abandoned by heaven! an horrible spectacle to the view of angels! Look, I entreat you, into this mirror that I hold up to the eye of your understanding, and there behold your spiritual form, and shudder at the sight! But let it be an amazement, accompanied by sorrow, productive of the desire of mercy, and of confidence in the power of God! When God transported the prophetic spirit of Ezekiel into the valley of bones, he heard a voice cry out, "Can these bones live? Say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." The application is obvious; bring it home to your own bosom, enforce it on your own deplorable situation. Let no time be lost: defer not, to a distant period, the resurrection of your virtue; the voice that now whispers to your soul, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord," will, perhaps, never invite you more! The season of age and caducity will betray you: when you are arrived within a few steps of the grave, you will find neither time, disposition, nor capacity to perform the solemn task you have so long delayed; you will be alarmed, not converted; your soul will be encumbered with a train of confused, turbid, comfortless thoughts—(I have unhappily been a frequent witness to scenes of this nature:) your cold lips will utter a few imperfect prayers, that will not reach the heart any more than water gliding over a marble stone will penetrate the substance. Seize then the present hour, the offered moment; why will you perish, oh house of Israel? You, my brethren, who have

been distinguished by so many blessings, to whom, in your earlier days, the immaculate page of Christianity was unfolded, who were reared at the hallowed bosom of Religion, why will you perish? You for whom this roof resounds with the voice of the preacher, for whom that holy table is spread with celestial food, why will you perish? You for whom Jesus died, you for whom he rose from the dead, who now interceding for your happiness, shews to his Father the sacred wounds he suffered for your salvation, why will you perish?

While your Majesty looks down from that eminence to which Providence has raised you; while you behold all your flourishing provinces reaping the harvest of happiness, and enjoying the blessings of peace; while you behold your throne encompassed with the affections of a loyal people, what have you to fear? where is that enemy who can injure your felicity? Yes, Sir! there is an enemy who can injure your felicity; that enemy is yourself! that enemy is the situation you adorn! that enemy is the glory which encircles you! It is no easy task to submit to the rule that seems to submit to us. Where is the canopy of sufficient texture to screen you from the penetrating and scorching beams of unbounded prosperity? Let me entreat you to descend in spirit from your exalted situation, and visit the tomb of Jesus; there you may meditate on loftier subjects than this world, with all its pomp, can offer to your attention; there you will learn, that by our Redeemer's ascent from the grave, you are entitled to a crown of immortal glory!

Let all of us assert our claim to this immortal life, to which we are entitled by the resurrection of our Redeemer; and that our claim may not prove abortive, let us frequently exalt our mind to the contemplation of diviner objects. The best method, perhaps, to raise our thoughts above this speck of earth, is first to contemplate on the deceitful and fugitive tenour of terrestrial existence. May we not compare human life to a road that terminates in a ruinous precipice? We are informed of the danger we incur: but the imperial command

mand is announced, and we must advance. I should wish to turn back, in order to avoid the ruinous precipice : but the tyranness, Necessity, exclaims, " Advance, advance ! " An irresistible power seems to carry me along ! Many inconveniencies, many hardships, many untoward accidents occur ; but they would appear trivial, could I withhold my steps from the ruinous precipice : no, no ! an irresistible power urges me to proceed, even impels me to run ; such is the rapidity of time ! Some pleasurable circumstances, however, present themselves ; we meet with objects in the course of our journey, which attract attention : limpid streams ; groves resounding with harmony ; trees loaded with delicious fruit ; and flowers exhaling their aromatic soul into the passing gale. Here we should delight to loiter, and suspend the progress of our journey ; but the voice exclaims, " Advance, advance ! " while all the objects we have passed, suddenly vanish, like the materials of a turbid dream. Some wretched consolation still remains ; you have gathered some flowers as you passed by, which, however, wither in the hand that grasps them ; you have plucked some fruit from the loaded boughs, which, however, decays before it reaches the lip : this, this, is the enchantment of delusion ! In the progress of your destined course, you now approach the tremendous gulf which breathes forth a sombrous vapour that discolours every object. Behold the shadowy form of Death, rising from the jaws of the fatal gulf, to hail your arrival ! Your heart palpitates, your eyes grow dim, your cheek turns pale, your lips quiver, the final step is taken, and the hideous chasm swallows your trembling frame !

No comment is requisite to illustrate this imagery ; it is clear and unquestionable, as it is alarming : it is the abridged history of human life. They, however, who, while they pursue their prescribed course, exalt their aim to sublimer objects, when they arrive at the fatal precipice, will remain undaunted : the subject of this day's solemnity will be their bright assurances : their bosom will be impressed with the exulting confidence,

that,

that, like the blessed Redeemer, they will one day rise from the grave, to die no more.

SERMON VIII.

THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—St. Luke, chap. xix. v. 41.

OUR Saviour having completed the occupations of his ministry, returns from Palestine to Jerusalem ; and when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it ; he beheld her invincible ramparts, her towering and magnificent edifices ; the wonder of the universe, her majestic temple. Then beholding with prophetic eye the desolation which was to efface this glorious spectacle, the compassionate Jesus could not refrain from weeping ! and he said, " If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." What tenderness is comprised in these few words, " If thou hadst known ! " It is an expression pregnant of pity : as it is the characteristic of affliction to recoil from herself, and pause amidst broken accents and interrupted sentiments : " If thou hadst known," says the pitying Jesus ; which words he undoubtedly pronounced with the most pathetic energy ! " If thou hadst known," is an expression labouring with a meaning which lay so heavy at his heart, that he had not the power to give it utterance !

Nor is it wonderful that the sentiment of compassion should prevail in the bosom of our Redeemer. According to Tertullian, the first developement of the economy of God towards man, is benevolence ; and the reason is sufficiently clear ; for, in order to trace the original inclination, we must seek for that which is the most natural, as nature is the root from which all oth-

er tendencies and sensations spring. Having the power to bless, it is nature in God to diffuse the blessing ! As the fountain sends forth its waters, as the sun expands its beams ; therefore it is that the Son of God, our Pontiff, our Advocate, our Intercessor, is assimilated to the Father, in the characteristic feature of benevolence. This amiable disposition is strongly marked in these words of St. Peter to Cornelius, "Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good." (Acts, chap. x. v. 38.) Simple and unadorned, but beautiful eulogium ! How different from the insensate eloquence of the day ; who when she would extol some renowned soldier, tells us he marched through the country of the enemy with victory at his side. Now, what means, in the language of the panegyrist, to overrun the country of the enemy with victory at his side ? is it not to open the floodgates of blood, and to commit universal slaughter ? How different was the passage of the victorious Jesus through Judea ! Benevolence was the victory that accompanied his steps : affliction, sickness, mental disorder, flew at his approach. Not only the house where he sojourned was distinguished by his active compassion ; every impression of his steps may be said to have been accompanied by the vestiges of his redundant goodness ! As the sower scatters the seed as he moves along, the Son of God, wherever he went, diffused his divine favours : did any one inquire, why, in that town, or that hamlet, no lame or blind person, or any miserable object appeared ? the answer was ready : the compassionate Jesus has just passed through.

The Apostle, in the second Epistle to the Hebrews, has these remarkable words, to which I beg leave to call your particular attention : "He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham : " that is to say, he invested himself with our nature, in order that he might be subject to the calamities incident to our nature, and by that means diffuse his exquisite sensibility into a sympathetic commiseration for all mankind. From this argument flows a stream of comfort to the mansions of the unhappy ; who are

now assured that he looks down from his heavenly abode with an eye of pity upon those who are agitated with the same storms with which he was himself assailed. He has not effaced from his memory the severe trials he experienced during the course of his earthly pilgrimage : he beholds us travelling through the rugged paths which he once traversed, and therefore our sorrows, our complaints, find admission to his kindred bosom.

As for myself, I freely avow, that from this consideration arises my only, only hope ! I knew that my Redeemer descended from heaven, to form an intimate acquaintance with human misery ; he entered the cave of affliction, and became a sojourner with the wretched, an associate with the sorrowful, in order to lodge deeper in his bosom the stings of sympathy.

To conclude : may this brief, but important discourse, important from its object, cleave to your mind ! oh, may it call forth the finer sensibilities of our soul, may it warm our confidence, and inspirit our gratitude !

SERMON IX.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. chap. ii. v. 14.

WHEN our Redeemer expired on the cross, sympathizing nature was convulsed ! The sun was suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness, and confusion reigned ! but I shall pass by these terrific events, in order to lead your attention to more important objects. The cross erected on Mount Calvary was the standard of victory, to which even thought was to be led captive, and before which imaginations were to be cast down ; that is to say, human wisdom and sceptic reluctance. No voice sublime was heard sounding from a thunder-bearing

bearing cloud, as of old from the heights of Sinai ! No approach was observed of that formidable Majesty, before whom the mountains melt as wax ! Where, where was the warlike preparation of that power which was to subdue the world ? See the whole artillery collected on Mount Calvary in the exhibition of a cross, of an agonizing Sufferer, and a crown of thorns !

Religious truth was exiled from the earth, and idolatry sat brooding over the moral world. The Egyptians, the fathers of philosophy, the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts, the Romans, the conquerors of the universe, were all unfortunately celebrated for the perversion of religious worship, for the gross errors they admitted into their belief, and the indignities they offered to the true religion. Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements, became objects of adoration ; even abstract visionary forms, such as fevers and distempers, received the honours of deification ; and to the most infamous vices, and dissolute passions, altars were erected. The world, which God had made to manifest his power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where every thing was god but God himself !*

The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the Almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning an error must be destroyed, which reasoning had not established. Idolatry prevailed by the suppression of reason, by suffering the senses to predominate, which are apt to clothe every thing with the qualities with which they are affected. Men gave the Divinity their

* A remarkable coincidence of expression is to be found in the Bishop of Meaux, with our great dramatic poet.—Macbeth, in the fifth scene of the first act, says—

“ ————My thought,
Whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and *nothing is*
But what is not.”

Bossuet, in expatiating on the dominion and extent of Pagan worship, concludes with these words:—*Tout estois Dieu excepté Dieu lui même.*

their own figure, and attributed to him their vices and passions. Reasoning had no share in so brutal an error. It was a subversion of reason, a delirium, a phrensy. Argue with a phrenetic person, you do but the more provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry. What has learned antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses? her reasonings so artfully framed? Did Plato, with that eloquence which was styled divine, overthrow one single altar where those monstrous divinities were worshipped? Experience hath shown that the overthrow of idolatry could not be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God completed its confusion by the mystery of the cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was that the Pagan mythology teemed with deities who were subject to human passions, weaknesses, and vices. When the mysterious cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer, incredulity exclaimed it was *foolishness*! But the darkening sun, nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves, said it was wisdom!

Who is there of this numerous audience, whose lips are not ready to assert that the mystery of the cross is wisdom? Who is there of this numerous audience, whose life does not proclaim it foolishness? How few are there in this dissolute metropolis, to whom the Redeemer extended on the cross, is not an object of scandal? Yes, he is to thee an object of scandal, thou vindictive man! because he forgave injuries. He is to thee an object of scandal, thou usurer! because he had pity on the poor. Oh murderer of domestic happiness, thou adulterer! oh despoiler of the riches of the pious mind, thou profane deistic author! oh violator of character, thou satirist! thou calumniator! oh invader of the couch of innocence, thou seducer! yes, to all these the cross of the Redeemer is an object of scandal.

I do not presume to involve the inhabitants of this great town in a general accusation of an active, prom-

inent contempt of the Son of God : but I am bold to say, that there is a lurking, unavowed disrespect for our Saviour lodged in the general breast, which is silently and treacherously gaining a destructive influence. The man who is dazzled with military glory, whose heart beats high with heroic ardour, who impels the whole current of his thoughts to warlike operations, who is fascinated with the laurel-wreath that encircles his temples—that man is inwardly ashamed of the crown of thorns. The dissipated woman of rank, who with pride carries on her breast the symbol of salvation enchased in brilliants, harbours within that breast a silent shame of the sacred original. The poor man who murmurs at his fate, who is indignant of his lowly situation, who blasphemes the seeming partiality of Providence—he too is ashamed of the cross of the Redeemer.

But we who are assembled in this sacred temple, will ascend (in spirit) to Mount Calvary, and lead our thoughts captives to the foot of the cross. No longer ashamed of the spectacle of a suffering Redeemer, we will exult at this stupendous act of his benevolence. We will look upon this awful and mysterious scene, as a seeming suspension, or short parenthesis, of glory ; as a discordant tone preparatory to the richest harmony ; as the last shade of night melting into the lustre of eternal day, to the enjoyment of which we shall be entitled, if, while we sojourn upon earth, we learn to think and say, with the Apostle, “ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

SERMON X.

Preached before the Queen, at the Profession of Madame de la Valliere, June the 4th, 1675.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Memoirs relative to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth inform us, that Madame de la Valliere was one of the principal ornaments of the French Court; and that neither vanity nor interest, but a real attachment, led her astray from the path of virtue. Reflection, however, frequently ruffled the current of pleasure, and the returning upbraidings of conscience urged her at length to withdraw from a scene where she acted so disreputable a part. The splendour of the court grew dim at the fall of so brilliant a star: it formed an epoch in the region of pleasure; and when Madame de la Valliere pronounced her monastic vows, all Versailles crowded into the church of the Carmelite Nuns at Paris.

In the following Discourse, the Bishop of Meaux does not waste his time in extolling the serious trifles and the rigorous follies which constitute the monastic state: but he dwells on the fallacy of human prosperity, and its unavailing power to secure happiness without the control of religion.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. chap. xxi. v. 5.

HOW great, how sublime, how magnificent will be that closing scene, when He who sits on the throne, at whose bidding the universe arose; when He from that tremendous throne shall utter these words, “Behold, I make all things new;” at whose second intimation of his will, another world will arise, a new system of existence will be displayed, adapted to the happiness of the elect! Great and amazing as this new order of things will appear, there is a change, a novelty of another nature, which also claims our admiration: I mean that change, that miracle which God sometimes operates on the soul, by the impression of his Holy Spirit, which breathes upon the heart a purer air, and awakens a new train of desires and affections. To me there

there is nothing more wonderful than a change of this nature. What have we seen? And what do we now behold? How striking the contrast between the former situation and the present state! Words are not requisite for the occasion; the story tells itself.

Your Majesty beholds an object not unworthy of the presence of so virtuous a queen. You come not into this retreat accompanied by the splendours of the world: your own meek spirit solicits you to take an interest in the humiliations of a life devoted to religious solitude. And it seems agreeable to the principle of justice, that your Majesty, who constitutes by your situation so considerable a part of worldly grandeur, should sometimes behold a ceremony, whose object is to bring worldly grandeur into contempt. This day's solemnity exhibits nothing that can engage the esteem of the world. The ornamented form has thrown off the livery of vanity, and the heart has undergone a still greater change! And I, to celebrate these novelties, have been induced to break through a silence of many years, and raise once more a voice to which this temple has been long disused.

All you who are here assembled, more perhaps from the motive of curiosity, than the impulse of devotion, let me entreat you to turn from the object that is now before you, to inspect your own situation. Let the ambitious man here learn where ambition is contemptible, that the objects which are to him of such magnitude, are, in the eye of religion, the toys of folly. Let the vain woman recollect, that her unvaried attention to the display of her beauty, is dedicating her time to the idle purpose of setting off to advantage a perishable flower.

As the voice of the pilot cannot be heard in a storm, so the voice of grace, the silent invitations, the whispers of the Holy Spirit, cannot be attended to amidst the tumultuary occupations of the world. But there are intervals favourable to recollection. Should any female, undazzled by the splendours of exalted society, pause; should the wanderer through surrounding pleasures

check

check for a few moments her progress ; might she not commune with herself in this manner ? Oh wealth ! what art thou but a deceitful name ? Oh pleasure ! what art thou but an airy meteor ? Thou didst promise to feed all the craving wishes of my heart. Oh vanity ! that was wont to adorn my person with all thy treasures, what hast thou availed me ? I will leave thy abode, and seek that habitation where virtue is the only ornament. The sinful form which luxury has pampered, shall recline on the hard unpillow'd couch ; and nocturnal psalmodes shall break my rest. That liberty of which I have made so licentious an abuse, I will place under the severest restraint : within imprisoning grates and sullen cloisters shall that liberty be confined. Thus circumstanced, thus enclosed on every side, I shall be able to lift my thoughts only to Heaven : and may I then become a victim, ah ! more than a victim, a prey to love !

Let me now ask this audience, if the holy truths I have offered to your attention, have excited in your bosom a glow of virtue ? Does not rather a life so detached from pleasure and indulgence of every kind, appear to you a chimerical existence ? But you will be told from yonder *tribune*,* that such a life is practicable. Can a life of uncontrolled indulgence only be expiated by such unrelenting austerities ? You will be told from yonder *tribune*, that a merciful God changes penitential austerity into pleasure : as the sunbeam melts the sullen ice-bound river into a cheerful stream. But can we live in the world, and comply with the demands of virtue ? Undoubtedly you may. You will inevitably meet with many disappointments, mortifying incidents, and calamities : all which if you bear with a patient and submissive heart, you perform your task ; and virtue asks no more. The perfidy of friendship, the inconstancy of favour, the torture of neglect, the loss of children, sickness, dejection, and mental pain ; these are the austerities the world imposes on its followers, which transcend

* Which was occupied by the Queen and Madame de la Valliere.

transcend the voluntary austerities that form the habitual employment of this mansion.

O Holy Spirit ! may my voice be like the rushing sound, which once preceded thy descent ! Thou source of uncreated light, descend ! pregnant of wisdom, and effusive of grace !

You, to whose sanctification this day is solemnized, votary of penitence, go and complete your sacrifice. The fire is kindled, the incense is prepared, the altar is decorated, the ministers attend, and nothing is wanting but the victim. Go, and receive from that venerable prelate, the mysterious veil : envelope yourself in its sacred folds, and, concealed from the world, enjoy that peace which the world cannot give. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you evermore.

THE END OF THE SERMONS.

THE
FUNERAL ORATIONS

PRONOUNCED AT THE

I N T E R M E N T

OF

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

AND

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDE.

TO THE
EARL OF CARLISLE.

WHEN the following pages appeared as a separate publication, they came under the sanction of your name : I am unwilling to defraud them of that advantage in their present form. You have proved your claim to a seat at the tribunal of criticism by the excellence of your poetical compositions. The recent and complete edition of your works is an additional and splendid offering to the treasury of English poetry.

With the homage due to your literary merit, and with the sentiments of the highest personal regard, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

THE Princess Henrietta, the youngest child of the unfortunate Charles I. was born at Exeter, the 16th of June 1644. The Queen being obliged to take refuge in France, consigned her daughter to the care of the Countess of Morton, who at length found the means of eluding the vigilance of the Earl of Essex, and of escaping with the royal infant. To facilitate the premeditated escape, the child was dressed in a coarse gray frock. The consciousness of distinction and pre-eminence, which the female mind so early imbibes, and which Shakespeare so happily delineates in the character of Miranda, was strongly displayed by the Princess during her flight. *Miranda was not full three years old,* when her father fled with her from Milan, which was the age of the Princess when the Countess of Morton escaped with her from Exeter. Miranda says, "Had I not four or five women once that tended me?" Henrietta, impressed with the same idea, was offended at the homely gown she wore, and assured every person she spoke to, that she was accustomed to a much finer apparel, and that her present dress did not belong to her.

The Queen, with expressions of the most grateful joy, received from the hands of Lady Morton her little daughter, whom she had been obliged to leave at Exeter when her child was ten days old. The Queen's residence was at a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Paris. In this retreat the little royal fugitive was educated; and here her mind, like an opening flower, gradually expanded, till she at length displayed those attainments for which she afterwards became so eminent. On the 31st of March 1661, Henrietta was married to Philip

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Digitized by Google Duke

Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis the Fourteenth. This union did not contribute to the happiness of the Princess. The Duke of Orleans was handsome, and remarkable for the elegance of his person; at the same time his self-complacency was disgusting, and transcended the bounds of female vanity. A man thus occupied with his own personal attractions could be nothing but a trifler, and consequently the Duke de St. Simon says, "*qu'il se noyait dans la bagatelle.*"

The sudden transition from the gloom of a monastery to the splendour of a court, opened to the young Princess a new scene, which demanded her whole attention. The monotonous distribution of the hours, and the restraints to which she was subjected in the convent, heightened her relish for the new world which now presented itself to her applause, as the elastic spring rises from repression with a greater energy. Admitted to the temple of Pleasure, she soon perceived that she was the deity of it. Among the women there was not one to be found, who could contend with her either for the prize of beauty, or for the lustre of mental accomplishments. The King became one of her most distinguishing admirers. But the Count de Guiche appears, by the memoirs of the time, to have conceived a more ardent and lasting attachment, to which the Duchess of Orleans is represented as not to have been insensible: Madame La Fayette maintains, that this mutual preference was never indulged to a criminal extent; she calls, however, their attachment a *confidence libertine*, to which expression it is not easy to annex a perfect idea of innocence. But many circumstances relative to her situation invoke indulgence. In the season of youth and inexperience, she entered on a stage, where (attracting and attracted) she found herself encompassed by the most artful and captivating seducers, and the most dazzling allurements.

In the year 1670, the Duchess of Orleans went to England, under the pretext of making a visit to her brother; but this pretext was to cover a secret commission of a political nature, of which she acquitted her-

self

self to the satisfaction of both parties. A few days after her return to France, she was taken ill at St. Cloud : she complained of a pain in her side, which augmented after she had drank a glass of endive-water. She was frequently heard to say she was poisoned. Mr. Montagu, the English ambassador, who was present, says, in his letter to Lord Arlington, that he entreated her in the most solemn manner to declare, whether or no she apprehended that she was designedly poisoned ; but she persisted in returning no answer, and a few hours after she died in the most excruciating torture. No legal investigation was instituted to establish or overthrow the prevailing opinion of poison being administered to her. Although evidence does not ascertain the fact, yet on the nature of the disease, and on the cause of her death, a dark suspicion immovably rests.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

ON

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The translation of the following Discourse, now presented to the Public, is rather a strong resemblance, than an elaborately finished copy : this, however, must be understood only where superior motives sanction the liberty that has been taken. The amusement of the English reader being the object proposed in this attempt, the Translator thought he should better accomplish his purpose in suppressing passages where local and minute details could excite no interest, where religious intolerance would offend, redundancy fatigue, and adulation disgust. As, however, the objectionable passages are accessory rather than essential, and are embossed on the composition rather than interwoven with it, the progress of the Discourse is no where interrupted, and the chain of communication no where broken. This funeral oration was delivered on the 21st of August 1670, in the Church of Saint Denis, where the royal family are interred.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the last honours to the dead ? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity ? Oh vanity ! oh airy nothing ! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to perform the same mournful honours to her own memory. Lamented princess ! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death ? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return ?—Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity ! These are the only thoughts that occur, this is the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present

present unforeseen and sudden calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare, that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Saviour of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honoured, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unequalled idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "*Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!*" So every thing is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality: every thing becomes dignified, when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprized of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf! where hon-

ours, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown; like rivers which lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a small portion of the dust of which we are all formed, could admit of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such pre-eminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendour which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself every where. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the spectre Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a whole kingdom: every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counselor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gawdy colouring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school

school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the groundwork of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own spirit," says the Wise man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our present admiration was exalted above this weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship, could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not belong to this place, I may be allowed to say, that by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points, which lately existed between two great monarchs, were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word fame. Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendour of expression, with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh God," says the Psalmist, "thou hast numbered my days!" Now whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society: then from the tomb

a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "*Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?*"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, invention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even wisdom! because, enclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued, is sufficiently awful! Oh ever memorable! oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace! when, like a burst of thunder, a desolating voice cried out, *Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more!*—The usual march of Death is by perceptible, but slow advances; in the present instance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embellished with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower? Let us then survey her as Death presents her to our view; yet even these mournful honours, with which she is now encircled, will soon disappear; she will be despoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into the dread receptacle, the last sombrous habitation, to sleep in the dust with annihilated kings; among whom it will be difficult to place her, so closely do the ranks press upon each other! so prompt, so indefatigable is Death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatness! Yet even here our imagination deludes us; for this form, destitute of life, which still retains the human resemblance! the faint similitude which still lingers on the countenance, must undergo a change, and

and be turned into a terrific something, for which no language has a name ; so true it is, that every thing dies belonging to man ; even (as Tertullian observes) those funeral expressions which designate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in such a catastrophe, what splendid project can the fondest hope erect ? Is then despair the lot of man ? Amidst this universal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of ?—Here I behold another order of things arise ; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death disappears, a new scene bursts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud distinction which brings into contact and alliance the spiritual part of man, with the supreme and primitive greatness, God ! Let then the wise man speak with derision of every state and condition of life, since, wherever we cast our view, we behold the funeral gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage ; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field : for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence, but folly, solicitude, and disappointment ? and what do we behold in his death, but an expiring vapour, or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action ? Do ye wish to save any thing from this total ruin ? cast your affection as an anchor on God ! this our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution.

dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages! of her richly cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements!—to all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix, which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety: she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips: then did I hear her utter these affecting words; "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee?" Ah! let the proud conquerer no longer engross our admiration; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, "*He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.*" With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What an attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted? that the picture, whose first warm touches excited such expectation, was suddenly effaced? But I will no longer speak this language; I will rather say that Death has put an end to those perils, to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation? Would not success have pampered her expectations, and adulation outrun her desire? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient historian, "*she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur—In ipsum gloriam præceps agebatur.*" *TACITUS, Vita Agric.*

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise,

before we open our bosom to one serious thought ? What this day descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display, the vanity and emptiness of human greatness ? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living) we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives ! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favours of this transitory world ! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces, which received an additional lustre from the personage we now lament ; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better ornament wanting ! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDE.

L OUIS BOURBON, Prince of Condé, was born on the 8th of September 1621. His studies were directed by the Jesuits. His military ardour broke forth early in life, and superseded every other object. At the age of eighteen he served as a volunteer at the celebrated siege of Arras, where he gave the first signal proofs of that courage for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. In 1640 he married the niece of the Cardinal Richelieu. This marriage, which administered to the ambition of the aspiring prelate, did not contribute to the happiness of the young devoted bridegroom.

Being in 1643 appointed commander in chief, he ascended with gigantic steps (through a succession of victories) the summit of renown. His great merit, however, did not shield him from the suspicious nature of Mazarin; for soon after he had subdued the Parisian insurgents, his own destruction was the object of the subtle Italian, who procured an order (under various pretences) for the imprisonment of the Prince of Condé, of his brother the Prince of Conti, and of his brother-in-law the Duke of Longueville.

The Prince of Condé, endured this indignity with that calm fortitude which he so eminently possessed upon every trial. His brother, unequal to this sudden reverse of fortune, sunk under it; and having desired to be provided with a religious book, entitled, *The Imitation of Christ*, the Prince is reported to have archly said, "I beg I may be provided with the *Imitation of Beaufort*, that I may learn the manner of his escaping from his confinement two years ago." The illustrious

prisoner frequently amused himself with working in the garden of the castle ; a circumstance which called from the pen of Mademoiselle de Scudery these lines, the best perhaps she ever wrote :

En voyant ces œillets qu'un illustre guerrier
Arrosa d'une main qui gagna les batailles,
Souviens-toi qu'Apollon batiffoit des murailles
Et ne t'étonne pas que Mars soit jardinier.

At the expiration of thirteen months he was set at liberty, in consequence of the repeated and pressing solicitations of the Parliament. It was during this confinement, that, taking counsel from revenge, he formed those resolutions, and meditated upon that scheme, which proved so fatal to his country. It is to be presumed that such were the workings of his mind (at that time) from what he was often heard to say, "*that he went into prison the most innocent of men, and came out the most guilty.*" The first indication he discovered of his adverse intention towards the government was when he assisted at the meeting of the Parliament, where Broussel, a turbulent man, proposed several things that had a tendency to faction : at the conclusion of Broussel's speech, a confused murmur of approbation was heard, upon which the Prince of Condé exclaimed, *Voilà un bel echo !* Not long after he threw off the mask, and we find him in Guienne at the head of the insurgents, where not meeting with that success his ardent presumption had led him to expect, he entered the Spanish service, and at length terminated his rebellious career (as the Cardinal of Retz observes) at the goal of loyalty. Having obtained his pardon, he ever after manifested a warm and active attachment to his sovereign and his country, He died at Fontainebleau, in his sixty-fifth year, on the 11th of December 1686.

The following discourse was delivered on the 10th of March 1687, in the cathedral at Paris.

The splendid cenotaph erected on the occasion, displayed at once the magnificence of art, and the sumptuous invention of Perrault, and has been ever since the

model for funereal decoration. It was supposed to have cost a hundred thousand livres.

Bourdaloue also pronounced the panegyric of the great Condé : but the unimpassioned didactic style of the celebrated Jesuit was ill adapted to encomiastic composition. The close, however, of his discourse is warm and animated. The incident of the Prince's having requested, in his last moments, that his heart should be deposited in the church belonging to the Jesuits, calls from the orator this fervid effusion of gratitude :

" Yes ! we will be the faithful guardians of this sacred deposit : your request, O Prince, we will respectfully and affectionately perform. The heart of each individual of our order will be a living mausoleum, in which yours shall be inurned ! The solemn engagement we now contract, will be held in veneration from one extremity of the earth to the other : in the old and in the new world will be found hearts glowing with gratitude for the obligations conferred upon our society by the illustrious Prince of Condé !"

"* The same free manner of translation is observed in the following, as well as in the preceding discourse, wherever the same motives occur.

THE
FUNERAL ORATION

ON

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDE.

WHEN I consider that the discourse I am entering upon is to celebrate that ever dear and resplendent name, *Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Condé*, I am at once overpowered by the magnificence of the subject and its inutility : for where is that distant and obscure corner of the earth to which his renown is not become familiar ? What I shall offer this day to your attention, I am conscious will not rise to the demands of your gratitude, nor fill the grasp of your expectation. Feeble orators as we are, we cannot diffuse any additional lustre over those rare and distinguished personages, whom nature hath selected and highly privileged. The Wise Man, therefore, says with his accustomed sagacity, "*Let their own works praise them.*" The panegyrist, like a timid "inexperienced statuary, recoils from the laborious task of fashioning a colossal figure." A faithful unadorned narrative would best display the features of our hero's mind : history must perform that task, and move the admiration of posterity by a simple recital of his actions. We will in the mean time endeavour to comply with the request of a grateful public, and with the orders of an illustrious monarch. What a deep sense of obligation should we not entertain for a Prince, who has not only flung a new splendour round the throne, and exalted the French name, but who does honour to the present age, and who ennobles even human nature !

The illustrious monarch to whom I lately alluded,

hath summoned to this venerable temple the most distinguished and august personages of the kingdom, to pay their united homage to the memory of our departed hero; he hath also ordained that I should lend my feeble voice to this funereal exhibition, to these rites of sorrow. A reflection (more worthy of this hallowed place) now occupies my mind, which is, that God alone forms the soul of the conqueror. The Psalmist says, "*Blessed is the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war.*" If valour is breathed into him by the Almighty Power, his other attributes are no less derived from the same inexhaustible source. We should learn to discriminate those gifts which the Omnipotent Hand disperses among the wicked, and those which are imparted to the virtuous. The great distinguished gift of God is a sense of religion: without this inestimable gift, what would have availed to the eminent personage whose loss we now deplore, all the amiable attributes of his heart, or all the sublime energies of his mind? Had not religion consecrated the rare qualities which adorned his character, the august personages now present would not have found amidst their sorrow any consoling reflection: the venerable prelate would perform, devoid of hope, his awful ministry, and I should look in vain for any basis on which I might erect the structure of his fame. Let then human glory vanish as a transient meteor! and let me at this altar boldly sacrifice the idol of ambition! I should wish to bring together in one collected view his superior qualities, his valour, his magnanimity, his amiableness, with all the requisites peculiar to genius, eagle-eyed sagacity, invention, sublimity. This assemblage, this constellation of excellencies, would be nothing more than a bright phantom, were not those excellencies consecrated by religion.

God hath revealed to us, that he appoints the conquerors who are to subdue the world, and makes their conquests subservient to his designs. Was not the splendid designation of Cyrus made known two hundred years before his birth? Was not Alexander predicted in the most figurative manner, as coming from the

West, "on the face of the whole earth, and not touching the ground;" like an Alpine deer, whose every movement is a bound; and whose rapid progress is not delayed by rugged acclivities, by rolling torrents, by gaping chasms, or by precipitous descents. The Persian monarch is already subdued. He ran unto him, says the prophet, *in the fury of his power. He cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him.* Do we not behold in this metaphoric representation the semblance of our hero, blended with that of Alexander? Heaven, no doubt, sent him forth endowed with every martial accomplishment, to save his country. It was at the age of twenty-two that the comprehensive mind of our warrior conceived a design of such magnitude, that the most experienced commanders recoiled at the proposal, but which victory sanctioned before the walls of Rocroy! The enemy brought into the field the hardy veteran bands of Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, who till that hour were unacquainted with defeat, and whom renown had proclaimed invincible. Among our troops an uncommon intrepidity diffused itself, kindled as it were at the sight of our heroic youth, on whose eloquent and presageful eye victory sat enthroned! The renowned Don Francisco de Mellos waited with undaunted brow for the approach of our army. Our heroic youth, inflamed with so vast an object, and impatient of celebrity, revealed at once the whole splendid energy of his mind. Yet then tranquillity, that faithful attendant on true greatness, possessed his soul: on the night preceding the important day, he is known to have resigned himself to rest with all the unruffled calmness of a sleeping infant. But now the eventful hour is come. Behold him hastening from rank to rank, diffusing his own ardour wherever he flies. Such was his activity, as if several Condés were in the field! Here was he seen forcing the right wing of the enemy, there supporting and encouraging our right that had given way: in one place spreading terror, in another reanimating defeat. The formidable Spanish infantry remained still unsubdued, which separating into several

close-compacted battalions, stood like towers amidst the general ruin. Three times did our heroic youth, collecting his full force, rush on these intrepid combatants, and every time met with a repulse. The valiant Spaniard, the Count de Fuentes, displayed under the pressure of illness the most unconquerable mind : conveyed in a litter from danger to danger, he breathed defiance : but the efforts of this superior energy were doomed to prove ineffectual. In vain did the celebrated Bek, bursting from a wood, attempt, with his daring cavalry, to surprise our exhausted troops : our young commander, with a preventive wisdom, a prophetic caution, placed a select body of his men in a position ready to resist this onset. The foremost ranks of the enemy, finding themselves enveloped, threw down their arms and implored our mercy : while our Prince was hastening to receive their submission, the other part of the hostile army, not advertent to the surrender of the advanced battalions (or instigated by whatever motive) discharged on our men the whole thunder of their artillery, which so incensed, so infuriated our troops, that an unutterable carnage ensued, till our hero, exerting every effort to calm the maddening rage of his soldiers, added to the pride of conquest the more soothing satisfaction of forgiveness.

The valiant Count de Fuentes now became the object of his humane anxiety, but he was found expiring amidst the thousands who were dying and bleeding round him !

On this tremendous field our virtuous youth with bended knee dedicated to the great Disposer of events the glory of the day. The security of Rocroy, the degraded menaces of a formidable enemy, the regency now standing on an immovable basis, were the topics of this exulting day, to which was added the presentiment of the lustre that was to accompany a future reign, which presentiment was sanctioned as it were under the auspices of so glorious a commencement. Universal fame pronounced with admiration the name of our heroic youth ! This military essay (as it might be denominated) which would have thrown an ample lustre
round

round any other person, was to him only the prelude dawn of that meridian splendour which afterwards illumed the horizon ! After this great achievement, when he returned to his court, such was the delicacy, or rather the greatness of his mind, that, indocil to the voice of flattery, he received the applauses to which he was so entitled with a reluctant ear. Germany now demands his presence, to which place you must direct your attention ; where you will behold the most formidable preparations ; where the science of war (by multiplying her inventions, and by exerting her utmost efforts) is going to summon the abilities of our hero to the severest trial. The local scenery is present to my view ! In the fore-ground rises a tremendous mountain ; on one side of which are seen hideous chasms, and precipitous descents ; on the other, an impenetrable forest standing on a marshy ground. To impede the march of our army, several forts are erected, and bodies of trees of immense form are thrown across the roads, augmenting at once the difficulty of progress, and terror of situation. Behind the forest the intrepid Merci stands intrenched with his Bavarian troops—Merci, who never was known to make a retrogressive motion ; whom the circumspective Turenne never detected in an irregular movement ; in whose commendation Condé united with Turenne, and who frequently was heard to say that Merci never lost the fleeting occasion of a favourable moment, and that he entered into their plans with such a pervading wisdom, as would almost lead them to think he had assisted at their councils. In the space of eight days four obstinate actions took place, in which were at once displayed the most impetuous attack, and the most determined resistance. Our troops had to struggle with the difficulties and perils attending their position, as well as with the valour of the enemy. Condé was for some time under the apprehension of being deserted : but, like another Maccabæus, his own arm did not desert him ! and his adventurous spirit, irritated by so many obstacles, surmounted them all. He led the way on foot up the severe ascent, and having,

ing, with a persevering fortitude, laboured to the summit of the mountain, his own ardour accomplished the rest. Merci foresaw his own defeat; the advanced part of his army is suddenly vanquished, and the veil of night secures the remainder. I must not omit to say, that a heavy incessant rain fell during this memorable action, so that our hero had not only to climb a steep and rugged mountain, not only to combat a most formidable enemy, but even to contend with the warring elements!

This victory lengthened out its effects to distant places: behold! Wormes, Spire, Mayence, Landau, throw open their gates. Astonished Europe saw our warrior at the early age of twenty-six obtain this immortal victory! The speed of execution allowed not sufficient time to the enemy to traverse his plans: this is the characteristic feature of a great commander. Swifter than eagles, bolder than lions, are the comprehensive allusions of David to the two celebrated warriors whose death he so forcibly laments: out of this compound imagery equally rises the characteristic form of our illustrious countryman. He was present at every scene, foremost in every peril; and as he flew from place to place, it seemed as if he multiplied himself, such was his velocity! the more rapidly he plunged into the scene of action, the more he seemed protected by the shield of Heaven.

It is now with extreme reluctance that I advert to that unfortunate period of his life when he was a state prisoner. I will venture to repeat, even before that sacred altar, the words which I once heard him pronounce, which indicate the workings of a loyal heart. He observed to me, that he was perfectly innocent on the day he entered his prison, and exceedingly criminal on the day he was set at liberty. In the small compass of these few expressive words, are contained his self-reproaches, and the cause and the extent of his error. But I will throw a veil over the exceptionable part of his conduct, and will only observe that where a crime in subsequent signal services is so illustriously lost, nothing should be re-

called

called but the generous acknowledgment of the offender, and the clemency of the offended.

In his first campaigns he had but one life to offer to his sovereign and his state; now he leads his son into the field, and there illustrates by the énergy of example, the precepts he had inculcated in the cabinet. I omit dwelling on the passage of the Rhine, that miracle of our sovereign, and the stupendous transaction of the age! in order to carry your attention to the young warrior in the battle of Senef, in which he saw his father fall, and beheld him struggling under his wounded horse, and covered with blood: he wades through every danger to his assistance; and while he is raising him from the ground, receives a wound! happy to have served at the same moment the cause of glory, and of filial piety! The Prince of Condé, from that hour, entertained for his son an increased affection. But his affection was not confined within the pale of his family and relatives. It reached the circle of his friends, it reached the misfortunes of his distant acquaintance, it reached the whole human race. Far from my lips be the elogium of a conqueror devoid of humanity! When God first formed the heart of man, he placed benevolence there as the characteristic of the Divine nature. Benevolence then ought to be the most active principle of our heart; the charm of the most powerful attraction towards our neighbour. The splendour of birth, the accession of riches, far from depressing this active principle, will enable it the better to communicate itself; as a public fountain which the more it is elevated, the more easily can the stream be diffused. They to whose bosom benevolent communication is a stranger, are punished for their disdainful insensibility, being deprived of the gratification arising from mutual intercourse. Never was there a man whose compliant elegance of manners was better adapted to general society. Is this the conqueror who laid towns in ashes, and whose approach was announced by terror? Behold him mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent, and yielding to every person: so the same river, which, rolling down some eminence,

swells and enrages at every obstacle, approaches the precincts of a town with a calm and equal flow, and then diffusing its course into various channels, communicates health and refreshment to every mansion.

Let us now advert to the genius peculiar to the military department. As the art of war, so fatal to the human race, demands the most comprehensive capacity, let us examine his claims to that superior excellence. We have already observed that he was renowned for his preventive wisdom; one of his maxims was, that we should fear an enemy at a distance, and rejoice when he approaches: another maxim of his was, that an able general may be defeated; but he should never be taken by surprise. To this principle he perpetually directed his attention. At whatever hour, from whatever quarter, the enemy appeared, they found him upon his guard, as if he was expecting them. So an eagle sailing through the air, or stationed on a lofty rock, sends his excursive brilliant eye around, eager to behold and rush upon his prey. Though nature had endowed him with her best gifts, he still supplied and enriched his mind with study and reflection. He investigated Cæsar's military stations with a peculiar attention: I remember how accurately he pointed out to us one day, the spot on which, by the advantage only of situation, Cæsar compelled five Roman legions, commanded by two experienced generals, to lay down their arms, without striking a blow. He had formerly examined every river and mountain which had co-operated to the completion of so great a plan. Never did a professor read so learned a lecture on the *Commentaries*. The leaders of armies yet unborn will pay the same honours to the modern Cæsar. They will wander over with peculiar delight the plains, the eminences, the vallies, the forests, which served, as it were, as so many theatres for the warlike exhibitions of our conqueror. It was observed by those who accompanied him to the wars, and who approached his person in the field, that in the ardour of combat, in the imminent moment to which victory had affixed her only hope, he possessed an uncommon tran-

quillity. At another time he was docile to suggestion, and submissive to counsel : but now illumination flashing on his mind, unembarrassed by a multiplicity of pressing objects ; he seizes his plan, and enforces it with his own personal intrepidity ! On that day of terror, when at the gates of the town, in view of all its inhabitants, when he was opposed by an expert general at the head of his select troops ; at that hour, when he seemed to be abandoned by capricious fortune, they who were fighting at his side have assured me, that, had they any important business to confer with him upon, they would have appointed for the time of their discussion the moments when he was surrounded by danger and destruction : so calm, so unruffled, was his exalted mind ! like a high mountain, whose aspiring summit, piercing the clouds and midway storm, remains invested with a splendid serenity.

It was reserved for these eventful times to bring to our view at the same period Condé and Turenne ! now commanding separate divisions, now acting in conjunction. What boldness of execution ! what prophetic sagacity ! what perils ! what resources ! Were there ever seen two men of such a corresponding genius, stamped with such a diversity of character ? One appeared to act by the slow impulse of profound reflection, the other by the sudden influx of illumination. One no sooner entered the field, than he excited the idea of the highest valour, and awakened expectation ; yet leisurely advancing to the object in view, he gradually attained the summit of fame ! And on a memorable day, prodigal of safety, and profuse, as it were, of life, we know how illustriously he fell ! The other, impelled by an ardent instinctive intelligence, pregnant of inspiration, rivalled in the opening of his first campaign the achievements of experienced commanders. One, confiding in the resources of his inventive courage, challenged the most imminent danger, and turned even to his advantage the caprices of fortune. The other, by the prerogative of a sublime mind, and of a certain mysterious, infallible perception (the secret of

which was unknown to other men) seemed born to control chance, and, as it were, to subjugate destiny.

Such are the characters which the world sometimes displays, when God (for the purpose of revealing his own power or wisdom) ordains eminent personages to ascend the scene. Say, do his divine attributes appear more illustrious in the wonderful creation of the expanded sky, than in those men on whom he confers such splendid intellectual endowments? What star in the firmament glows with more lustre than Condé among the exalted characters of Europe? It was not, however, to the art of war, alone, that he owes his celebrity. His comprehensive mind embraced every other science: with the works of literature, and with the authors, he was equally acquainted: and they acknowledged that they never quitted his society without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wisdom, without being informed by his judicious reflections and pregnant questions, and without being illumined by the coruscations that flashed from his vivid imagination. These intellectual powers, flowing from the fountain of wisdom, demand our esteem. Yet, to humble the pride of man, we see these mental distinctions bestowed by God even on those who were deprived of the knowledge of religion. Need I pronounce the names of Marcus Aurelius? of Scipio? of Cæsar? of Alexander? These illustrious personages were called into existence to illuminate society, as the sun was planted in the firmament to illuminate the world. Who does not admire the meridian glory of that splendid orb? Who is not delighted with the orient colours which adorn his rising, and with the gorgeous clouds and majestic pageantry that dignify his decline? So are renowned personages, those mental luminaries, ordained to shine forth for the purpose of decorating the moral world! Alexander, whose object was celebrity, transcended the boundary of his utmost wishes. A kind of glorious fatality attended this conqueror. He glides into every panegyric, and no military genius can receive the crown of honour due to his memory without enwreathing it with the

name of Alexander. If a remuneration formerly were due to the prowess of the Romans, God rewarded that prowess by giving them the empire of the world, as a present of no value : a present which does not actually reach them, because it is now contracted and shrunk to a renown, which lives on their medals and mutilated statues dug from a pile of ruins ! a renown which lives on their monuments mouldering at the touch of time ! a renown that is annexed to their idea, to their shadow, to that airy nothing their name ! Behold, ye powers of the earth, O kings ! O conquerors ! the reward that attends the labours of your ambition : grasp to your bosom, if you can, this glorious phantom ; she will deceive your expectation, and mock your wishes even in the hour of possession. From the pursuit of this phantom our warlike Prince diverts his course : no longer now the ardent warrior in the noisy chase of ambition, he treads the walk of the obscure virtues, and of the retired graces of religion. The humble duties of domestic life, the government of your family, the edification given to your servants, acts of justice and indulgence to your dependants, attention, charity, consolation given to the simple inhabitants of the cottages which surround your mansions ; these lowly virtues will one day be lifted high, and will at the last day be exalted by the Saviour of the world, in the presence of angels and of his Father.

Without waiting for the approach of illness, or the warning of caducity, Condé now dedicates his hours to religious reflections : an enlightened monk attends him in his recess : with this pious monitor he peruses the sacred page, and drinks at the fountain of true knowledge. Would to God that they who are now listening to this discourse would imitate his example ! How improvident to wait till you are languishing on the couch of death ! How improvident to delay the duties of religion, till, freezing under the cold touch of dissolution, you scarcely can be reckoned among the living ! The mind of our pious hero being strengthened by this preparatory discipline, he was equal to the last conflict.

When the fatal time drew near, and he was informed of the approaching moment, after a short pause, he cried out in the most energetic manner, "*Thy will, O God! be done: O give me grace to die the death of the just.*" From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied but not ruffled, intent but not alarmed, resolute but calm: and he looked upon death with an equal eye, whether it presented itself in the languid form of ~~ease~~, or whether it rushed on his ~~view~~ in the midst of combat clothed with terror.

Religion now claims his last thoughts, and takes entire possession of his mind. As the ministers of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impressive voice, "*These are my true physicians.*" While they recited the prayers of the dying, he listened with an awful and submissive expectation. ~~By~~ these pathetic prayers and agonizing exclamations, our holy mother the church seems to suffer the pangs of labour, and endure the painful anxieties of a parent in bringing forth her children to celestial birth. Now calling his confessor, he solemnly attested that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Christian doctrine: he added, that his belief was now attended with a stronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "Yes, I shall behold my God face to face." It seemed as if he was suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had in a moment pierced the cloud of ignorance, and (if I may be allowed to say) the awful obscurity that hangs over our faith. At the dawn of such a pure ineffable light, did not the phantoms of this world recede? How dim now appears the splendour of victory! how contemptible the pride of descent! how trifling the majesty of grandeur! how puerile, how infantine the serious toils and pursuits of life! Let me then summon to this mournful solemnity, persons of every rank and profession. Draw near, ye great! ye humble! ye rich! ye poor! and chiefs ye, oh illustrious progeny of the House of Bourbon! draw near, and behold all that remains of a birth so exalted, of a renown so extensive, of a glory so brilliant! See all that sumptuousness can perform to celebrate the hero!

Mark the titles, the inscriptions, she has flung around ! vain indications of an existence that is not now to be found ! Mark those sculptured images, that, sorrowfully bending round yon monument, appear to weep ! mark those aspiring columns which magnificently attest our nothingness ! Amidst this waste of decoration, this profusion of honours, nothing is wanting but the person to whom they are dedicated ! Let us then lament our frail and fugitive existence, while we perform the rites of a sickly immortality to the memory of our departed hero.—I now address myself particularly to those who are advancing in the same career of military glory. Approach, and bewail your great commander. I can almost persuade myself that I hear you say, “Is he then no more our intrepid chief, who through the rugged paths of danger led us often to victory ? His name, the only part of him that remains, is all-sufficient to goad us on to future exertions : his departed spirit now whispers to our soul this sacred admonition, that if we hope to obtain at our death the reward of our labours, we must serve our God as well as we serve our earthly sovereign.” Enter then into the service of your God, the great remunerator ! who, in the prodigality of his indulgence, will estimate higher one pious sigh, or a drop of water given in his name, than the sovereigns of the earth will prize the sacrifice of your lives in their service. Will not they also approach this mournful monument, they who were united to him by the sacred bond of friendship ? Draw near, ye companions of his social hour ; pay homage to the memory of your associate, whose goodness of heart equalled its intrepidity ; and let his death be at once the object of your sorrow, of your consolation, and of your example. As for me, if I may be permitted in my turn to deliver the sentiments of my affection, I should say, O thou illustrious theme of my encomium and of my regret ! thou shalt ever claim a place in my grateful recollection : the image, however, which is there engraved, is not impressed with that daring eye which foretells victory : for I will behold nothing in you that death effaces : but on

this image shall be found the features of immortality. The image presents itself as I beheld you on the hour of dissolution, when the glories of the celestial abode seemed to burst upon you. Yes! at that moment, even on the couch of languor, did I behold you more triumphant than in the plains of Fribourg and Rocroy! So true it is what the beloved disciple says: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Enjoy, O Prince! this victory, and let it be the eternal object of your triumph, which you have obtained through the mediation of a crucified Saviour. Indulge the closing accents of a voice which was not unknown to you. These lips, which have pronounced so many funeral discourses, shall now be silent. My encomiums on departed greatness shall terminate with you: instead of deploring the death of others, I will labour to make my own resemble yours: and fortunate will it be for me, if, taking warning from these white hairs, I devote myself exclusively to the duties of my episcopal function, and reserve for my flock (whom I ought to feed with the words of life) the glimmering of an ardour that is almost extinguished, and the faint efforts of a voice that is expiring.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE OTHER FUNERAL ORATIONS OF THE BISHOP OF MEAUX.

HENRIETTA, the consort of Charles the First, was a subject worthy of the greatest talents, a subject the most dramatic and eventful—a rebellion crowned with victory! a fugitive Queen! a monarch bleeding on the scaffold! Yet the genius of Bossuet, operating upon such magnificent materials, has not erected that structure which the occasion required. He appears to have shrunk with awe from the tremendous scene. He declines drawing from the bosom of the terrific story those descriptions, those warnings, those enforcements which the subject demanded. He seems cautious of displaying to full view a scene to an audience, who were then happily not prepared to receive so awful a lesson. Under this restraint, he digresses into topics not the most interesting. He passes from the just encomium on the Queen's protection of the persecuted Catholics, to the consideration of heresy, a name industriously given by several Catholic theologians to every departure from the additions imposed upon the Christian doctrine. He ventures to predict the fall of the established religion in England: "*Il ose croire que les jours d'aveuglement sont écoulés.*" "I am confident that the dark day of heresy is expiring." *Heu vatum ignare mentes!* This religion, which was said to be expiring, was then like a cedar on Lebanon, deep-rooted on the sacred mount; and was destined on some future day to wave her protecting branches over the ruins of the Gallican church.

But as the genius of Bossuet could not pass by without leaving traces of its passage, we find in this discourse some parts impressed with the seal of eloquence. The

character of Cromwell is happily delineated in the following lines :

“ A man endowed with an uncommon depth of thought, now enters on the busy scene, equally illustrious for a refined hypocrisy, as for a political sagacity. Adequate to the most hazardous enterprise, he threw round his designs the dark veil of secrecy. Active and indefatigable in peace or in war, his preventive wisdom diverted the course of chance. Vigilant of opportunity, he sprung upon every favourable incident, and appeared to be one of those turbulent and daring spirits who are destined to subjugate the world. He possessed the secret charm of cementing the various sects with which England was overspread, and with a magical touch he consolidated the discordant parts of that heterogeneous assemblage, into one powerful, irresistible mass.”

In adverting to the dignified manliness which accompanied Charles the First through the last scenes of his life, he says, “ Pursued by the unrelenting malignity of fortune, abandoned, betrayed, defeated, he never abandoned himself. His mind rose superior to the victorious standard of the enemy. Humane and magnanimous in the moment of victory, he was great and dignified in the hour of adversity. This is the image, the characteristic form which presents itself to my view, when I behold him at his trial and on the scaffold. O thou august and unfortunate Queen ! I know that I am gratifying thy tender affection, while I consecrate these few words to his memory : that heart which never beat but for him, awakens even under the pall of death, and resumes its palpitating sensibility at the name of so endeared a husband.”

The eloquent Prelate having dwelled upon her animated exertions in favour of the royal cause, proceeds in the following manner :

“ Queen ! comfort ! mother ! oh deserving of a better fate ! were the splendours of this world worthy of your attention ? With an ardent enduring zeal you have long upheld the falling monarchy ! It now remains that

you

you stand immoveable, encircled with its ruins ; like a column (once the proud ornament and support of a temple), which lifts its sacred head amidst the havock of the crashing edifice."

MARIA Teresa of Austria, Queen of France, died in 1683. In the elogium consecrated to her memory, which was delivered at St. Denis, we find nothing of a superior eloquence : indeed the calm and equable tenour, though of exalted life, flowing through domestic duties, offers little to the survey of an ambitious orator. The subject, however, made an opening for the introduction of several exaggerated compliments to the living monarch. Bossuet, throughout his extensive literary labours, never fails, when he meets with an occasion, of offering to Louis the incense of adulation with an unsparing hand. Accordingly he says in this discourse—

" Providence raised the Queen by an august birth to an august union, in order that we might behold her exalted above her sex, by being loved, esteemed, and, alas ! too soon regretted by the greatest of men"—*par le plus grand de tous les hommes.*

THE uneventful life of Ann, the Princess Palatine of Cleves, forms too thin a texture to imbibe any rich colouring. The eloquent Prelate, undoubtedly conscious of this defect, adapts his discourse to the mind and to the profession of his audience, the Carmelite Nuns. The most remarkable incidents in the life of the Princess Palatine are, her passing from a strong adherence to the Catholic faith to a total disbelief of the Christian doctrine, and her returning from that most unfortunate state of mind to her ancient belief. The Princess assigns the cause of her conversion to a miraculous interposition, by the means of an allegoric

dream. This reverie of a heated imagination, the learned Prelate does not hesitate to hold up as a manifestation of divine interference. A mind free from the shackles of monastic credulity will receive little gratification from this discourse, which, however, contains some faint indications of genius, like thunder rolling at a distance.



IN the discourse on the celebrated Chancellor Le Tellier, the orator assumes a more dignified form of eloquence. He retraces the path of a long laborious life, accompanied by the strictest integrity. He points out the difficulties Le Tellier had to encounter, the clashing opinions he had to conciliate, and the menaces as well as the advantages he had to despise. Yet in this life of resplendent integrity, in this brilliant, we are sorry to discover a flaw. Le Tellier closes his career with an act of persecuting tyranny. That hand, which, through a length of years, had never signed but the decrees of the most immaculate justice ! that hand, benumbed by age, and now cold at the approach of death signs the *fatal revocation*.

It is with a painful admiration that we find the illustrious Prelate giving a full and unrestrained applause to this act of intollerance, in the following declaration:

Epanchons nos cœurs sur la piété de Louis—"Let me indulge the movement of my heart, and dwell on the piety of our monarch. Let me raise to Heaven my applauding voice ; let me address this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this other Marcian, this other Charlemagne, in the words with which the six hundred and thirty fathers expressed their sentiments to the Emperor at the Council of Chalcedon—*You have strengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics ; it is the most meritorious act of your reign. King of Heaven ! preserve the king of the earth ! It is the ardent desire of the church, it is the ardent desire of the assembly of her Pastors and of her Bishops.*"

From this unmitigated, intolerant language, and from a Prelate of so comprehensive a mind, of a conduct so unimpeachably moral, and of feelings naturally proper to humanity, we turn away with a melancholy impression. There is not an emigrant Prelate among us, we are well-assured, who would subscribe to the exterminating creed of the great Bossuet. These illustrious exiles receive that respect their merit demands. We behold their purity of manners, we acknowledge their learning, we pay homage to that apostolic courage with which they have sacrificed their former splendid situation at the shrine of Adversity. To these highly-honoured characteristics, we cannot refrain from wishing that they would add an acquaintance with the works of our eminent divines; that, waving the prerogative of antiquity, they would discriminate between the vital and unessential parts of religion. We earnestly wish, that as they wander through the desert of their exile, they would gather that amaranthine plant *toleration*! and when a merciful Providence shall ordain their return, may they carry that sacred flower to their own country as a celestial exotic! which will add a rich fragrance to the native odours that envelope their altars.

Every English Catholic must undoubtedly reprobate the intolerant doctrine of the Bishop of Meaux, except perchance the author of the History of Winchester, who coalesces in a most heterogeneous union the circumscribed intellect of a mendicant friar, with the uncaptivated universality of a scholar.

In a letter addressed to Dr. Sturges, the learned Mr. Berrington disclaims the sentiments entertained by the provincial historian; and without departing from the principles of his profession, condemns, like another Erasmus, the encumbrances that adhere to unreformed belief.

EULOGY OF MASSILLON,

BISHOP OF CLERMONT.

JOHN-BAPTIST MASSILLON was born in 1663, Hieres in Provence. His father was a poor citizen of that small city. The obscurity of his birth, which gives such a relief to the splendour of his personal merit, should be the first topic of his praise; and it may be said of him, as of that illustrious Roman who owed nothing to his ancestors, *Videtur ex se natus*,—He was the son of himself alone."

After finishing his grammatical studies, at the age of seventeen he entered into the Oratory.

Massillon's superiors soon formed a presage, from his first essays, of the honour he would confer on the congregation. They destined him to the pulpit; but it was only from obedience that he consented to fulfil their intentions: he alone did not foresee the celebrity with which they flattered him, and which was to be the recompence of his modesty and submission. There are some confident minds which recognize, as it were by instinct, the object marked out for them by nature, and seize it with vigour; while others, humble and timid, require to be apprized of their powers, and by this honest ignorance of themselves are rendered only the more interesting, and the more worthy of being snatched from obscurity and presented to the renown which awaits them.

The young Massillon at first did what he could to withdraw himself from this glory. He had already, from pure obedience, while yet in the province, pronounced funeral orations on M. de Villeroy, archbishop of Lyons, and M. de Villars, archbishop of Vienna; and these two discourses, which were indeed first attempts,

tempts, but attempts of a young man who already announced what he afterwards became, had the most brilliant success.

His first sermons produced the effect that his superiors and the cardinal de Noailles had foreseen. Scarcely did he begin to shew himself in the pulpits of Paris, than he eclipsed almost all those who at that period shone in the same career. He had declared that he would not preach like them," not through a presumptuous confidence in his superiority, but through an equally just and mature idea that he had formed of Christian eloquence. He was persuaded that if the minister of God's word on the one hand degrades himself by uttering common truths in trivial language, on the other, he misses his purpose by thinking to captivate his audience with a long chain of reasoning which they are incapable of following: he knew that if all hearers are not blessed with an informed mind, all have a heart, whence the preacher ought to seek his arms; that, in the pulpit, man ought to be shewn to himself, so much to disgust him by a shocking portrait as to afflict him by the resemblance; and, in fine, that if it is sometimes useful to alarm and disquiet him, it is still more so to draw from him those tears of sensibility, which are much more efficacious than the tears of despair.

Such was the plan Massillon proposed to himself, and he executed it like one who had conceived it; that is, like a master. He excelled in that part of oratory which may stand in stead of all the rest,—that eloquence which goes right to the soul, but which agitates without confounding, appals without crushing, penetrates without lacerating it: he goes to the bottom of the heart in search of those hidden folds in which the passions are enwrapt,—those secret sophisms which they so artfully employ to blind and seduce us. To combat and destroy these sophisms, it merely suffices him to develop them; but he does it in a language so affectionate and tender, that he subdues less than he attracts; and even in displaying before us the picture of our vices, he knows how to attach and please us. His diction, always elegant,

elegant, and pure, never deviates from that noble simplicity without which there is neither good taste nor genuine eloquence. This simplicity, being joined in Massillon to the softest and most seducing harmony, borrows from it still new graces ; and, what completes the charm of this enchanting style is, that so many beauties are felt to flow freely from the spring, without expense to their author. Sometimes, even, there escape from him, either in the expressions, the turns, or the sweet melody of his periods, negligences which may be called happy, since they perfectly efface not only the stamp, but even the suspicion, of labour. It was by this inattention to self that Massillon made as many friends as auditors : he knew that the more an orator seems occupied in catching admiration, the less his hearers are disposed to grant it ; and that this ambition is the rock fatal to so many preachers, who, entrusted (if I may so express myself) with the interests of God himself, choose to mix with it the little interests of their vanity. Massillon, on the contrary, thought it a very empty pleasure “to have to do,” as Montaigne expresses it, “with people who always admire and make way for us ;” especially at those seasons when it is so delightful to forget one’s-self, in order to be solely occupied with those feeble and unfortunate beings whom duty enjoins to console and instruct. He compared the studied eloquence of profane preachers, to those flowers which stifle the products of harvest, and, though very agreeable to the sight, are equally hurtful to the crop.

It seemed wonderful that a man, devoted by station to retirement, should know the world so well as to draw such exact pictures of the passions, especially of self-love. “I have learned to draw them,” he candidly said, “by studying myself.” He proved it in a manner equally energetic and ingenuous, by his confession to one of his brethren, who congratulated him on the success of his sermons : “The devil,” he replied, “has already told it me more eloquently than you.”

Massillon derived another advantage from that eloquence of the soul which he so well understood : as,

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in speaking to the heart of man, he spoke the language of all conditions, all went to hear his sermons; even unbelievers attended upon him, and often met with instruction where they only sought amusement. The reason was, that Massillon knew how to descend on their account to the only language they would hear, that of a philosophy, purely human in appearance, but which, finding every access to their hearts open, prepared the way for the Christian orator to approach them without effort and unresisted, and to obtain a conquest even without a combat.

His action was perfectly suited to his species of eloquence: on entering the pulpit, he appeared thoroughly penetrated with the great truths he was about to utter: with eyes declined, a modest and collected air, without violent motions, and almost without gestures, but animating the whole with a voice of sensibility, he diffused over his audience the religious emotion which his own exterior proclaimed, and caused himself to be listened to with that profound silence by which eloquence is better praised than by the loudest applauses. The reputation of his manner alone induced the celebrated Baron to attend on one of his discourses: on leaving the church, he said to a friend who accompanied him, "This man is an orator, and we are only players."

The court soon wished to hear him, or rather to judge him. Without pride, as without fear, he appeared on this great and formidable theatre. He opened with distinguished lustre; and the exordium of his first discourse is one of the masterstrokes of modern eloquence. Lewis XIV. was then at the summit of power and glory, admired by all Europe, adored by his subjects, intoxicated with adulation, and satiated with homage. Massillon took for his text a passage of scripture apparently least applicable to such a prince; "Blessed are they that mourn;" and from this he had the art to draw an eulogy the more novel and flattering, as it seemed dictated by the gospel itself, and such as an apostle might have made. "Sire," said he, "if the world were here

“ speaking to your majesty, it would not address you
 “ with ‘ Blessed are they that mourn ;’ ‘ Blessed,’ would
 “ it say, ‘ the prince who never fought but to conquer ;
 “ who has filled the universe with his name ; who, in
 “ the course of a long and flourishing reign, has enjoy-
 “ ed with splendour all that men admire, the greatness
 “ of his conquests, the love of his people, the esteem
 “ of his enemies, the wisdom of his laws :’—but, sire,
 “ the gospel speaks not as the world speaks.” The au-
 dience of Versailles, accustomed as they were to the
 Bossuets and Bourdeloues, were unacquainted with an
 eloquence at the same time so delicate and so noble :
 in consequence, it excited in the assembly, notwithstanding
 the gravity of the place, an involuntary expression
 of admiration. There only wanted, to render this pas-
 sage still more impressive, that it should have been pro-
 nounced in the midst of the misfortunes which succeed-
 ed our triumphs, and at a time when the monarch,
 who, during fifty years had experienced nothing but
 prosperity, lived only to sorrow. If ever Lewis XIV.
 heard a more eloquent exordium, it was perhaps that
 of a religious missionary, who, on his first appearance
 before the king, thus began his discourse :—“ Sire, I
 “ mean not to pay a compliment to your majesty, I have
 “ found none in the gospel.”

Truth, even when it speaks in the name of God,
 ought to content itself with knocking at the door of
 kings, and should never break it open. Massillon, con-
 vinced of this maxim, did not imitate some of his pre-
 decessors, who had displayed their zeal by preaching
 Christian morality in the mansions of vice with an au-
 terity capable of rendering it odious, and of exposing
 religion to the resentment of haughty and offended pow-
 er. Our orator was always firm, but always respectful,
 while he announced to his sovereign the will of the Judge
 of kings. He filled the measure of his ministry, but he
 never surpassed it ; and the monarch, who might have
 left his chapel discontented with the liberty of some
 other preachers, never left it after a sermon of Massillon,
 but “ discontented with himself.” These were the very

words

words of the prince to this orator ; words which contained the highest eulogy he could give ; yet one, which so many preachers before and since Massillon have not even wished to obtain, while they were more solicitous to please the critics than to convert sinners.

Lewis XIV. died ; and the regent, who honoured the talents of Massillon, and despised his enemies, nominated him to the bishopric of Clermont. He wished also that the court should hear him once more ; and engaged him to preach a Lent course before the king, then nine years of age.

These sermons, composed in less than three months, are known by the name of *Petit Carême* (Little Lent). They are perhaps, if not the master-piece, at least the true model, of pulpit eloquence. The great sermons of this orator may have more animation and vehemence ; the eloquence of the *Petit Carême* is more pathetic and insinuating ; and the charm resulting from it is augmented by the interesting nature of the subject, and by the inestimable value of those simple and affecting lessons which, intended to penetrate with equal force and softness the heart of a monarch yet a child, seem to prepare the happiness of millions of men, by shewing what they have a right to expect from the prince who is to govern them. Here the preacher places before the eyes of sovereigns the dangers and the evils of supreme power ; truth flying the throne, and concealing herself even from the princes who seek her ; the presumptuous confidence with which even the justest praises may inspire them ; the almost equal danger of that weakness which has no opinion of its own, and that pride which never listens to another's ; the fatal influence of their vices in corrupting and debasing a whole nation ; the detestable glory of conquering kings, cruelly purchased by blood and tears ; in fine, the supreme Being himself, placed between oppressor kings and oppressed people, to intimidate the one and avenge the other : such is the object of the *Petit Carême*, worthy of being learned by all children destined to the throne, and meditated by all men entrusted with governing the world.

Some severe censurers, however, have charged these excellent discourses with being too uniform and monotonous: they contain, according to them, but a single idea constantly recurring,—that of the kindness and beneficence due from the great and powerful of the earth to the little and feeble, whom Nature has created their fellows, Humanity has made their brethren, and Fortune has doomed to wretchedness. But, without inquiring into the justice of this censure, we may say that the truth here mentioned is so consolatory to all who groan under affliction, so precious in the education of a prince, and especially so necessary to be impressed on the callous hearts of courtiers, that humanity may bless the orator who has inculcated it with so much force and perseverance.

Deeply penetrated with the real obligations of his station, Massillon was especially attentive to fulfil that first and most respectable of episcopal duties, the duty, or rather the pleasure, of beneficence. He reduced his rights as bishop to very moderate sums, and would entirely have abolished them, had he not thought himself obliged to respect the patrimony of his successors, that is, to leave them wherewith to perform good actions. Within two years he sent twenty thousand livres to the hospital of Clermont. All his revenue belonged to the poor. His diocese preserves the remembrance of his deeds after thirty years; and his memory is daily honoured with the most eloquent of funeral orations, that of the tears of one hundred thousand distressed objects. During his life-time he had anticipated this testimony. When he appeared in the streets of Clermont, the people prostrated themselves before him, crying, “Long live our father!” Hence it was a frequent observation of this virtuous prelate, that his episcopal brethren did not sufficiently feel the degree of consideration and authority they might derive from their station; not, indeed, by pomp, or by a punctilious devotion, still less by the grimaces and intrigues of hypocrisy, but by those virtues which are recognised by the hearts of the people, and which, in a minister of true religion, represent

to all eyes that just and beneficent Being of which he is the image.

He not only lavished his fortune upon the indigent ; he further assisted them, with equal zeal and success, by his pen. Being a witness, in his diocesan visits, of the wretchedness under which the inhabitants of the country groaned, and finding his revenue insufficient to supply with bread so many miserable creatures who asked it, he wrote to the court in their favour ; and by the strong and affecting picture he drew of their necessities, he obtained for them either donations, or a considerable diminution of their taxes. His letters on this interesting subject are said to be masterpieces of pathetic eloquence, superior to the most touching of his sermons.

The more sincerely he respected religion, the more he despised the superstitions which degrade it, and the more zealous he was to destroy them. He abolished, though not without difficulty, some very ancient and very indecent processions which the barbarism of the dark ages had established in his diocese, and which travestied the divine worship into a scandalous masquerade. The inhabitants of Clermont were used to run to these exhibitions in crowds, some through a stupid devotion, others to turn this religious farce into ridicule. The clergy of the city, through fear of the people, who were attached to these shows in proportion to their absurdity, dared not publish the mandate for their suppression. Massillon ascended the pulpit, published his own mandate, and caused himself to be heard by a tumultuous audience who would have insulted any other preacher : —such was the fruit of his virtue and beneficence !

He died, as Fenelon died, and as every bishop ought to die, without money and without debts. It was on the 28th of September 1742, that the church, eloquence, and humanity, sustained this irreparable loss.

S E R M O N,

BY

J. B. MASSILLON.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

MATTHEW v. 43.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy : But I say unto you, love your enemies.

IT is commonly believed that a degree of indulgence and caution had been used by the legislator of the Jews, in publishing the law on forgiveness of injuries, that obliged to accommodate it, in some respect, to the weakness of a carnal people, and otherwise persuaded that, of all virtues, that of loving an enemy was the most difficult to the heart of man, he was satisfied with regulating and prescribing bounds for revenge. It was only in order to prevent great excesses, says St. Augustin, that he meant to give authority to smaller ones. That law, like all the others, had its sanctity, its goodness, its justice ; but it was rather an establishment of policy than a rule of piety. It was calculated to maintain the internal tranquillity of the state ; but it neither touched the heart, nor struck at the root of hatreds and revenge. The only effect proposed was either to restrain the aggressor, by threatening him with the same punishment with which he had grieved his brother, or to put a check upon the irritation of the offended, by letting him see that, if he exceeded in the satisfaction required, he exposed himself to undergo all the surplus of his revenge.

Philosophers, in their morality, had also placed the forgiveness of injuries among the number of virtues ; but that was a pretext of vanity, rather than a rule of discipline. It is because revenge seemed to them to carry along with it something, I know not what, of mean and passionate, which would have disfigured the portrait, and the proud tranquillity of their sage : that it appeared disgraceful to them to be unable to rise superior to an injury. The forgiveness of their enemies was solely founded, therefore, upon the contempt in which they held them. They avenged themselves by disdaining revenge ; and pride readily gave up the pleasure of hurting those who have injured us, for the pleasure which was found in despising them.

But the law of the gospel, upon loving our enemies, neither flatters pride, nor spares self-love. In the forgiveness of injuries nothing ought to indemnify the Christian, but the consolation of imitating Jesus Christ, and of obeying him ; but the claims, which, in an enemy, prove to him a brother ; but the hope of meeting, before the Eternal Judge, with the same indulgence which he shall have used towards men. Nothing ought to limit him in his charity, but charity itself, which hath no bounds, which excepts neither places, times, nor persons, which ought never to be extinguished. And, should the religion of Christians have no other proof against unbelief than the sublime elevation of this maxim, it would always have this pre-eminence in sanctity, and consequently in apparent truth over all the sects which have ever appeared upon the earth.

Let us unfold, therefore, the motives and the rules of this essential point of the law : the motives, by establishing the equity of the precept through the very pretexts which seem to oppose it ; the rules, by laying open the illusions under which every one justifies to himself their infractions : that is to say, the injustice of our hatreds, and the falsity of our reconciliations.

PART I. The three principles which usually bind men to each other, and by which are formed all human unions and friendships, are fancy, cupidity, and

vanity. Fancy. We follow a certain propensity of nature, which being the cause of our finding, in some persons, a greater similarity to our own inclinations, perhaps also greater allowances for our faults, binds us to them, and occasions us to find, in their society, a comfort which becomes weariness in that of the rest of men. Cupidity. We seek out useful friends ; from the moment that they are necessary to our pleasure or to our fortune, they become worthy of our friendship ; interest is a grand charm to the majority of hearts ; the titles which render us powerful, are quickly transmuted into qualities which render us apparently amiable, and friends are never wanting, when we can pay the friendship of those who love us. Lastly, Vanity. Friends who do us honour are always dear to us ; it would seem that, in loving them, we enter, as it were, into partnership with them, in that distinction which they enjoy in the world ; we seek to deck ourselves, as I may say, with their reputation ; and, being unable to reach their merit, we pride ourselves in their society, in order to have it supposed that, at least, there is not much betwixt us, and that like loves like.

These are the three great ties of human society. Religion and charity unite almost nobody ; and from thence it is, that from the moment men offend our fancy, that they are unfavourable to our interests, or that they wound our reputation and our vanity, the human and brittle ties which united us to them are broken asunder ; our heart withdraws from them, and no longer finds in itself, with respect to them, but animosity and bitterness. And behold the three most general sources of those hatreds which men nourish against each other ; which change all the sweets of society into endless inveteracies ; which empoison all the delight of conversations, and all the innocence of mutual intercourse ; and which, attacking religion in the heart, nevertheless present themselves to us under appearances of equity, which justify them in our eyes, and strengthen us in them.

I say, from the moment that men offend our fancy ; and this is the first pretext, and the first source of our withdrawing

withdrawing from, and of our hatreds against our brethren. You say that you cannot accord with such a person ; that every thing in him offends and displeases you ; that it is an antipathy which you cannot conquer ; that all his manners seem fashioned to irritate you ; that to see him would answer the sole purpose of augmenting the natural aversion which you have to him ; and that nature hath placed within us hatreds and likings, conformities and aversions, for which she alone is to be answerable.

To this I might at once answer, by establishing the foundations of the Christian doctrine upon loving our brethren : Is that man, in consequence of displeasing, and being disagreeable to your fancy, less your brother, child of God, citizen of Heaven, member of Jesus Christ, and inheritor of the eternal promises ? Doth his humour, his character, whatever it may be, efface any one of those august tracts which he hath received upon the sacred font, which unite him to you by divine and immortal ties, and which ought to render him dear and respectable to you ? When Jesus Christ commands us to love our brethren as ourselves, doth he mean to make a precept which costs nothing to the heart, and in the fulfilment of which we found neither difficulty nor hardship ? Ah ! What occasion had he to command us to love our brethren, if, in virtue of that commandment, we were obliged to love only those for whom we feel a natural fancy and inclination. The heart hath no occasion, on this point, for precept ; it is its own law. The precept then supposes a difficulty on our part : Jesus Christ hath, therefore, foreseen, that it would be hard upon us to love our brethren ; that we should find within us antipathies and dislikes which would withdraw us from them ; and behold why he hath attached so much merit to the observance of this single point, and hath so often declared to us that, to observe it, was to observe the whole law. Aversion to our brethren, far then from justifying our estrangement from them, renders to us, on the contrary, the obligation of loving them more precise, and places us personally in the case of the precept.

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But besides, ought a Christian to be regulated by fancy and humour, or by the principles of reason, of faith, of religion, and of grace? And since when is the natural fancy, which we are commanded by the gospel to oppose, become a privilege which dispenses us from its rules? If the repugnance felt for duties were a title of exemption, where is the believer who would not be quit of the whole law, and who would not find his justification and his innocency, in proportion as he felt a greater degree of corruption in his heart? Are our fancies our law? Is religion only the support, and not the remedy of nature? Is it not a weakness, even in the eyes of the world, to regulate our steps and our sentiments, our hatreds and our love towards men, merely upon the caprices of a fancy for which we can give no reason ourselves? Do men of this description do great credit, I do not say to religion, but to humanity? And are they not, even to the world itself, a spectacle of contempt, of derision, and of censure? What a chaos would society be, if fancy alone were to decide upon our duties, and upon reciprocal attentions, and if men were to be united by no other law? Now, if the rules even of society, exact, that fancy alone be not the sole principle of our conduct towards the rest of men, should the gospel be more indulgent on that point? The gospel, which preaches only self-denial; which every where commands us to do violence upon ourselves, and to strive against our fancies and our affections; which demands that we act through views superior to flesh and blood, and that we hesitate not to sacrifice to the sanctity of faith, and to the sublimity of its rules, not only our caprices, but our most legal inclinations.

It is therefore absurd, to allege to us an aversion to your brother, which is itself your guilt. I might further say: You complain that your brother is displeasing to you, and that it is not possible for you to bear with, or to be in agreement with him: but do you suppose, that you yourself are displeasing to none? Can you guarantee to us, that you are universally liked, and that every one applauds and approves you? Now,

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if you exact, that every thing offensive in your manners be excused, upon the goodness of your heart, and on account of those essential qualities upon which you pride yourself; if to you, it appear unreasonable to be offended at nothings, and by certain fallies which we cannot always command; if you insist upon being judged by the consequence, by the groundwork, by the rectitude of your sentiments and conduct; and not in consequence of those humours which sometimes involuntarily escape you, and upon which it is very difficult to be always guarded against one's self: have the same equity for your brother; apply the same rule to yourself; bear with him as you have occasion to be borne with yourself; and do not justify by your estrangement from him, the unjust averfions which may be had to yourself. And this rule is so much the more equitable, as that you have only to cast your eyes upon what is continually passing in the world, to be convinced that those who are loudest in trumpeting forth the faults of their brethren, are the very persons with whom nobody can agree, who are the pest of societies, and a grievance to the rest of men.

And I might here demand of you, my dear hearer, if this principle of contrariety, which renders your brother so insupportable to you, be not more in yourself, that is to say in your pride, in the capriciousness of your temper, in the contrariety of your character, than in his; demand of you, if all the world see in him what you believe to see yourself; if his friends, his relations, his intimates look upon him with the same eyes that you do? What do I know! I might demand of you, if that which displeases you in him, be not perhaps his good qualities: if his talents, his reputation, his credit and his fortune, have not perhaps a greater share in your aversion, than his faults; and, if it be not his merit or his rank which have hitherto in your sight constituted his whole crime. We are so easily deceived in this point! Envy is a passion so masked, and so artful in disguising itself! As there is something mean and rascally in it, and as it is a secret confession made

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to ourselves of our own mediocrity, it always shews itself to us under foreign outsidcs, which completely conceal it from us ; but fathom your heart, and you will see that all those, who either surpass, or who shine with too much lustre near you, have the misfortune to displease you ; that you find amiable, only those who have nothing to contest with you ; that all who rise above, or are even equal to you, constrain and hurt you ; and that to have a claim to your friendship, it is necessary to have none either to your pretensions or expectancies.

But I go still further, and I entreat you to listen to me. I admit your brother to have more faults than even you accuse him of having. Alas ! You are so gentle and so friendly towards those, from whom you expect your fortune and your establishment, and whose temper, haughtiness, and manners shock you ! You bear with all their pride, their repulses, their scorns ; you swallow all their inequalities and caprices : you are never disheartened ; your patience is always greater than your antipathy and your repugnance, and you neglect nothing to please. Ah ! If you regarded your brother, as he upon whom depends your eternal salvation, as he to whom you are to be indebted, not for a fortune of dirt, and an uncertain establishment, but for the fortune even of your eternity, would you follow, with regard to him, the caprice of your fancy ? Would you not conquer the unjust antipathy which estranges you from him ? Would you suffer so much in putting your inclinations in unison with your eternal interests, and in doing upon yourself so useful and so necessary a violence ? You bear with every thing for the world and for vanity ; and you cry out, how hard ! from the moment that a single painful proceeding is exacted of you for eternity.

And say not that there are caprices of nature, of which no account can be given, and that we are not the masters of our fancies and likings. I grant this to a certain point ; but there is a love of reason and of religion, which ought always to gain the day over that of

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nature. The gospel exacts not that you have a fancy for your brother, it exacts that you love him ; that is to say, that you bear with him, that you excuse him, that you conceal his faults, that you serve him ; in a word, that you do for him whatever you would wish to have done for yourself. Charity is not a blind and capricious fancy, a natural liking, a sympathy of temper and disposition ; it is a just, enlightened, and reasonable duty ; a love which takes its rise in the impulses of grace, and in the views of faith. It is not rightly loving our brethren, to love them only through fancy ; it is loving one's self. Charity alone enables us to love them as we ought, and it alone can form real and steadfast friends. For fancy is continually changing, and charity never dieth ; fancy seeks only itself, and charity seeketh not its own interests, but the interest of whom it loves ; fancy is not proof against every thing, a loss, a proceeding, a disgrace, and charity riseth superior to death : fancy loves only its own conveniency ; and charity findeth nothing amiss, and suffereth every thing for whom it loveth ; fancy is blind, and often renders even the vices of our brethren amiable to us ; and charity never giveth praise to iniquity, and in others loveth only the truth. The friends of grace are therefor much more to be relied on than those of nature. The same fancy which unites the manners, is often, a moment after, the cause of separating them ; but the ties formed by charity, eternally endure.

Such is the first source of our likings and of our hatreds, the injustices and the capriciousness of our fancy. Interest is the second : for nothing is more common than to hear you justifying your animosities, by telling us that such a man hath neglected nothing to ruin you ; that he has been the mean of blasting your fortune ; that he continually excites vexatious matters against you ; that you find him an insuperable impediment in your way, and that it is difficult to love an enemy so bent on injuring you.

But, granting that you speak the truth, I answer to you : to all the other ills which your brother hath caused

ed to you, why should you add that of hating him, which is the greatest of all, since all the others have tended to ravish from you only fleeting and frivolous riches, while this is the cause of ruin to your soul, and deprives you forever of your claim to an immortal kingdom ? In hating him, you injure yourself much more than all his malignity with respect to you could ever do : he hath usurped the patrimony of your fathers ; it may be so ; and, in order to avenge yourself, you renounce the inheritance of the heavenly Father, and the eternal patrimony of Jesus Christ. You take your revenge then upon yourself ; and, in order to console yourself for the ills done to you by your brother, you provide for yourself one without end and without measure.

And, moreover, Does your hatred towards your brother restore any of those advantages which he hath snatched from you ? Does it ameliorate your condition ? What do you reap from your animosity and your rancour ? In hating him, you say that you console yourself ; and this is the only consolation left to you. What a consolation, great God ! is that of hatred, that is to say, of a gloomy and furious passion, which gnaws the heart, sheds anguish and sorrow through ourselves, and begins by punishing and rendering us miserable ! What a cruel pleasure is that of hating, that is to say, of bearing on the heart a load of rancour, which empoisons every other moment of life ! What a barbarous method of consoling one's self ! And are you not worthy of pity, to seek a resource in your evils, which answers no purpose but that of eternising, by hatred, a transitory injury ?

But let us cease this human language, and speak that of the gospel, -to which our mouths are consecrated. If you were Christian, my dear hearer ; if you had not lost faith, far from hating those whom God hath made instrumental in blasting your hopes and your projects of fortune, you would regard them as the instruments of God's mercies upon your soul, as the ministers of your sanctification, and the blessed rocks which

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have been the means of saving you from shipwreck. You would have been lost in credit and in elevation ; you would then have neglected your God : your ambition would have increased with your fortune, and death would have surprised you in the vortex of the world of passions, and of human expectancies. But, in order to save your soul, the Lord, in his great mercy, hath raised up obstacles which have stopt your course. He hath employed an envious person, a rival to supplant you, to keep you at a distance from favours, and to place himself betwixt you and the precipice, into which you was running headlong, for ever to perish : he hath seconded, as I may say, his ambition ; he hath favoured his designs ; and, through an incomprehensible excess of goodness towards you, he hath crossed your worldly schemes : he hath raised up your enemy in time, in order to save you in eternity. You ought therefore to adore the eternal designs of his justice and of his mercy upon men ; to consider your brother as the blessed cause of your salvation ; to entreat of God, that, seeing his ambition or his bad intentions have been employed to save you, he may inspire him with sincere repentance, and that the person who hath been the instrument of your salvation be not permitted to perish himself.

Yes, my brethren, our hatreds proceed entirely from our want of faith. Alas ! If we regarded every thing which passes, as a vapour without substance ; if we were thoroughly convinced that all this is nothing, that salvation is the great and important affair, and that our treasure and our true riches are only in eternity, where, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be ; if we were convinced of it, alas ! we would consider men, who passionately quarrel and dispute with each other, for the dignities of the earth, as children who fall out among themselves for the play-things which amuse their eye, whose childish hatreds and animosities turn upon nothings, which infancy alone, and the feeble state of reason magnify in their eyes. Tranquil on the greatest and most important events, on the loss of the patrimony

patrimony of their fathers, and the fall of their family, and keen even to excess, when deprived of any of the little trifling objects which delight their infancy. Thus, O my God, foolish and puerile men feel not the loss of their heavenly inheritance, of that immortal patrimony, bequeathed to them by Jesus Christ, and which their brethren are already enjoying in heaven. They unconcernedly see the kingdom of God, and the only true riches pass away from them; and like children, they are inflamed with rage, and mutually arm against each other, from the instant that their frivolous possessions are encroached upon, or that any attempt is made to deprive them of those childish play-things, the only value or importance of which, is that of serving to deceive their feeble reason, and to amuse their childhood.

For a Christian; interest is therefore an unworthy and criminal pretext for his hatred towards his brethren; but vanity, which is their last resource, is still less excusable.

For, my brethren, we wish to be approved, and to have our faults as well as our virtues applauded; and although we feel our own weaknesses, yet we are so unreasonable; as to exact that others see them not, and that they even give credit to us for certain qualities, which we inwardly reproach to ourselves as vices. We could wish that all mouths were filled solely with our praises; and that the world, which forgives nothing, which spares not even its masters, should admire in us what it censures in others.

In effect, you complain, that your enemy hath both privately and publicly decried you; that he hath added calumny to slander; that he hath attacked you in the tenderest and most feeling quarter, and that he hath neglected nothing to blatt your honour and your reputation in the opinion of men.

But, before replying to this, I might first say to you, mistrust the reports which have been made to you of your brother; the most innocent speeches reach us so enpoisoned, through the malignity of the tongues

which have conveyed them ; there are so many mean flatterers, who seek to be agréable at the expence of those who are not so ; there are so many dark and wicked minds, whose only pleasure is in finding out evil where none is meant, and in sowing dissention among men ; there are so many volatile and imprudent characters, who unseasonably, and with an envenomed air, repeat what at first had been only said with the most innocent intentions ; there are so many men, naturally given to the hyperbole, and in whose mouth every thing is magnified, and departs from the natural and simple truth ; I here appeal to yourself. Has it never happened to you, that your most innocent sayings have been empoisoned, and circumstances added to your recitals, which you had never even thought of ? Have you not then exclaimed against the injustice and the malignity of the repeaters ? Why might not you, in your turn, have been deceived ? And if every thing which passes through a variety of channels, be in general adulterated, and never reach us in its original purity, why should you suppose that discourses, which relate to you alone, were exempted from the same lot, and were entitled to more attention and belief ?

You will no doubt reply, that these general maxims are not the point in question, and that the actions of which you complain, are not doubtful, but positive. I admit it ; and I ask if your brother have not on his side, the same reproaches to make to you ; if you have always been very lenient and very charitable to his faults ; if you have always rendered justice, even to his good qualities ; if you have never permitted him to be reviled in your presence ; if you have not aided the malignity of such discourses by an affected moderation, which hath only tended to blow up the fire of detraction, and to supply new traits against your brother ; I ask you, if you are even circumspect towards the rest of men ; if you readily forgive the weakness of others ; if your tongue be not in general, dipt in wormwood and gall ; if the best established reputation, be not always in danger in your hands ; and, if the saddest and

most private histories, do not speedily become matter of notoriety, through your malignity and imprudence; O man! Thou pushest delicacy and sensibility to such lengths, upon whatever regards thyself! We have occasion for all the terror of our ministry, and for all the other most weighty inducements of religion, to bring thee to forgive to thy brother, a single speech, frequently a word which imprudence, which chance, which circumstances, which perhaps a just resentment hath forced from him; and the licentiousness of thy discourses towards others, knows neither the bonds of politeness, nor of that decency which the world itself prescribes.

But, granting that you have nothing to reproach yourself on the part of moderation towards your brother. What do you gain by hating him? Do you thereby efface the fatal impressions which his discourses may have left on the minds of men? On the contrary, you inflict a fresh wound upon your heart; you give yourself a stab which carries death to your soul; you wrench the sword from his hands, if I may speak in this manner, in order to plunge it into yourself. By the innocence of your manners, and the integrity of your conduct, make the injustice of his discourses evident: destroy, by a life free from reproach, the prejudices to which he may have given rise against you: make the meanness and the iniquity of his calumnies revert upon himself, by the practice of those virtues, exactly opposite to the faults which he imputes to you: such is the just and legal manner of revenging yourself. Triumph over his malice, by your manners, and by your silence: you will heap living coals upon his head; you will gain the public on your side; you will leave nothing to your enemy, but the infamy of his passion, and of his impositions. But hating him, is the revenge of the weak, and the sad consolation of the guilty; in a word, it is the only refuge of those who can find none in virtue, and in innocence.

But let us now quit all these reasonings, and come to the essential point. You are commanded to love

those who despitefully use and calumniate you ; to pray for them, to entreat their conversion of God, that he change their rancorous heart, that he inspire them with sentiments of peace and of charity, and that he place them among the number of his holy. You are commanded to consider them as already citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, with whom you shall form only one voice in singing the immortal praises of grace. You are commanded to look upon injuries as blessings, as the punishment of your hidden crimes, for which you have so often merited to be covered with confusion before men ; as the price of the kingdom of God, which is promised to those alone, who with piety bear with persecution and calumny.

For, after all, it must come to this. Self-love alone would make us to love those who love us, who praise us, who publish our virtues, false or true ; such was the whole virtue of the Pagans ; for, said Jesus Christ, if ye love those that love you, what reward have ye ; do not even the publicans so ? But religion goes farther : it requires us to love those who hate and persecute us : it fixes at that price the mercies of God upon us, and declares to us, that no forgiveness is to be expected for ourselves, if we grant it not to our brethren.

And candidly, would you have God to forget the crimes and the horrors of your whole life, to be insensible to his own glory, which you have so often insulted, while you cannot prevail upon yourself to forget a word ; while you are so warm, so delicate, and so passionate upon the interests of your glory ; you who perhaps enjoy a reputation which you have never merited ; you, who, were you to be known such as you are, would be covered with eternal shame and confusion ; you, in a word, of whom the most injurious discourses only imperfectly represent the secret wretchedness, and of which God alone knoweth the extent ? Great God ! how little shall sinners have to say for themselves, when thou wilt pronounce against them the sentence of their eternal condemnation !

You will probably tell us, that you perfectly agree

to the duties which religion hereupon imposes, but that the laws of honour have prevailed over those of religion; that, if discourses and proceedings of a certain description be tranquilly submitted to, lasting dishonour and infamy, in the eyes of men, must necessarily follow; that to forgive through motives of religion, is nevertheless a stain of cowardice, which the world never pardons, and that on this point, honour acknowledges neither exception nor privilege.

What is this honour, my brethren, which is to be bought only at the price of our souls, and of our eternal salvation? And how worthy of pity, if guilt alone can save from ignominy! I know that it is here that the false laws of the world seem to prevail over those of religion; and that the wisest themselves, who execrate this abuse, are however of opinion that it must be submitted to. But I speak before a Prince, who, wiser than the world, and filled with a just indignation against a madness so contrary to the maxims of the gospel, as well as to the interests of the state, hath shewn to his subjects what is the true honour, and who, in forcing criminal arms from their hands, hath marked with lasting infamy those barbarous modes of revenge, to which the public error had attached a deplorable glory.

What, my brethren, an abominable maxim, which the barbarity of the first manners of our ancestors alone hath consecrated, and handed down to us, should prevail over all the rules of Christianity, and all the most inviolable rules of the state! It should be no dishonour to bathe your hands in your brother's blood, while it would be one to obey God, and the prince, who holds his place in the world! Glory would no longer then be but a madness, and cowardice but a noble respect for religion, and for our master. You dread passing for a coward! Shew your valour then by shedding your blood in the defence of your country; go and brave dangers at the head of our armies, and there seek glory in the discharge of your duty; establish your reputation by actions worthy of being ranked among the memorable events

events of a reign so glorious; such is that valour, which the state requires and which religion authorises. Then despise these brutal and personal vengeance; look upon them as a childish ostentation of valour, which is often used as a cover to actual cowardice; as the vile and vulgar refuge of those who have nothing signal to establish their character; as a forced and an equivocal proof of courage, which the world wrests from us, and against which the heart often revolts. Far from imputing shame to you, the world itself will make it a fresh title of honour to you; you will be still more exalted in its opinion; and you will teach your equals, that misplaced valour is nothing but a brutal fear; that wisdom and moderation ever attend true glory; that whatever dishonours humanity can never do honour to men; and that the gospel, which inculcates and commands forgiveness, hath made more heroes than the world itself, which preaches up revenge.

You will perhaps say that these maxims do not regard you, that you have forgotten all the subjects of complaint which you had against your brother, and that a reconciliation hath put an end to the éclat of your misunderstandings and of your quarrel. Now, I say, that it is more especially on this point that you are grossly deceived; and, after having shewn to you the injustice of our hatreds, it is my duty now to prove to you the falsity of our reconciliations.

PART II. There is not a precept in the law which leaves less room for doubt or for mistake, than that which obliges us to love our brethren; and, nevertheless, there is none upon which more illusions and false maxims are founded. In effect, there is not almost a person who doth not say, that he hath heartily forgiven his brother, and that his conscience is perfectly tranquil on that head; and, nevertheless, nothing is more rare than sincere forgiveness, and there are few instances of a reconciliation which changes the heart, and which is not merely a false appearance of renewed amity; whether it be considered in its principle or whether the proceedings and consequences of it be examined.

I say, in its principle ; for, my brethren, in order that a reconciliation be sincere and real, it is necessary that it take its source in charity, and in a Christian love of our brother. Now, human motives engross, in general, a work which can be the work of grace alone. A reconciliation takes place, in order not to persist against the pressing entreaties of friends ; in order to avoid a certain disagreeable eclat, which would necessarily follow an open hostility, and which might revert upon ourselves ; in order not to exclude ourselves from certain societies, from which we would be under the necessity of banishing ourselves were we obstinately to persist in being irreconcilable to our brother. A reconciliation takes place through deference to the great, who exact of us that compliance, in order to acquire a reputation for moderation and greatness of soul ; in order to avoid giving transactions to the public which would not correspond with that idea which we would wish it to have of us ; in order, at once, to cut short the continual complaints and the insulting discourses of an enemy, who knows us perhaps only too well, and who has once been too deep in our confidence, not to merit some caution and deference on our part, and that, by a reconciliation, we should endeavour to silence him. What more shall I say ? We are reconciled perhaps like Saul, in order more securely to ruin our enemy, and to lull his vigilance and precautions.

Such are, in general, the motives of those reconciliations which every day take place in the world. And what I say here is so true, that sinners who shew no sign of piety on any other occasion, are however reconciled to their brethren in daily instances ; and they who cannot prevail over themselves in the easiest duties of the Christian life, appear as heroes in the accomplishment of this one, which, of all others, is the most difficult. Ah ! it is because they are heroes of vanity and not of charity : it is, that they leave that part of the reconciliation which alone is heroical and arduous in the sight of God, viz. an oblivion upon the past injury, and a total revolution of our heart towards our brother ;
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and they retain of it only that part which is glorious in the sight of men, viz. an appearance of moderation, and a promptitude towards amity, which the world itself praises and admires.

But, if the greatest part of reconciliations turn out to be false when their motives are examined, they are not less so, if we consider them in their proceedings. Yes, my brethren, what measures and negotiations ! What formalities and sollicitudes in concluding them ! What attentions to bestow, and cautions to observe ! What interests to conciliate, obstacles to remove, and steps to accomplish ! Thus your reconciliation is not the work of charity, but of the wisdom and skill of your friends ; it is a worldly affair ; it is not a religious step ; it is a treaty happily concluded ; it is not a duty of faith fulfilled ; it is the work of man, but it is not the deed of God : in a word, it is a peace which comes from the earth, it is not the peace of Heaven.

For, candidly, have men been able, through their arrangements and the ingenuity of their measures in reconciling you with your brother, to revive that charity which was extinguished in your heart ? Have they been able to restore that treasure to you which you had lost ? They have succeeded, indeed, in terminating the scandal of declared enmity, and in establishing between you and your brother the outward duties of society ; but they have not changed your heart, which God alone can do ; they have not extinguished that hatred, which grace alone can extinguish. You are therefore reconciled, but you still love not your brother ; and, in effect, if you sincerely loved him, would so many mediators have been required to reconcile you ? Love is its own mediator and interpreter. Charity is that brief word, which would have saved to your friends all those endless toils which they have been obliged to employ in order to reclaim you : it is not so measured ; it frankly confesses what it sincerely feels. Now, before giving way, you have insisted upon a thousand conditions ; you have disputed every step ; you have been resolute in not going beyond a certain point ; you have exacted that
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your brother should make the first advances towards meeting you. Charity knows nothing of all these rules ; it hath only one, and that is, oblivion upon the injury, and to love our brother as ourself.

I grant that certain prudential measures are to be observed, and that too hasty or ill-timed advances might often be not only unsuccessful, but even the means of hardening your brother still more against you. But I say that charity ought to regulate these measures, and not vanity : I say, and I repeat it, that all these reconciliations which are with such difficulty concluded, where both parties are resolute in yielding only to a certain point, and even that with precautions so strict and so precise ; where so many expedients and so much mystery are necessary, are the fruits of fleshly prudence ; they correct the manners, but they affect not the heart ; they bring the persons, but not the affections nearer ; they re-establish civilities, but leave the same sentiments ; in a word, they terminate the scandal of hatred, but not the sin. Thus Jesus Christ plainly commands us to go our way and be reconciled to our brother. He says not to us, do not go too far, lest your brother take advantage of it ; be first convinced that he will meet you half-way ; seek not after him, lest he consider your proceeding as an apology for his complaints, as a tacit acknowledgment of your blame, and a sentence pronounced against yourself. Jesus Christ plainly tells us : Go thy way and be reconciled to thy brother. He desires that the reconciliation take place through charity alone ; he supposes, that, in order to love our brother, we have no occasion for mediators, and that our heart should be fully capable of every thing required without any foreign interference.

Such are the steps of reconciliations ; thence, the motives being almost always human, the proceedings faulty, their consequences can be only vain and of no effect. I say the consequences ; for, my brethren, in what do the far greater part of those reconciliations which every day take place in the world, terminate ? What is the fruit of them ? What is it, which is commonly called a reconciliation with our enemy ? I shall explain it to you.

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You say, in the first place, that you are reconciled to your brother, and that you have heartily forgiven him ; but, that you have taken your resolution to see him no more, and from henceforth to have no farther intercourse with him : And, upon this footing, you live tranquil ; you believe that nothing more is prescribed by the gospel, and that a confessor hath no title to demand more. Now, I declare that you have not forgiven your brother, and that you are still, with respect to him, in hatred, in death, and in sin.

For I demand of you : do we dread the sight of those we love ? And, if your enemy be now your brother, what can there be so hateful and so disagreeable to you in his presence ? You say that you have forgiven, and that you love him ; but, in order to avoid all accidents, and that his presence may not arouse vexatious ideas, you find it more proper to exclude yourself from it. But what is that kind of love which the sole presence of the beloved object, irritates against it, and inflames with hatred and wrath ? You love him ! That is to say, that perhaps you would not wish to injure, or to destroy him. But that is not enough ; religion commands you likewise to love him : for honour, indolence, moderation, fear, and want of opportunity, are sufficient inducements to prevent you from injuring him ; but you must be Christian to love him ; and that is precisely what you are not willing to be.

And, candidly, would you that God loved you, upon the condition that he should never see you ? Would you be satisfied with his goodness, and with his mercy, were he for ever to banish you from his presence ? For you well know that he will treat you, as you shall have treated your brother. Would you think yourself much in favour with the prince, were he to forbid you ever to present yourself before him ? You constantly say, that a man is in disgrace, when he is no longer permitted to appear before the master ; and you pretend to persuade us that you love your brother, and that no rancour remains in your heart against him, while his sole presence displeases and irritates you.

And

And what less equivocal mark can be given, of animosity against your brother, than that of being unable to endure his presence? It is the very extreme of hatred and of rancour. For many settled hatreds exist, which yet are kept under a kind of check; are, as far as possible, concealed, and even borrow the outward semblance of friendship and of decency; and though unable to reconcile the heart to duty, yet have sufficient command over themselves, to preserve appearances to the world. But your hatred is beyond all restraint; it knows neither prudence, caution, nor decency; and you pretend to persuade us that it is now no more! You still shew the most violent proofs of animosity, and even these you would have us to consider as the indubitable signs of a Christian and sincere love!

But, besides, are Christians made to live estranged, and unconnected with each other? Christians! The members of one body, the children of the same Father, the disciples of the same Master, the inheritors of the same kingdom, the stones of the same building, the particles of the same mass! Christians! The participation of one same spirit, of one same redemption, of one same righteousness! Christians! Sprung from one bosom, regenerated in the same water, incorporated in the same church, redeemed by one ransom, are they made to fly each other, to make a punishment of seeing each other, and to be unable to endure each other? All religion binds, unites us together; the sacraments in which we join, the public prayers and thanksgivings which we sing, the ceremonies of that worship in which we pride ourselves, the assembly of believers at which we assist; all these externals are only symbols of that union which ties us together. All religion itself, is but one holy society, a divine communication of prayers, of sacrifices, of works, and of well-doings. Every thing connects and unites us, every thing tends to make of our brethren and of us, only one family, one body, one heart, and one soul; and you believe that you love your brother, and that you preserve, with respect to him, all the most sacred ties of religion, while you break through even

even those of society, and that you cannot endure even his presence ?

I say much more : How shall you indulge the same hope with him ? For, by that common hope, you are eternally to live with him, to make his happiness your own, to be happy with him, to be reunited with him in the bosom of God, and with him to sing the eternal praises of grace. Ah ! How could the hope of being for ever united with him be the sweetest consolation of your life, if it appear so desirable to live in separation from him, and if you find even his presence a punishment ? Renounce then the promises and all the hopes of faith ; separate yourself as an accursed from the communion of believers ; interdict to yourself the altar and the awful mysteries ; banish yourself from the assembly of the holy ; no longer come there to offer up your gifts and your prayers, since all these religious duties, supposing you in union with your brother, become derisions, if you be not so, depose against you in the face of the altars, and proclaim to you to quit the holy assembly as a publican and a sinner.

Perhaps alarmed at these holy truths, you will finally tell us, that you will so far conquer yourself as to see your brother, and to live on good terms with him ; that you will not be wanting in civilities ; but that, for the rest, you know where to stop, and that he need not reckon much upon your friendship.

You will not be wanting in civilities ! And that, my dear hearer, you believe is to pardon and to be reconciled with your brother, and to love him as yourself ? But that charity which the gospel commands is in the heart ; it is not a simple decorum, a vain outside, an useless ceremony ; it is real feeling, and an active love ; it is a sincere tenderness, ever ready to manifest itself in actions. You love as a Jew and as a Pharisee, but you love not as a Christian and as a disciple of Jesus Christ. The law of charity is the law of the heart ; it regulates the feelings, changes the inclinations, and pours the oil of peace and of lenity over the wounds of an angry and wounded will ; and you turn it into a law wholly

wholly external, a pharisaical and superficial law, which regulates only the outside, which settles only the manners, and is fulfilled by vain appearances.

But you are not commanded that you shall merely refrain from wounding the rules of courtesy, and that you shall pay to your brother all those duties which society mutually imposes ; it is the world which prescribes this law ; these are its rules and customs. But Jesus Christ commands you to love him ; and, while your heart is estranged from him, it is of little importance that you keep up the vain externals of courtesy. You refuse to religion the essential part ; and the only difference betwixt you and those sinners who persist in not seeing their brethren is, that you know how to constrain yourself for the world, and you know not how to thwart yourself for salvation.

And surely, my brethren, if men were united together by the sole ties of society, they no doubt would discharge their duty, by keeping up all the externals of politeness, and by maintaining that mutual commerce of cares, attentions, and courtesies, which constitute, as it were, the whole harmony of the body politic. But we are united together by the sacred and close ties of faith, of hope, of charity, and of religion. In the midst of the world we form a society wholly internal and holy, of which charity is the invisible bond, and altogether distinct from that civil society which legislators have established. Consequently, by fulfilling with regard to your brethren the external courtesies, you satisfy the claims which civil society hath upon you, but you do not fulfil those of religion ; you disturb not the political order, but you overturn the order of charity ; you are a peaceable citizen, but you are not a citizen of heaven ; you are a man of the age, but you are not a man of the age to come ; the world may acquit you, and demand no more, but what you do is a blank in the sight of God, because you are not in charity ; and your condemnation is certain. Come and tell us after this, that you will not be wanting in decorum, and that religion exacts no more of us. It exacts then only

dissemblances, out-fakes, and vain appearances ? It exacts then nothing true, nothing real, nothing which changes the heart ? And the great precept of charity, which alone gives reality to all our works, would no longer then be but a false pretence and a vain hypocrisy ?

And trust not solely to us on this point ; consult the public itself. See if, in spite of all the appearances which you still keep up with your brother, it be not an established opinion in the world that you love him not ; and if the world do not act in consequence of that persuasion. See if your creatures, if all who approach and who are attached to you, do not affect to keep at a distance from your brother. See if all those who hate him, or who are in interests opposite to his, do not court your friendship and form closer ties with you, and if all those who are inimical to your brother do not profess themselves your friends. See if those who have favours to expect from you do not begin by forsaking him, and if they do not think that in so doing they are paying court to you. You see that the world knows you better than you know yourself ; that it is not mistaken in your real sentiments ; and that, in spite of these vain shews towards your brother, you are actually in hatred and in death, and that in this respect the world itself is of our opinion ; that world, which, on every other other occasion, we have constantly to combat.

Behold in what terminate the greatest part of the reconciliations which are every day made in the world. They once more see each other, but they are not reunited ; they promise a mutual friendship, but it is never given ; their persons meet, but their hearts are always estranged ; and I had reason to say, that the hatreds are unchangeable, and that almost all the reconciliations are mere pretences ; that the injury may be forgiven, but that the offender is never loved ; that they may cease to treat their brother as an enemy, but that they never regard him as as a brother.

And, behold what takes place every day before our eyes. In the world are to be seen public characters, families of illustrious names, who still preserve with

each other certain measures of decency, which they cannot indeed break through without scandal, yet, nevertheless, live in different interests, in public and avowed sentiments of envy, of jealousy, and of mutual animosity; thwart and do every thing in their power to ruin each other, view each other with the most jealous eyes, and make all their creatures partisans in their resentments and aversions; divide the world, the court, and the city; interest the public in their quarrel, and establish in the world the opinion and the scandal that they hate each other; that they would mutually destroy each other; that they still, it is true, keep up appearances; but that, at bottom, their interests and affections are for ever estranged. Yet, notwithstanding all this, each party lives in a reputation of piety, and of the practice of good works; they have distinguished and highly esteemed confessors; in mutually discharging to each other certain duties, yet living otherwise in a public and avowed hostility, they frequent the sacraments, they are continually in the intercourse of holy things, they coolly approach the altar, they frequently and without scruple present themselves at the penitential tribunal, where, far from confessing their hatred before the Lord, and weeping over the scandal with which it afflicts the people, they make fresh complaints against their enemy; they accuse him, in place of accusing themselves; they make a boast of the vain external duties which they pay to him, and allege them as marks of the heart not being rancorous: What shall I say? And the very ministers of penitence, who should have been the judges of our hatred, frequently become its apologists, adopt a party with the public, enter into all the animosity and prejudices of their penitents, proclaim the justice of their quarrel, and are the cause that the only remedy destined to strike at the root of the evil, answers no other purpose than that of decorating it with the appearances of godliness, and of rendering it more incurable.

Great God! Thou alone canst close the wounds which a proud sensibility hath made in my heart, by

nourishing unreasonable and iniquitous hatreds which have corrupted it in thy sight. Enable me to forget fleeting and momentary injuries, in order that thou may forget the crimes of my whole life. Is it for me, O my God ! to be so feeling and so inexorable to the slightest insults, I who have such necessity for thy mercy and indulgence ? Are the injuries of which I complain to be compared with those with which I have a thousand times dishonoured thy supreme grandeur ? Must the worm of the earth be irritated and inflamed at the smallest marks of disdain, while thy sovereign majesty hath so long, and with so much goodness, endured his rebellions and his offences ?

Who am I, to be so keen upon the interests of my glory ; I who dare not in thy presence cast mine eyes upon my secret ignominy ; I who would deserve to be the reproach of men, and the outcast of my people ; I who have nothing praise-worthy, according even to the world, but the good fortune of having concealed from it my infamies and my weaknesses ; I to whom the most biting reproaches would still be too gentle, and would treat me with too much indulgence ; I, in a word, who have no salvation now to hope, if thou forget not thine own glory, which I have so often insulted ?

But no, great God ! thy glory is in pardoning the sinner, and mine shall be in forgiving my brother. Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice which I make to thee of my resentments. Estimate not its value by the puerility and the slightness of the injuries which I forget, but by that pride which had magnified them, and had rendered me so feeling to them. And, seeing thou hast promised to forgive us our trespasses whenever we shall have forgiven the trespasses of our brethren, fulfil, O Lord, thy promises. It is in this hope that I presume to reckon upon thine eternal mercies.

THOUGHTS

ON THE

COMPOSITION AND DELIVERY

OF A

SERMON.

WHEN one, who is to appear as a culprit at the bar of the public, has the temerity to seat himself upon the bench, he seems voluntarily to provoke a severe inquisition, and to be left without excuse, should he be found to violate those laws by which he himself has presumed to appreciate the merit of his contemporaries. There is another, and, I will confess, a still stronger, objection to prefatory dissertations; and that is, that they are too frequently indirect apologies for the author's defects; or, the artful means of gratifying his vanity, by permitting him, without the appearance of open effrontery, to be the herald of his own commendation. I shall, however, be deterred by none of these considerations from what I conceive to be my duty. I shall therefore content myself, for the present, with disclaiming, in general terms, every sordid intention of the kind; and, without entering into the merits of the discourses which are contained in this volume, or their connexion with this essay, I would wish to point the reader's attention to what appears of more immediate

immediate consequence, the utility of the design, and the importance of the object.

I do not know any species of composition, which is more deserving of critical attention than that which is appropriated to the pulpit; and I will add, that I do not know any which appears to want it more. That it is from its nature liable to very great abuses, and at no time since the apostolic age has been free from error, must be allowed by every person conversant in the literary history of the church; but, of late years, so depraved a taste has been introduced by the love of novelty, and the admission of illiterate persons into holy orders, that the keenest inspection of criticism is become necessary to reduce to order the extravagancies of pulpit empiricism. . . . A few observations, therefore, having occurred to my recollection during the course of my labour in preparing the discourses which follow for the press, and conceiving that this volume might probably be read by some of the younger clergy, as well as by a few of the religious part of the laity, I determined to embrace the opportunity of presenting them to the public.

The utility of these remarks, however, may possibly not be altogether confined to the species of composition. What I have to advance, with respect to style in particular, will, I flatter myself, not be unacceptable to young writers in general: indeed, every attempt to refine the taste, and to exercise the judgment, is generally found of advantage beyond the sphere of its immediate intention.

As I do not pretend to exhibit a complete view of the subject, I have entitled this attempt, "Thoughts on the Composition and Delivery of a Sermon." But, as desultory maxims or precepts are seldom of much use, I have endeavoured to reduce my sentiments to some kind of order; and (after stating in general terms the RISE AND PROGRESS OF THIS SPECIES OF ORATORY IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH) the grand divisions, which I mean to adopt, will be, the CHOICE OF A SUBJECT, the ARRANGEMENT, and the STYLE: to which I mean to add

add a few cursory observations respecting MANNER OF DELIVERY.*

I. OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PULPIT ORATORY.

IN the primitive church a custom prevailed, which may be ultimately traced into the Jewish ;† though the time of its introduction into the latter is not very easily ascertained. The bishop or presbyter, who read the portion of Scripture selected for the day, concluded that part of the service with a general explanation of what had been read, and with earnestly exhorting the audience to profit from the instructions, or to imitate the example, which had then been exhibited.‡ These exhortations were brief and unadorned, and were sometimes accompanied with other explications of Scripture, which were successively delivered by those of the society, who declared themselves under the peculiar influence of the Spirit ; while their prophetic brethren, who were present in the assembly, decided upon the respect which was due to their authority.§ It is probable that what at first consisted only of a few short

* The design of Christian oratory (says St. Augustin) is either to instruct men in the truth, to refute their errors, or to persuade them to the practice of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. The first requires plain narration ; the second, strength of argument and ratiocination ; and the third, the art of moving the mind and affections. As the Christian orator speaks that only which is holy, just, and good, he endeavours to speak in such a manner, that he may be heard with understanding, with pleasure, and with effect.—That he may be heard with understanding, he speaks with plainness and perspicuity, and a regard to the capacities and knowledge of his hearers ; that he may be heard with pleasure, he will pay such attention to the common rules of eloquence, as to endeavour to speak with acuteness, elegance, and strength ; and, that he may be heard with effect, he will labour to persuade and to convince his auditors of the truth and importance of his doctrines.

AUG. de Doctrin. Christo, l. 4. c. 4.

Idem, l. 4. c. 15. Idem, l. 4. c. 5.

Idem, l. 4. c. 12.

† See NUMB. iv. 16, 17. XX. 1. XXI. 37. JOHN viii. 20. ACTS xiii. 13.

‡ Justin. Apol. 2, p. 98.

§ Mosheim, Cent. 1, Part 2, Chap. 4.

short and perhaps unconnected sentences would gradually, and by those who possessed fluency of thought and facility of expression, be made to assume a more regular form. Origen* was the first who introduced long explanatory discourses into Christian assemblies; and preaching in his time began to be formed upon the nice rules of Grecian eloquence.

The great superiority of these studied and regular compositions over extempore effusions soon excluded the latter almost entirely from the service of the church, though at some periods we find them occasionally resorted to. Origen, † the great father of pulpit-oratory, at above sixty years of age, and when by continued use and exercise he had acquired great facility both in composition and delivery, began to indulge himself in the practice of extempore oratory. The custom, however, was not confined to him. Cyril and several of his contemporaries addressed their respective audiences in unprepared discourses, which the diligence of the public notaries of the church has preserved from oblivion: and many of the sermons of Chrysostom, together with his celebrated discourse upon his return from banishment, are proofs not only of the existence of the custom, but that extempore compositions are not necessarily deficient either in elegance or method. It is probable, however, that, at a time when nice and determined rules had been formed for pulpit-oratory, few would attempt extempore addresses, except upon sudden and particular emergencies, and then they would be attempted by such only as previous habits of study and recitation had peculiarly qualified for the practice. Of those which have reached posterity, we know that many, and probably the greater part, received the after-corrections of their respective authors. ‡

* *Moth. Cent.* 3, Part 2, Chap. 4.

† *Euseb. lib.* 6. c. 36.

‡ At the Reformation in England, many complaints were made of those, who were licensed to preach; and, that they might be able to justify themselves, they began generally to write and read their sermons: the manifest superiority of this mode over extempore preaching has continued it in the church of England ever since. See *BURNAT'S Hist. Reform.* Vol. I. p. 317.

However

However diminutive and simple in its origin, preaching very soon came to be considered as a principal part of public-worship. Sometimes two or three sermons* were preached in the same assembly by the presbyters and bishops in succession; and, when two or more bishops happened to be present, it was usual for them to preach after each other, reserving the last place for the most eminent person. The sermons upon these occasions were necessarily short, as the time limited for public worship was only two hours. It was probably upon some of these occasions that the short sermons of St. Augustin were composed, many of which may be pronounced distinctly, and delivered in eight minutes, and a few in almost half that time.

The general regard which was paid to preaching, as a necessary part of public worship, is evident from its having formed a part of the discipline of every Christian church, except that of Rome, in which, as Sozomen † informs us, at the time he wrote no such custom existed. Sermons were however again introduced into that church by Leo, but again discontinued, till, after an interval of more than five hundred years, Pius V. once more made them a necessary part of public worship.

As the institution of preaching commenced in the explication of Scripture, it still retained, through the many revolutions of the public taste, some respect to its origin; and, with a few exceptions, a portion of the sacred writings always constituted the basis of the discourse; ‡ though latterly it was reduced almost to the form of a motto, which had frequently but little connexion with the principal subject. From this state of facts we may easily perceive the source of those two modes of exhortation, which now prevail in the church: I mean the simply explanatory, and the didactic

* Bingham's Eccl. Antiq. book 14. c. 4.

† Sozom. lib. 7. c. 19.

‡ Some of the homilies of Chrysostom were preached without a text. CHRYS. *Hom. Post. Red.* 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. Melancthon heard a priest at Paris, who took his text from Aristotle's Ethics.

tic or essay style. Both have their particular uses, and perhaps neither ought to be uniformly preferred.

II. OF THE CHOICE OF A SUBJECT.

However custom may have indulged the Christian orator with respect to the modes in which he is to convey instruction, still, in the choice of a subject, young preachers will do well to advert in general to the origin of the institution; to consider that its immediate design is the exposition of Scripture. And, though I see no reason for excluding utterly from the pulpit those discourses, which treat of the virtues and vices in an abstract and philosophical manner; yet I confess, that sermon, which follows the order of the text, appears more immediately consistent with the design, and more correspondent to the nature of the composition.

For the same reason, I am induced to prefer those discourses, which tend to remove the difficulties, and elucidate the obscurities of the Scriptures. I do not wish to be understood, as recommending any tedious philological disquisitions, any laborious collations, or those exercises, which are obviously only calculated for the closet. It is difficult to command the attention of a common congregation, be the matter ever so plain and practical. It would therefore be scarcely less absurd to introduce mathematical calculations than such disquisitions as these.

I am still more offended with those preachers, who regularly pay their audience the unwelcome compliment of supposing their faith in continual danger of invasion; and conceive it absolutely necessary to be constantly insisting on the proofs of revelation. The persons, to whom alone such reasoning can be of use, take care very seldom to throw themselves in its way; and, as Swift remarks, can any thing be more absurd, "than, for the sake of three or four fools, who are past grace, to perplex the minds of well-disposed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwise come into their minds?"

The church of God was never intended as a school of

of speculation, or a place to indulge the licentiousness of fancy in doubtful disputation. It is a wretched abuse of time to bewilder our hearers in the nice distinctions of the schoolmen, in the explanation of mysteries, which perhaps are not to be explained, or which at least require much previous study, and call for all the advantages of solitude, and of leisure, to enable the mind to comprehend or to follow the tenour of the argument.* Let us leave to the closet, the doctrines of the incarnation, of the trinity, † of the free-will of man, of the final election or reprobation of mankind; for there alone I am convinced they can be studied with attention or effect.

But, the most absurd and useless of all discourses are those, which treat of questions absolutely removed beyond the sphere of our knowledge. Such are many sermons concerning the manner of the divine existence; the state of the soul after death; the nature of the hypostatic union; the existence, the number of the angels, and the means of their communication; ‡ what would have been the state of Adam if the fall had never taken place; and abundance of other topics, which can only serve to gratify an idle and visionary humour of speculation, and can answer no practical end whatever.

In this place it may not be improper to remark, that all fantastical applications of Scripture are carefully to be avoided. It is dangerous on any occasion to depart from the plain track of common sense; and there is no attempt at ingenuity so easy as that which borders upon nonsense. Most of the French sermons are of this kind.

* "The minds of men, whether learned or ignorant, generally avoid pain; and the learned have fatigue enough in the study, without increasing it at church."

CLAUDE on *Comp. of Ser.* c. 2.

† In an assembly of people professing the doctrines of the church of England, it is not less impertinent to insist on the proofs of the trinity than on those concerning the existence of a God.

‡ See several instances of this kind in Mr. ROBINSON's notes on *M. Claude's Essay*.

kind. * There is one of Maffillon upon the story of the woman of Samaria, which will afford a tolerable specimen. "I find here," says the preacher, "three reasons for resisting the grace of Christianity: 1st, her station or condition; *How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?* 2d, the difficulty; *the well is deep, &c.* 3d, the variety of opinions; *our fathers worshipped on this mountain, &c.*" The heads of the discourse are extremely well chosen; but it is obvious, that the application of the text to them is mere trifling; a sport of the fancy in opposition to every principle of reason, and contrary to that seriousness and respect, with which the word of God ought ever to be treated.

Lastly. Unity and simplicity are in every case essential to perfection. A sermon must have one determinate end and object; must be confined to the explaining of a single doctrine, or the enforcing of some one virtue. An accumulation of thought always oppresses the human mind; and, where there are too many arguments or precepts, there is a great chance that none of them will be remembered. † Those preachers, who attempt to crowd the whole duty of a man, moral and religious, into a single sermon, can only be compared to their brethren of the laity, who pretend to cure all diseases by a single nostrum. By thus attempting to give you every thing, they in fact give you nothing: and

* Those critics, whose complaisance or whose indolence has induced them to take their opinion of Gallic eloquence from the critics of that nation, have rashly assigned the preference to the oratory of the French pulpit. I have gone through the drudgery of perusing all the most celebrated of their preachers; and I will not hesitate to declare, that, except a sermon or two of Maffillon, there are scarcely any which deserve, I will not say to be compared with the English preachers, but to be read at all. They are in general written, indeed, in a style of animated rhetoric, but altogether in a bad taste. They abound in points, antitheses, and conceits. But, their great defect is a poverty of matter. It is difficult, through the mass of words, to find any ideas at all; and, when you have found them, as Gratiano says, "they are not worth the search."

† "Propose one point in one discourse, and stick to it; a hearer never carries away more than one impression."

PALEY'S *Ordination Serm.*

and we find that, however they vary their texts, the sermon is always the same; the same trite chain of general sentiments, without any specific or useful instruction whatever.

By recommending an attention to the origin of the institution, I may seem to have insinuated, that a long text is generally preferable to a short one. I have however found it otherwise by experience, and have seldom known the former either useful or agreeable. A long text frequently involves such a number of propositions as must effectually destroy the unity of a discourse: besides, that a text, when well-chosen, and not too long, will commonly be remembered, and of itself will make a distinct and useful impression on the hearers.

The contrary error is, however, still more reprehensible. It is one of the mean artifices of barren genius, to surprize the audience with a text consisting of one or two words. I have heard of a person of this description, who preached from the words "Jehovah Jireh," and another, from the monosyllable "But." * These are contemptible devices, more adapted to the moving theatre of the mountebank than to the pulpit, and can only serve to captivate the meanest and most ignorant of the vulgar. †

III. OF ARRANGEMENT.

With respect to ARRANGEMENT, it will also be necessary to have some regard to what has been remarked concerning the origin of preaching. It is evident that, when a sermon is explanatory or illustrative of Scripture,

* He perhaps might justify himself upon the same principle with Dr. Eachard's divine, who made AND one of the heads of his discourse, adding: "this word is but a particle, and a small one: but small things are not to be despised: MART. xviii. 20. *Take heed that ye despise not one of these LITTLE ones.*" *Contempt of the Clergy*, p. 82.

† "Never choose such texts as have not a complete sense: for, only impertinent and foolish people will attempt to preach from one or two words, which signify nothing." CLAUDE, c. 1.

"Give me a serious preacher, (says Fenelon,) who speaks for my sake, and not for his own."

ture, it ought to follow the order and spirit of the text. When it is not so, it must follow that order, which is dictated by sound logic, and the laws of composition. There are some texts, which contain several members, or inferior propositions, such is that of Micah vi. 8. "What is required of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Such is that of St. Paul, 1 Cor. xiii. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself," &c. and these naturally divide themselves. Though I think young preachers ought to be cautioned rather to follow the order of the sense than of the words. Again, there are some texts, which as it were carry the preacher along with the course of the narrative: of this we have an example in Massillon's sermon on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Some texts, according to the nature of the subject, will only admit of two divisions, even when they seem to contain more parts or members: for instance, Bishop Taylor's famous sermon on Matt. xvi. 26. "What shall a man profit, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Here the preacher divides his sermon into two parts; and first inquires into the value of the world, and how far a man may be profited by the possession of it; and, secondly, he inquires into the nature and value of a soul, and the loss to be sustained in parting with it.*

There

* Sermons will perhaps admit of another classification. 1st. When the discourse is altogether an explanation or elucidation of the text. 2d. When a practical application is to be drawn from the text. And, 3dly. When both these objects are united: and I apprehend it will be found the most acceptable mode of preaching on doctrinal texts, or those which require explanation, to endeavour, towards the close of the discourse, to draw some practical inference from it.

Vitringa's rules, for preaching on doctrinal texts, are:—"1st. State the doctrine clearly. 2d. Prove and illustrate it by parallel texts; and, if possible, by reasoning. 3d. Vindicate it, if you think any of your auditors deny it. 4th. Bring it home to the heart." ROBINSON'S Claude, Vol. I. 402.

"The Sermons of the 3d century (says Mr. Robinson) are divisible into three general parts. 1st. A short introduction. 2d. An expo-

There are, however, texts which contain only one simple proposition. In this case, the sermon assumes the form of an essay; and the judgment of the author must direct him to that arrangement, which appears most commodious. For instance, if the purpose of the discourse be to recommend the practice of some moral virtue, the preacher may first state its general utility to mankind; afterwards its necessity, according to the law of God; and, lastly, he may enforce it in a particular address to his hearers, founded on the preceding arguments.

The sermons of the last century in general consisted of too many divisions. The hearers were bewildered in pursuing the arrangement of the preacher, and lost the sentiments while they were attending to the order of the discourse. There are indeed some sermons, which only deserve the name of heads of an oration. The moderns have fallen into an opposite extreme, namely, a total neglect of order and method. Common sense points out a middle course: it is obvious, that a few natural and easy divisions assist the memory; while it is commonly perplexed and confused by too many.

Thus far as to the arrangement of sermons in particular; but there is an arrangement, or order, of a general nature, which must be attended to in every composition; and is absolutely necessary to be observed in those discourses, which are founded upon such texts as contain a simple proposition, and therefore treat of the virtues or vices, or of the particular doctrines of religion in an abstract manner, and without any regard to the literal order of the text. Perhaps the simplest division is that of Aristotle,* into, the EXORDIUM, which introduces the speaker and the subject; the PROPOSITION, which explains the design of the oration; the PROOF, or argument, which supports it; and the CONCLUSION, which applies it directly to the audience.

I. With

“fiction of the text. And, last, a moral exhortation arising out of the “discussion.” Ib.

* Rhet. L. iii. c. 13.

I. With respect to the **EXORDIUM**, or introduction, the first rule is, that it be very *clear*. For, as the intent of it is to prepare the minds of the hearers, if any thing abstruse or paradoxical occur, there will be some danger of alienating their minds in such a manner, that they will probably not be able to recover their attention during the whole discourse. For this reason, long sentences ought to be avoided, as they are apt to perplex the understanding, as well as to fatigue the ear, and run the speaker out of breath before he is properly entered upon his subject.

In the second place, an exordium should always be cool, temperate, and modest. The exordium of Sterne to his sermon on the house of mourning,—“That I deny,”—is a paltry artifice, unworthy the imitation of any man of taste or genius. Indeed I know no author so likely as Sterne to corrupt the style and taste of his readers; all his writings are full of trick and affectation, (the very opposite of those chaste models of eloquence which antiquity has transmitted to us,) and are at best only calculated to excite the momentary admiration of the unthinking part of mankind.

Thirdly. It is remarked by Cicero, that a commonplace exordium, such as the following, “Happiness is the great end and aim of all human pursuits,” is generally a token of a barren genius, and has therefore a very ill effect. As the whole oration is necessarily confined within very narrow limits, that exordium, which leads most directly to the subject, is certainly to be preferred.

Fourthly. An exordium should be agreeable and easy. The pleasing is absolutely necessary to conciliate the good opinion of every audience.

Fifthly. I would recommend brevity as a particular excellence on the present occasion. It was the usual custom of the old divines to introduce their discourses by a long historical or explanatory exordium, setting forth the state and circumstances of the person to whom the text related, &c. &c. which was nothing more than retailing the history of the Bible, in language al-

ways inferior, and frequently very indifferent and homely : as our auditors, however, are not quite so patient, these tedious introductions are necessarily and properly laid aside.*

I would wish one point to be particularly adverted to in this place ; and that is, that the eloquence of the pulpit is essentially different from that of political assemblies. In the latter it may be proper, and is probably sometimes absolutely necessary, to preface a motion or argument by some account of the speaker and his motives. In the pulpit, there can be nothing so disgusting, so impertinent, and so vulgar, as egotism. The preacher should never appear himself, he is only the representative of another ; he comes to explain the word of God, and not to sacrifice to his own vanity. The long introductions of Cicero or Demosthenes are therefore not to be imitated by pulpit-orators.

II. The necessity of acquainting the audience with the design of the speaker is so obvious, that little need be urged on the subject of the PROPOSITIVE part of a discourse. If any definitions of terms be required, (as may be the case, when the text is liable to be misunderstood, or when some material doctrine depends upon the interpretation of that passage of Scripture,) it will be proper to introduce them in this part ; since, if deferred to the middle or the conclusion, they may chance to prove soporiferous. In truth, I do not know any thing more disgusting than insisting too much on the definition of single terms. M. Claude, who appears in general to have had very just notions of preaching, errs greatly against simplicity in this respect. In one
of

* Brevity, in every part of a composition designed for the pulpit, appears to have been at all times a considerable *dejaeratum* with great numbers of the people. Frequent exhortations to hear patiently the word of God occur in the writings of the fathers, and various stratagems were used to detain their auditors till the close of the service, even so far as to lock the doors of the church and confine them. These ingenious devices were enforced by ecclesiastical laws ; and the 4th council of Carthage enacted, that those who shewed a contempt for the discourses of their teachers should be excommunicated from the church. Cyprian. Vit. Cesar, c. 12. Conc. Carth. 4. Can. 24.

of the outlines of sermons, which he exhibits as models, from a single expression in the text, "Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross," he takes occasion to introduce a long dissertation on sanctification, another on affliction; and the plan of the discourse, according to his arrangement, contains the substance of at least four moderate sermons.

III. The PROOFS, or argumentative part, must entirely depend upon the nature of the subject. There is an excellent collection of topics upon moral subjects in Aristotle's Rhetoric; but Bishop Wilkins's Ecclesiastes, or Gift of Preaching, is one of the most ingenious books that I have seen for the assistance of young preachers.

I cannot pass this opportunity without again recommending, in the strongest terms, an attention to *unity*. Without this, a composition (if indeed it deserve the name) can never be useful; and least of all a composition which is to be heard, and not studied. A good sermon must have a single object, the more simple the better; and every part of the discourse must tend to impress this object forcibly on the mind. It is almost unnecessary to add, that a judicious preacher will form a sort of climax in his reasoning, and reserve his most forcible arguments for the last. The argument ought also to be full and pointed. I have heard sermons, in which, after the principal matter was closed, a tail, or codicil, containing something not very essential to the subject, succeeded, which, like Pope's Alexandrine,

— "dragg'd its slow length along."

There is a very good receipt for sermon-making in M. Claude's Essay on that subject. I would even advise the unpractised student to adopt occasionally some of his topics, and form them into sermons, in the order which he has prescribed; this exercise will tend to give him just notions of method, and a facility in arranging his ideas: and will not only be more improving, but more creditable than the usual practice of transcribing printed sermons.

Another practice, which I would recommend to young divines, is, before they sit down to compose a sermon, to read some of the best authors, who have treated of the same subject; to close the books, and endeavour to throw the matter into that order, which appeared most perspicuous and pleasing. Reading different authors upon the subject will give a variety to their ideas; and, by writing without the books before them, the expression will at least be their own.

If, however, the young preacher be altogether diffident of his own powers; not willing to hazard original composition, and yet desirous of improvement; let him take the substance of his discourse from some approved commentary on the Scriptures, and occasionally enliven the explication by some remarks of his own. Let him draw a few practical inferences at the conclusion; and this will not only improve him in the knowledge of the Scriptures, but will gradually exercise his judgment, and form his taste for composition.

I must add, that most of the proofs, which Christian preachers introduce, ought to be scriptural proofs. If they preach morality, it must be the morality of the Gospel. Unless a sincere and fervent strain of piety pervade the whole composition, it will not, nor indeed ought it to meet with general regard. The sermons of Archbishop Secker are deserving of high commendation in this respect; but the most perfect models are to be found in a volume lately published by an amiable and accomplished prelate of our church.

IV. The CONCLUSION of a sermon should not (indeed, considering the present length of discourses, must not) be prolix. It ought in general to be practical; and it is obvious, that it requires a more animated style than any other part of the composition. I do not know a more useful form for a concluding address, than that which consists of a recapitulation of the principal matter of the sermon; indeed, if the subject be not very plain and obvious, such a conclusion is absolutely necessary. It serves not only to recal all the useful and striking passages to the minds of the audience, but gives them

them a clearer view of the whole than they would otherwise have, and impresses it on the memory.* Variety is however necessary; and, I confess, I do not know so great a blemish in Dr. Ogden's excellent sermons, as a want of variety in their conclusions. If the peroration do not consist of a recapitulation, it ought at least to proceed naturally and regularly from the subject.

On the whole, it is practice only, which can impart facility and method in the arrangement of our ideas. Rules can only serve to restrain the irregularities of the imagination. It would be impossible, in such a dissertation as the present, or indeed in any work of criticism, to furnish thoughts or sentiments. Since Mr. Addison recommended the practice, it is become very common among the clergy to preach from the sermons of approved authors, either by abridging them, or sometimes by transcribing them entire. The practice is, in my opinion, more for the benefit of the audience, than of the clergy themselves, though the former are the only persons likely to complain.† What person of common sense, indeed, would not rather hear a sermon of Sherlock, of Secker, of Porteus, or of Blair, than the trite and unconnected jargon, with which we are generally assailed by the most popular preachers ‡ in the metropolis?

* It would not be easy for the popular preachers of the day to adopt this form, as their compositions are mere farragos, collected from all quarters of the globe, with no unity of subject, no regard to text, no express object whatever in view. I speak not of extempore preachers, since method is hardly to be expected from them: I speak of those who pretend to write, and would be thought very profound theologians.

† This practice is so far from novel, that it is of considerable antiquity in the church. Augustin rather commended than blamed those preachers, who, when conscious of their own inability to compose well, availed themselves of the performances of others. *Aug. Doctrin. Christ.* l. 4. c. 29.

‡ I would not be understood as applying this or any other term to the disparagement of any sect or denomination of Christians whatever. I trust a due consideration of the abstruse and difficult nature of those doctrinal points, which have been the objects of controversy in the Christian world, has taught me to treat with candour and indulgence the opinions of other men, or rather to request their candour and indulgence towards mine. There are quack-preachers of every denomination,

olis? If these men (whose voices are generally good, and whose manner, if not quite so affected, might be rather conciliating) would, in the room of their own bombast, favour their auditors with a good printed sermon, they would find that they might in general pass undetected, and their exhibitions would not be so uniformly disgusting as they are to persons of taste and erudition.

The most formidable objection against the use of printed sermons, is, that it removes the younger clergy out of the way of improvement, and probably produces a habit of indolence. When, however, they do not compose their own discourses, I would advise them to apply to approved authors, rather than to obscure or indifferent writers, as is frequently done to avoid discovery. It is much better to be sometimes detected, than to tire an audience by continually preaching indifferent matter: and the observation is but too true, that, where there is not genius to compose, there is seldom judgment to select.

IV. OF STYLE.

The third object, which I proposed to treat of in this dissertation, is **STYLE**. I must however premise, that in the compositions for the pulpit, as well as in every other, unless there be a ground-work of good sense and argument, unless there be solidity of reasoning and energy of sentiment, all the graces of style will be accumulated in vain.

The essentials of a good style, at least as far as regards the present subject, may be reduced to three: **PERSPICUITY**, **PURITY**, and a moderate portion of **ORNAMENT**.

I. PERSPICUITY

tion, Socinian and Calvinist, Arian and Arminian. The doctrines and mysteries of religion should always be treated with reverence and respect, however differently thought of by different persons. Mock paths, unconnected matter, jargon, and buffoonery, are human concerns, and are deserving of censure, wherever they are found to predominate,

I. **PERSPICUITY** is the first excellence of style : indeed I do not know so decisive a proof of genius. A smooth and polished diction, or pompous figures, are frequently the achievements of Dullness ; but it is the characteristic of Genius alone to flash conviction and instruction on the minds of the audience.* Perspicuity will depend, in the first place, on the *choice of words* ; and, secondly, on the *arrangement of them*.

As far as regards the *choice of words*, obscurity results, in the first place,

From obsolete or affected language, which is not generally understood. No person of taste would wish at present to imitate the language of our liturgy in the use of the word *prevent*,—"Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings ; nor in that of the word *after*,—"O Lord, reward us not after our iniquities." Many abuses of words have been introduced from the French idiom : Lord Bolingbroke, for instance, says, "by the persons I *intend* here," instead of I *mean*.—Analogous to this is the use of Latinisms, as *integrity* to denote *entireness*, *conscience* for *consciousness* : "The *conscience* of approving one's self a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompense for being so."†

Again, obscurity proceeds from the use of ambiguous or indefinite words. Examples of this occur in the following sentences : "As for such animals as are *mortal*, (or noxious,) we have a right to destroy them."‡ "The Christians rudely disturbed the *service* of paganism ; and, rushing in crowds round the tribunals of the magistrates, called upon them to pronounce and inflict the sentence of the law."§ Here it is not easy to define what *service* is meant, whether civil or religious. A similar ambiguity may be found in the same author. Speaking of the cruelty of Valentinian, the historian adds :—"The merit of Maximin,

* "By perspicuity, (says Quintilian,) care is taken, not that the hearer may understand, if he will ; but, that he must understand, whether he will or not."

† Spectator. ‡ Guard. 61, quoted by Dr. Campbell, Phil. of Rhet. § GIBBON'S Hist. c. 16.

“ Maximin, who has slaughtered the noblest families
 “ of Rome, was rewarded with the royal approbation
 “ and the prefecture of Gaul. Two fierce and enor-
 “ mous bears, distinguished by the appellations of In-
 “ nocence and Micaurea, could alone deserve to *share*
 “ the favour of Maximin.” * It is evident that we
 must have recourse to the context to understand that
 these creatures were not the favourites of Maximin,
 but of Valentinian. A writer on criticism has the fol-
 lowing sentence : “ There appears to be a remarkable
 “ difference betwixt *one of the first* of ancient and of
 “ modern critics.” † The embarrassment of this sen-
 tence would have been entirely avoided by inserting
 the words *one of the first* a second time, which probably
 an apprehension of offending the ear prevented.

The cases are so very numerous, in which an ill
 choice of words, or an imprudent use of them, may
 darken the expression, that it would be almost impossi-
 ble to prescribe any definite rules upon the subject.—
 Perfection in this respect is only to be acquired by prac-
 tice. Possibly the following remarks may be of some
 use to young writers. First. Endeavour to inform
 yourself perfectly concerning the etymology and mean-
 ing of words. Secondly. Consult the best modern au-
 thors, and observe their different applications. The
 original sense is not always a certain guide in the use
 of common words ; though, if nicely attended to, it
 will sometimes help us to the reasons of their applica-
 tion. Thirdly. Be not too anxious for variety of ex-
 pression. It is well observed by the Abbé Girard,
 that when a performance grows dull, it is not so much,
 because the ear is tired by the frequent repetition of the
 same sound, as because the mind is fatigued by the
 frequent recurrence of the same idea. Lastly. We
 cannot be too much on our guard against the vulgar
 idiom. Most writers who affect ease and familiarity in
 writing are apt to slide into it :

* But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 “ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.”

That

That ambiguity, as well as inaccuracy, is not uncommonly the effect of introducing the vulgar phraseology into written composition, is evident from the very incorrect and absurd use of the active verb *to lay*, instead of the neuter verb *to lie*. This solecism has arisen I presume from confounding the past tense of the latter with the present of the former verb. Let it be observed, however, that when a noun follows in the objective case, the verb active (*to lay*) may be used: as, *to lay down* an employment; and sometimes when the verb is reflected or neutralized; as,

“Soft on the flow’ry herb I found *me laid*.”*

But, to say “Death *lays* upon her like an untimely frost,” or to say “I have a work *laying* by me,” would be a gross and intolerable barbarism.

Perspicuity is injured by bad *arrangement*, in the following instances.

1st. By separating the adjective from its proper substantive: “they chose to indulge themselves in the hour of *natural* festivity.”—Better “in the *natural* hour of festivity.”

2dly. By using the same pronoun in reference to different persons or things in the same sentence: “and *they* did all eat and were filled: and *they* took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.”† By the last *they* it is difficult to say who are meant, the multitude or only the disciples. The following sentences are faulty on account of an indiscreet use of the relative. Speaking of Porto Bello: “this celebrated harbour, *which* was formerly very well defended by forts, *which* Admiral Vernon destroyed in 1740, seems to afford an entrance 600 toises broad; but is so straitened with rocks that are near the surface of the water, that it is reduced to a very narrow channel.”‡ Better thus: “this celebrated harbour was defended, &c.” “It seems to afford, &c.”—“This activity” drew

* Milton.

† MATT. xiv. 20.

‡ JUSTAMOND’S Trans. of *Baynal*, B. 7.

“ drew great numbers of enterprising men over to
 “ Virginia, who came either in search of *fortune*, or of
 “ *liberty*, which is the only compensation for the want
 “ of it :” *—here the two antecedents are so confound-
 ed, that it requires a pause to distinguish them, and
 the construction is very ungraceful as well as obscure.
 One mode of avoiding ambiguity in this case will be,
 when two antecedents occur, putting one of them, if
 possible, in the plural, and the other in the singular
 number.

3dly. Obscurity is produced by separating the adverb
 and the adjective, or the adverb and the verb. Ex. “ A
 “ power is requisite of fixing the intellectual eye upon
 “ successive objects so steadily, as that the *more* may
 “ never prevent us from doing justice to the *less* im-
 “ portant.” † “ His subject is precisely of that kind,
 “ which a daring imagination could *alone* have adopt-
 “ ed :” ‡—here it is not accurately defined whether a
 daring imagination *only* could have adopted, &c. or
 whether it could have adopted that subject *only*, and
 no other. “ He conjured the senate, that the purity
 of his reign might not be stained by the blood *even* of a
 guilty senator :” §—the arrangement would be more
 perfect, “ by the blood of even a guilty senator.” “ He
 “ atoned for the murder of an innocent son, by the
 “ execution, perhaps, of a guilty wife :” ||—the doubt
 in this sentence may apply to the reality of the execu-
 tion. “ Their intimacy had commenced in the hap-
 “ pier period, *perhaps*, of their youth and obscurity.” ††

4thly. The following is an example of ambiguity
 arising from the wrong position of a conjunction. The
 historian, speaking of an impolitic edict of Julian, thus
 expresses himself : “ He enacted *that*, in a time of
 “ scarcity, it (corn) should be sold at a price, which had
 “ seldom been known in the most plentiful years.” |||
 A common reader would infer from the above, that it
 was a standing order, that corn should in every time of
 scarcity

* *Ib.* † OGILVIE on *Orig. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 94. ‡ *Ib.*
 § GIBSON'S *Hist.* c. iv. ad fin. || *Ib.* c. 18. †† *Ib.* ||| *Ib.*

scarcity be sold cheaper than in a time of plenty, which does not appear from the context to be the intention of the author. Speaking of parents misjudging of the conduct of schoolmasters, a modern author on education adds: "It has broke* the peace of many an ingenious man, who had engaged in the care of youth, and paved the way to the ruin of hopeful boys." It is not perfectly clear whether the circumstance or the master "paved the way, &c." It is impossible to decipher the following sentence. Respecting the Pennsylvania marble, of which chimney-pieces, tables, &c. are made, the historian adds: "These valuable materials could not have been found in common in the houses, *unless* they had been lavished in the churches." †

5thly. Perspicuity is injured very frequently by the fear of concluding a sentence with a trifling word; but surely, however ungraceful, a confused style is a much greater blentish. "The court of chancery," says a respectable author, "frequently mitigates, and breaks the teeth of the common law." From this sentence it might be inferred, that it *mitigated* the teeth. Better, therefore: "frequently mitigates the common law, and breaks the teeth of it," or "its teeth."

6thly. It is an old observation, that the desire of brevity generally induces obscurity. This is exemplified in many forms of expression, to which habit serves to reconcile us, but which are in themselves really ambiguous. Thus we speak of "the reformation of Luther;" which, if the circumstance were not well understood, might mean the reformation of the man, instead of the reformation of the church.

7thly. An error opposite to this is long sentences and parentheses. Long periods, however, seldom create obscurity, when the natural order of thought is preserved; especially if each division, clause, or member of the sentence, be complete in itself. It is in general the insertion of foreign matter, and parenthetical sentences, that confuse a style. From

* Broke instead of broken; is bad grammar.

† JUSTAMOND'S *Raynal*, B. 12.

From these few observations concerning perspicuity, it will be sufficiently obvious, that the obscurity of some preachers does not result from the profundity and sublimity of their matter, (as they would wish us to believe,) nor yet altogether from a confusion of ideas, but frequently from a turbid and perplexed style. In general, however, we may safely lay it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that the sermon, which is not clear and intelligible, is the worst of sermons: since, however trite the matter, however vulgar the language, if it be understood, something may still be gleaned from it.

II. The second essential of a good style, which I pointed out, was PURITY, or elegance. The style of sermons, I am ready to grant, ought to be suited in general to the audience. But there is a certain style, which is adapted to people of almost all descriptions: that, I mean, which equally avoids technical and affected expressions, and those which are mean and vulgar. In pursuing this subject, that I may not fatigue the reader with new distinctions, I shall follow the method which I adopted in the former case, and shall first consider purity of style as relating to the choice of words; and, next, as to the arrangement of them.

The offences against PURITY of style, as far as respects the *choice of words*, may be reduced to the following heads. 1st. *Obsolete* or uncommon expressions.* 2d. *Vulgarisms*. 3d. *Jargon*, or *cant*.

1st. In an age of novelty we have very little to apprehend from obsolete expressions. Scarcely any person, who is at all conversant with polite company, would use such expressions as *behoof*, *behest*, *peradventure*, *fundry*, *anon*, &c. It is not a very easy matter to determine the era of pure English; but I think we should not look further back than the Revolution: Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Hobbes, and even Temple, are scarcely to be considered as authorities in this respect.

Contrary

* "In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

"Alike fantastic, if too new or old.

"Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,

"Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Contrary to this, is the more fashionable error of using affected language, and particularly Gallicisms. This nation has been little indebted to the literature of France; and we have no occasion to change the bullion of our language for the tinsel of theirs. Dr. Campbell has, with great accuracy, collected a variety of these new imported phrases, which he very properly calls, "stray words, or exiles," that have no affinity to our language, and indeed are no better than insects of the day. It is of the utmost importance to literature to adopt some standard of language; there is no setting bounds to the liberty of coining words, if it be at all admitted; and, in that case, the invaluable productions of our ancestors will soon become totally unintelligible.

2d. But the more dangerous vice, because it is the more common, and especially among the popular preachers of the day, is VULGARITY. Some instances of this, however, are to be found in very approved authors, and seem to demonstrate how necessary it is to be on our guard against it. Lord Kaims speaks of the comedies of Aristophanes *wallowing* in looseness and detraction,* (which is moreover a false metaphor;) of "the *pushing* genius of a nation; † of a nation being "devoid of *bowels*," ‡ &c. The following phrase is surely intolerably low for serious composition: "To imagine that the gratifying of any sense, or the indulging of any delicacy in meat, drink, or apparel, is in itself a vice, can never *enter into a head* that is not disorder-ed, &c." § Dr. Beattie is not free from such expressions as "a *longwinded* rhetorician," "screaming and *squalling*," &c. and Dr. Blair speaks of a circumstance *popping out* upon us; of Milton having *chalked out* a new road in poetry; of Achilles *pitching upon* Briseïs, &c.** — Perhaps nothing but good books and

* *Sketches of Man.* † Ib. B. ii. §. 7. ‡ Ib. B. vii. § 7.

§ HUME'S *Ess. on Refinement in Arts.*

** These and many other inaccuracies are pointed out in a very excellent critical examination of Dr. Blair's Lectures, published in the Critical Review for October 1783. Mr Robinson's translation of Claude is very faulty in this respect: he speaks of a *knack* of doing things; of *sticking fast*, for adhering to; of the *old setter* the bishop; instead

and good company can purify the style from coarse and vulgar expressions; sometimes, indeed, the aptness of these words renders it difficult to reject them. When, however, we meet with a low word, we ought diligently to look for one synonymous to it. It would probably be a very improving exercise to make a collection, as they occur, of choice and elegant expressions, which may be employed instead of the common and colloquial. Thus, for *heaping up*, we may use ACCUMULATING; for *shunned*, AVOIDED; for to *brag*, to BOAST; for their *bettors*, their SUPERIORS; for I *got rid of*, I AVOIDED. A polite writer, instead of saying he is *pushed on*, will say IMPELLED; instead of *go forwards*, or *go on*, PROCEED; instead of you *take me*, you UNDERSTAND; instead of I *had as lief*, I should LIKE AS WELL; instead of a *moot point*, a DISPUTED point; instead of *pro & con*, on BOTH SIDES; instead of *by the bye*, BY THE WAY, (though I do not much like either;) instead of *shut our ears*, CLOSE our ears; instead of *fell to work*, BEGAN. Some words it will be better to omit; as, instead of saying, "he has a considerable *deal* of merit," say, "he has considerable merit."

When an idiom can be avoided, and a phrase strictly grammatical introduced, the latter will always be most graceful: for instance, it is more elegant to say, "I *would* rather," than "I *had* rather." This idiom probably took its rise from the abbreviation *I'd*, which in conversation stands equally for I *would*, or I *had*.

When a substitute cannot be found for a mean word, it is better to reform the sentence altogether, and to express it by a periphrasis: one such "fly will mar" "the ointment" of the most harmonious periods.

3d. Nothing, however, can be more opposite to purity or elegance of style, than the unmeaning JARGON, which low and illiterate preachers introduce, sometimes in order to assume an air of erudition.* Such phrases

as

instead of to re-examine, he uses to *call over*; instead of to deceive, to *gull*; for being exasperated, *ready to go mad*.

* "There is a sort of divines, who, if they do but happen of an unlucky hard word all the week, think themselves not careful of their flock

as creaturely comforts ; man-God ; everlasting ubiquity ; celestial panoply ; Triune-God ; &c. &c. are barbarisms not to be endured.* Indeed, were I to detail the instances of this depraved phraseology, I should scarcely be less disgusting than those who employ it. Similar to these are the endearing diminutives, the compound epithets, such as *life-giving*, *soul-saving*, &c. and the fulsome repetition of the most sacred names, introduced by some preachers. *Unaffected* is an epithet, appropriated in a manner to real devotion, which is displayed in actions, and in sentiments, and not in words ; indeed I do not know, whether the too frequent and familiar introduction of the most solemn expressions, even in the pulpit, may not serve to lessen, rather than to increase our respect for the great object of Christian worship.

PURITY of style, as far as respects *arrangement*, is equally violated by affected stateliness, and by negligence and incorrectness. Of the former kind are the following instances.

1st. Placing the nominative case after the verb. Ex. "Wonderful are the effects of this passion in every view." "Not a little elegant is this manner of writing."†

2dly. The objective case in the beginning of the sentence. "Varieties of national character we observe imprinted on the physiognomy of nations."‡ And not unlike this is Mr. Gordon's very depraved construction in his translation of Tacitus : "At this time war there was none."

3dly. The

"flock, if they lay it not up till Sunday, and bestow it among them in their next sermon." EACHARD'S *Contempt of the Clergy*, p. 46.

* "Among *hard words*, I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them ; which I am sure is not." SWIFT'S *Letter to a young Clergyman*. "I believe, I may venture to insist, further, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul," (he means in our antiquated translation of the apostle's writings,) "might, with more discretion, be changed into plainer speech." lb.

† Translation of Trapp's *Prælectiones*.

‡ DUNBAR'S *Essays*.

3dly. The objective case before the imperative mood. "How many nations have certainly fallen from that importance, which they had formerly borne among the societies of mankind, let the annals of the world declare."*

I know nothing that more enfeebles a style, than beginning sentences with connective particles, such as *and, though, but, however, therefore, &c.* It seems to put the reader out of breath, and partakes in some measure of the ungracefulness and confusion of long sentences. It also destroys that compactness, which gives energy to style. These circumstances have made it common to introduce the connective as the second or third word of the sentence: and the same reasons are almost equally forcible against the use of relatives in the beginning of sentences.

It has also been generally esteemed ungraceful to conclude a sentence with a preposition or a trifling word. The auxiliary verbs are generally very bad conclusions. *Ex.* "If this affects him, what must the first motion of his zeal be?"†

Lastly. There is often inelegance in placing the adverb before the auxiliary verb, as in the following instance: "the question stated in the preceding chapter never has been fully considered."‡ It would, I think, be better, "has never been fully, &c."

It would be impossible on this occasion to descend to a very minute detail. A good ear, and the perusal of good authors must unite to form a good taste in this particular. Pedantry, however, more frequently misleads us than any other cause. The style of female writers flows easier, and is commonly more harmonious, than that of professed scholars: one general rule may indeed be admitted: in narrative or plain didactic composition, in those which are intended merely to convey information, the natural order of the words is to be preferred; but, when passion or sublimity is the object, this order may be departed from, and a sentence must

* *Ib.*

† ROBINSON from Massillon.

‡ LORD MONBODDO, *Orig. and Prog. Lang. c. ii.*

must never conclude with a weak member or a trifling word. As perspicuity demands that enough shall be displayed in the first part of the sentence to make the aim of it manifest ; so elegance and vivacity demand a degree of energy at the termination of it in order to leave an impression on the mind. Sometimes, however, in very animated expression, it has a good effect to place the emphatic word the first in order, as : *Blessed* is he " that cometh in the name of the Lord."— "*Silver and gold* have I none, but such as I have I give thee." In this last sentence, the eager expectation, and the imploring look of the beggar naturally lead to a vivid conception of what was in his thoughts ; and this conception is answered by the form, in which the declaration of the apostle is couched.

III. As a sermon is an oratorical composition, as it is intended for a popular assembly, and ought to interest the attention at least of the auditors, perspicuity and purity of style are scarcely sufficient commendations. It should be calculated not only to instruct, but to persuade ; not only to inform the judgment, but to conciliate the passions. Some degree of RHETORICAL EMBELLISHMENT, therefore, becomes absolutely necessary ; and it is one of the most difficult points to determine the nature, as well as the degree of this embellishment.

It is obvious that the ornaments of oratory are materially different from those of poetry. The aim of the former is to inform and persuade ; of the latter to amuse. The one addresses the judgment and the passions ; the other, the fancy. The one requires the utmost perspicuity ; in the other, some degree of obscurity is frequently a beauty : a different choice and selection of the imagery and figures, which are employed, becomes therefore requisite in these different forms of composition.

The elegance of poetry frequently depends upon the happy application of imagery assumed from natural objects : the imagery proper for oratory is the imagery of sentiment. In the one, the woods, the plains, the fountains, and the hills, the expanded ocean,

serenity of the heavens, are the most striking objects; in the other, the human passions and pursuits, the fate of empires, the revolutions of fortune, and the uncertainty and variation in human affairs.

The *comparison*, which is frequently one of the most engaging figures in poetry, and affords the fullest scope for luxuriant description, is in general too cold and formal for oratory. The beauty of *metaphors* will frequently be lost in an attention to the subject, or in the warmth of the enunciation; and *allusions* and *metonymies* will rather obscure than enlighten the subject. *Personification* is still more allied to obscurity; and *allegory* is least adapted of all to this species of composition. Instead of this play of the imagination, the orator must employ a force and energy of expression, a warmth of sentiment, and the stronger figures of *iteration*, *exetesis*, and *climax*.* In the use of these, however, he must be extremely cautious; for they are dangerous in the hands of the unskilful, and require the nicest taste in the application of them.

After all, it is a question, whether the modern compositions

* The following is a fine instance of what I call the ITERATION, or repetition.—“I have slain, I have slain, not a Sp. Mælius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who seditiously disposed his colleague from the magistracy; but I have slain the man, whose adulteries our noblest matrons discovered in the sacred recesses of the gods; the man, by whose punishment the senate so frequently determined to expiate the violation of the most solemn rites; the man, who by the hands of his slaves expelled a citizen, who was esteemed by the senate, by the people, by every nation upon earth, the preserver of the city; the man, who gave and took away kingdoms, and distributed the world at his pleasure; the man, who defiled the forum with blood; the man, who fired the temple of the nymphs; in a word, the man who governed himself by no principle, who acknowledged no law, who submitted to no limitation.” Cic. *pro Milone*. The writings of St. Paul abound in these bold figures, particularly the *anaphoras*, of which there are some uncommonly animated examples: “What! have ye not, how often, eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not.” 1 Cor. xii. 27. The following is an example of the three figures united: “Are they Hebrews? so am I: are they Israelites? so am I: are they the seed of Abraham? so am I: are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more, &c.” 2 Cor. xi. 22, 23.

positions of the pulpit are not rather to be blamed for too much than for too little affectation of ornament. In this case, perhaps, negative instruction may be the most useful; and to shew what a style ought not to be, may answer a better purpose, than an imperfect endeavour to describe all the excellences and graces which a lively imagination and a fine taste may invent.

In the first place, the popular harangues of the day have more of poetry than of oratory in them, if false metaphor, inconsistent allegory, and in all respects "prose run mad," can have any claim to that appellation. Not satisfied with adopting whimsical allusions, they pursue them to an extreme of absurdity:

"And ductile dulness new meanders makes,

"And one poor word a thousand senses takes."

It can be no gratification to a rational mind to give pain, otherwise I could furnish specimens of this kind abundantly ridiculous. § Figures, which have no ingenuity to recommend them, but are trite and common, ought carefully to be avoided!

Secondly. One of the most glaring vices of bad orators

* "The ornaments of language generally cost the writer much trouble, and produce small advantage to the hearer. Let the character of your sermons be truth and information, and a *decent particularity*."
—PALEY'S Ordin. Sermon.

† "Another thing, that brings great disrespect and mischief upon the clergy, is their packing their sermons so full of *similitudes*; which all the world know, carry with them but very small force of argument, unless there be an exact agreement with that which is compared; of which there is very seldom any sufficient care taken." EACHARD'S *Contempts*, &c. p. 58.

‡ "This is almost the perpetual vice of mean and low preachers; for, when they catch a figurative word, or a metaphor, as when God's word is called a *fire*, or a *sword*; or the church a *house*, &c. they never fail to make a long detail of conformities between the figures and the subjects themselves, and frequently say ridiculous things." ROBINSON'S *Claude*, c. ii.

§ It would be no very difficult matter to parallel the following specimens, which Dr. Eachard has quoted from the popular orators of his day.

"'Tis reported of a tree growing upon the bank of the Euphrates, that it brings forth an apple, to the eye very fair and tempting, but inwardly

ators is the exclamation : —“ Oh ! * my beloved Christians !” “ Ah ! my dear hearers !” “ How delightful ! how enlivening ! how wonderful ! how stupendous !” Such unmeaning phrases as these fill up all the blanks of their discourses, and stand in the place of sense and sentiment ; to the critical eye, however, they never fail to discover “ the nakedness of the land,” and to exhibit the preacher labouring at a strain of pathos, which he is not able to effect. There is no figure which is so nearly allied to the frigid as this. It was therefore never admitted by the Greeks, and very rarely by the Roman orators.† It never appears in the discourses of Barrow, of Sherlock, and of Atterbury.—Whether our popular preachers have improved upon these models or not, the reader will be at no loss to determine.

Thirdly: It is a poor expedient, and frequently borders on the ridiculous, to introduce interlocutors in a sermon,

“ wardly it is filled with nothing but useless and deceitful dust.—Dust we are, and to dust we must all go.” *Contempt of the Clergy*, p. 62.
 “ I cannot omit that of the famous divine, who, advising the people in days of danger to run unto the Lord, tells them, that they cannot go to the Lord, much less run without feet; there are therefore two feet to run to the Lord, *faith and prayer*. ’Tis plain that faith is a foot; for, *by faith we stand*. 2 Cor. i. 24. The second is prayer, a spiritual leg to bear us thither: now, that prayer is a spiritual leg, appears from several places of Scripture, as from JONAH, c. ii. v. 7. *and my prayer came unto thy holy temple,*” &c. lb. p. 70.

Upon the text, MATT. iv. 25. *and there followed him great multitudes of people from GALILEE*. “ I discover, (says the preacher,) when Jesus prevails with us, we shall soon leave our GALILEES. I discover also (says he) a great miracle, viz. that the way after Jesus being *strait*, that such a multitude should follow him.” lb. p. 84

* There is not a word in the whole compass of the English language to which the popular preacher is under so many obligations as this small interjection. It intrudes itself upon all occasions, and if uttered with a proper vociferation, and a smart thump upon the breast, seldom fails to be followed by a reasonable number of groans and sighs from a certain part of the congregation. To every person, however, of taste and reflection, it only indicates a wish to be *passive without the power of being so*. This is not the oratory of Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke or Mr. Sheridan.

† See Lord Monboddo's *Orig. and Prog. of Lang.* vol. iii.

“ I know a gentleman, who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences, where he spied a note of exclamation at the end.” *Swifty Lett. to a young Clerg.*

sermon, and make speeches for the different characters. This artifice is generally adopted in order to display the theatrical gesture, and versatile talents of the preacher. It is impossible to see a good *religious face-maker* (as they are termed by the sagacious Dr. Eachard) perform one of these pulpit-farces, without shinking of the strolling player in Scarron, who acted a whole play himself, only varying his position, attitude and voice, according as he represented the King, the Queen, or the Ambassador. These minor orations are commonly very dull paraphrases of some animated passage of Holy Writ, and are sometimes no less inconsistent with decorum, than with the rules of chaste composition.

A fourth device of these flimsy orators, when in a strait for matter or sentiment, (which is often the case,) is to force in a huge Scripture quotation; no matter how foreign to the general subject of the discourse: it has an air of piety, and therefore generally imposes on the well-meaning, but undiscerning, part of the audience.

Young orators are generally fond of the sublime to a degree of enthusiasm, and are too apt to affect it when least qualified. They are therefore very liable to deviate into bombast. The marking characters of the bombastic, or false sublime, are: 1st. Words without a distinct appropriate meaning, which the author himself probably could not define, if he were called upon to do it. 2dly. Descriptions, which cannot be reduced to canvass, which exhibit no distinct and uniform picture. 3dly. Similes and figures disproportioned to the subject. 4thly. An abundance of redundant, and unmeaning epithets.

An error apparently opposite to this, but frequently united with it, is the *feeble* style. The characters of this are: 1st. Loose and disjointed sentences, without point or conclusion. 2dly. Common-place imagery and expressions. 3dly. Colloquial expressions: as, "Well, but says some objector," &c.

One of the most common and the most dangerous errors,

errors, however, is the *mock pathos*. Many (I doubt not well-intentioned) persons conceive that they are to go to church for nothing but to weep; and the pitiful methods employed by some preachers to excite their tears cannot fail to have a direct contrary effect with every rational person.* I am sensible that much will, in this case, depend upon the acting of a sermon, (as Dr. Waburton calls it.) I could mention a popular preacher, who regularly weeps at a certain period of his discourse, whether the subject be pathetic or not. The device generally succeeds with that part of the audience (and that is a pretty considerable portion) who pay no attention to the matter, and regard only the gesticulation of the preacher. This religious buffoonery, however, must necessarily disgust every judicious hearer; and the censure of one person of sense is, in my opinion, but weakly counterbalanced by the overflowing scale of vulgar popularity.

V. OF MANNER, OR DELIVERY.

In treating of MANNER, I shall endeavour to contract this dissertation within still narrower limits than I have done on the preceding topics: and for this plain reason, that I conceive it to be the least necessary.

More attention has lately been lavished upon this art, than upon the more substantial objects of criticism; and, after all, the careful observation of good speakers will do more than all the abstract study in the world.

Speaking is a practical art, and we might as well pretend to teach a young person to dance, as to speak, by books only.

The principal points to be observed on this subject are MODULATION, EMPHASIS, and ACTION:

First, with respect to MODULATION. It is evident, that the voice naturally assumes a different tone on different

* "A lady asked a certain great person, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving discourse?— Yes, said he, I was extremely sorry, for the man is my friend." SWISS, Lett. to a young Clerg.

ferent occasions. In common conversation, and in narrative, the voice flows in an even tenor, often approaching to monotony. In teaching or explaining, it is slower, more distinct, something more energetic, and rather less inclining to monotony. In extremes of passion, it is unequal, tremulous, and frequently interrupted. The great excellence of art is to reduce those observations, with which we are furnished by nature, to a regular system; and to produce on all occasions, what nature will do in its most perfect state.

The modulation suitable to the pulpit will be sufficiently apparent from these considerations. That violence of passion, which it is the excellence of a player to imitate, cannot possibly have any place there. The preacher's business is to argue, to convince, to persuade, not to storm or rage at his congregation. The raving and furious manner of some preachers may indeed, by mere dint of lungs, keep a congregation from dozing, but can neither inform nor conciliate any person of true taste or real piety.

Apparently opposite to this, though not seldom united in the same person, (for variety is the principal aim of these orators, though it be no more than a variety in absurdity,) is the *wbine*. Nothing surely can be more disgusting, nothing more inconsistent with the dignity of a public teacher, than to see a "robust perrwig-pated fellow,"* sobbing like an overgrown school-girl, and copying all the contortions of a player; when, in reality, the occasion for such excessive sorrow, or rather the affectation of it, cannot possibly occur, in a composition altogether of the didactic kind.

From the nature of his office, from the nature of his composition, the preacher should always, in his enunciation, study "to beget a temperance that may give it a smoothness."† Nothing can compensate for the loss of dignity; and the strong, energetic, yet temperate and even manner, is alone consistent with true dignity.

Above all things, the young preacher ought most carefully

* SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

† It

Carefully to avoid an unnatural or affected tone. At a period, when, from the frequency of theatrical exhibitions, the taste of the public, with respect to speaking, is much improved, such a defect will scarcely escape the censure of even the ignorant and vulgar. In fact, I never knew of but one instance to the contrary. I remember, some years ago, in a considerable town in the North of England, a person offered himself as a candidate for a living, who performed the service in a tone of voice, which could only be compared to very bad chanting; it favoured indeed more of the synagogue than of the cathedral; and the composition of his sermon was as unintelligible as his manner was extraordinary. The judicious electors, because the exhibition was uncommon, concluded that it must be something remarkably fine. They afterwards accidentally discovered their mistake, but not till it was too late to rectify it.

Secondly. It is obvious, that every person, in discoursing earnestly upon any subject, usually marks, by a certain force or inflexion of voice, the significant and energetic words and expressions; and, both the number of those expressions, and the force with which they are enunciated, increase in proportion to the passion or vehemence of the speaker.

Emphasis is either absolute or relative. Absolute emphasis depends upon the subject, and consists in laying a stress upon such words, as we would wish to be particularly marked, and remembered; such as are directly connected with the sense of the whole; and on which it seems, in some degree, to depend.

Relative emphasis has a respect to something immediately going before or coming after, on which the sense of the sentence depends. The whole point and force of the following sentence would be lost by a wrong emphasis: "Philosophy alone can boast, (and perhaps it is only the *least* of philosophy,) that her gentle hand is able to eradicate from the human mind the latent and deadly principle of fanaticism."* "Another

"*et*

* GIBBON'S Hist. c. xiv.

“er servant, being *his* Kinsman, whose ear Peter cut off:” here, unless a proper emphasis be laid, there will be some room for supposing, that the servant was the kinsman of Peter, and that he was actually the person, whose ear had been cut off. In the following lines, much obscurity may be produced by an improper emphasis :

“If clouds or earthquakes break not heaven’s design,
“Why then a Borgia or a Cataline?”

Unless the reader remembers, that the word *should* is understood, and reads the verses accordingly, the auditors might suppose the latter line to relate merely to the existence of a Borgia, &c.*

Sometimes half a sentence is emphatic with respect to the rest. Ex: “The *odia in longum jacens*, I thought had belonged only to the *worst character of antiquity*.”†

Unless each of these latter words be pronounced with equal force; the sense of the author will be destroyed, as will be evident by placing the emphasis on either *worst* or *antiquity*, and comparing it with the context.

The great use of emphasis is to render a discourse plain and intelligible to the auditors; and, consequently, that emphasis is most judicious, which is most discriminative. For this reason, I disagree with both Mr. Garrick and Dr. Johnson in their mode of accenting the latter commandments of the Decalogue. † “Thou shalt not steal,” for instance. Here Mr. Garrick placed the emphasis upon the auxiliary verb *shalt*, which was evidently wrong; as Dr. Johnson objected that the commandment was negative; and he accordingly

* If the great convulsions of nature, says Mr. Pope in this couplet, do not interrupt the order of Almighty providence, why should it be interrupted by the convulsions of the moral world; why should a Borgia or a Cataline not make a part of the plan and order of divine government, as much as those natural phenomena, the causes of which are now well understood, and which are known to be perfectly consistent with the general laws of nature?

† JUNIUS to Sir W. Draper.

‡ See Sir JOHN HAWKINS’s *Life of Dr. Johnson*.

ingly placed the emphasis upon *not*. It is plain, however, that this emphasis neither serves to explain the nature of the commandment, nor to point the attention to its principal object. The congregation are sufficiently aware, that the Decalogue consists of authoritative precepts, and therefore there cannot be the least necessity for dwelling upon the verb *shalt*; most of the commandments are of a negative kind, and of course there can be no occasion to make *not* the principal word in the sentence; and that, too, with a manifest risk that the principal object of the commandment shall not be heard, or at least not attended to. Besides this, we are so accustomed to what I call relative emphasis, that, by accenting either of those words, the ear is naturally led to expect something correspondent to them: thus, by saying "Thou shalt *not* steal," the auditor is induced to expect the antithetical *but*, with some correspondent appendage. The truth is, both these words should be pronounced with a full tone of voice; but, the real force of the emphasis ought to rest upon the word *steal*, or whatever word particularly distinguishes the commandment from the rest.

Thirdly. On the subject of ACTION, I find much to reprehend in most preachers, and I might add in most players also. The most general vice is *unmeaning* action. Mr. Garrick used less action than any performer I ever saw; but his action had always some meaning, it always spoke: and, by making use of less than other actors, it perhaps had the greater force.

In this case, some respect must be had to the character of the nation, which is gravity; some respect must be had to that which the speaker assumes: and a preacher of the Gospel is certainly the gravest of characters. Much action is expressive of levity, and therefore altogether inconsistent with both these circumstances. Besides, action is in general expressive of great passion, and therefore cannot be required, or even expected in a public speaker, whose business is only to teach or to explain.

Some kinds of action are in themselves ungraceful.

I have seen one preacher, whose hands were constantly employed, as if he were engaged in the occupation of a grave-digger ; and another, who seemed perpetually hammering nails into the pulpit. I know no attitude so completely disgusting as what I call the *spread-eagle* attitude, with both wings elevated as if in the action of flying : and I have heard of a certain preacher, who was ludicrously compared to a *tea-pot*, from the affected position in which he commonly addressed the multitude.

The meanest species of buffoonery is that of *acting your words* ; and yet I have known this practice confer some degree of popularity. To understand perfectly the absurdity of it, it is only necessary to observe it in excess. What should we think of the person, for instance, who, in reading the following lines, should think proper to represent the actions which they describe ?

“ Did some more sober critic come abroad,
“ If wrong, I *smil’d* ; if right, I *kiss’d* the rod.”

Or if, in reading the introductory sentence of the Common-Prayer, “ *Rend your hearts; and not your garments,*” a clergyman were to mimic these actions, should we not think he meant to ridicule either the liturgy or the congregation ? Depend upon it, it is not less essentially absurd, and only differs in degree, when the preacher, every time the heart is mentioned, claps his hand to his breast ; or, if he reads “ *the heavens declare the glory of God,*” thinks it necessary to raise his arm, as if pointing to a sign-post.

Every thing like affectation ought to be cautiously avoided.* If a preacher can unite good sense and piety with a style tolerably smooth and harmonious ; if his voice be not harsh or disgusting ; and if his delivery be easy and unembarrassed, he will find no need of flourishes

* “ Off come the gloves ; and, the hands being well chased, he “ shrinks up his shoulders, and stretches forth himself as if he were going to cleave a bullock’s head, or rive the body of an oak.” *Eachard’s Contempt of the Clergy.*

flourishes to render himself agreeable. Few can excel in the higher requisites of oratory : few can be fine speakers ; but all may be correct and agreeable speakers, if they will not be too ambitious of being fine speakers. If an orator once lose sight of nature, no exertion of art can compensate for the deviation.

It has been frequently debated, whether a sermon may be delivered to most advantage, perfectly extempore, from memory, or from written notes. I have tried all these methods ; and, from repeated experience, I do not hesitate to give the preference to the last. In speaking extempore, the mind is too intent upon the matter and the language, to attend to the manner ; and, though the emphasis will in general be right, this is more than counterbalanced by the defects in modulation, and by the want of that harmonious and full conclusion of the periods, which may be effected, when we are previously acquainted with the extent of the sentence. In delivering a composition by rote, the memory is so much upon the stretch, that a degree of embarrassment necessarily ensues. The success of the actors, I am aware, will form a strong objection to this observation ; but, let it be remembered, the speeches, which they have to commit to memory, are so short, that they will not bear any comparison with the delivery of a long and complex piece of composition : not to mention the aids, which they receive from what is called the *cue*, or the responses of the other characters, and from the constant attention of the prompter.

It was my intention to have concluded with a critical examination of the most approved specimens extant in this species of composition ; but I find I have already exceeded my limits, and, I fear, have exhausted the patience of the reader. Indeed I have been compelled, for the sake of brevity, to omit several remarks, which might have been useful to some, and acceptable to many persons ; and have confined myself to what I esteemed absolutely necessary.

To revert to a subject, which I formerly declined, because I apprehended it would be more properly introduced

duced in this place. The reader will do me injustice, if he conceives that this dissertation is meant either in apology or in commendation of the discourses which follow. On the contrary, I do not pretend to say, that my own writings, will, in all respects, stand the test of the rules which I have presumed to recommend. Many of these discourses were composed at an early period of life, before I had given that critical attention to the subject, which I have since bestowed upon it; and, after all, there are other qualities besides taste required to form good compositions; and it is easier to conceive of beauty and perfection in the abstract than practically to excel.

Should it be objected, that I ought to have deferred the publication, unless they appeared perfectly consistent with my notions of excellence, the answer is plain:—that it was possible they might possess some qualities, which, in my estimation, might counterbalance, in some measure, these defects. Thus far, at least, I will venture to allege in their favour, that they are adapted in general to the business of common life, and I think calculated to be practically useful. But it would be tedious and impertinent to enter into a minute detail of the motives which determined me to publish, or which influenced my choice in the selection of these discourses. However slender their claim upon the favour of the public, one good end at least will be answered by the publication. The first-fruits of every man's industry ought to be consecrated to his profession; and these sermons, and this dissertation will, I flatter myself, be sufficient to prove, that, whatever my other literary engagements, I have not been wholly inattentive to that object.

S E R M O N,

BY

G. GREGORY, D. D. F. A. S.

ON THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.*

LUKE XVI. 23, 24.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried, and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

So severe a sentence can scarcely fail to excite our attention, and to attract an inquiry into the nature of the crime. This suffering sinner,—Has he bowed the knee to Baal? Has he deserted or blasphemed the God of his fathers? Has he imbrued his merciless hands in the blood of the innocent? Has he feasted on the spoils of the fatherless and widow?—Attend but to his moans, ye men of the world, ye who imagine that a soft and luxurious life is a life of innocence, and that barely not to do evil is fulfilling the Gospel.

There was, says our blessed Lord, a certain rich man. But he has added nothing odious or disgraceful to this

* Preached, at the Foundling Hospital, March, 1785.

For the general outline of this Sermon I am indebted to MASSILLON. It is, however, no more than an imitation, and that a very free one, of the French orator. Probably the original may be much superior; for it is, I think, without exception, the best sermon in the French language: it would, however, have been too long for an English audience, if literally translated.

this circumstance. He has not told us that this man was indebted for his riches to flattery or any criminal means; or that he enjoyed with insolence what by baseness he had acquired. The silence of Scripture justifies us on this head.—He *was rich*.—He expended his wealth in a round of peaceful enjoyments; free from ambition, encircled with pleasures, exempt from care: and how few are there at this day in the world who possess the goods of fortune in more innocent circumstances? Nevertheless, mark the first cause of his reprobation! *He was rich*.

He was clothed in purple and fine linen. Yet we do not learn that in his pomp he exceeded the limits of his revenue; that the tradesman or artificer were sufferers by his ostentation and extravagance: we do not learn that he regarded his equals or inferiors with an eye of contempt, or that rapine was employed to nourish his vanity. *He was clothed in purple and fine linen.*—He loved parade and magnificence; and that, too, in an age when every thing contributed to this passion; when Religion herself was apparelled in the most gorgeous attire; and when piety was believed in a great measure to consist in a splendid temple, and in the majesty and sublimity of exterior ceremonies.

He fared sumptuously every day, continues the parable. But the law of Moses had not, as yet, imposed that rigid temperance which the purity of our religion recommends. *A land flowing with milk and honey* was one of the first promises made to the seed of Abraham, and one of their chief inducements to obedience. Nor do we find that this rich man is accused of having transgressed the law in this point, of having eaten of those viands the Jewish law-giver had prohibited, or broken through the rules of abstinence his religion had prescribed. *He fared sumptuously.*—Yet we have no absolute authority to charge him with gluttony. We are not informed that drunkenness or profaneness waited on his repasts, or that slander or ridicule made a part of the entertainment; that from one scene of debauchery he rushed to another; that he added avarice to vor-

luptuousness,

leptuousness, and sallied from the board of intemperance to the gaming-table; that he there associated with the most abandoned among mankind, and on the cast of a die hazarded that which ought to have afforded subsistence to poor and industrious multitudes, that with which he was intrusted for very different purposes.

In fine, he is not upbraided with impiety or irreligion. He is not called a cruel master, an undutiful child, a faithless husband, or a perfidious friend. He is not said to have made use of his riches to corrupt the integrity of others; to seduce and ruin unguarded innocence; to vex and distress his neighbour, to obstruct his projects, or to disconcert his measures. He was not envious or insatiable. He lived a life of ease and luxury; such a life as is conformable to the notions of those whom we denominate men of the world: a life, compared with that of many among us, blameless;—I should say, praise-worthy.

To this state of the question you will doubtless oppose his hard-heartedness towards Lazarus, his insensibility to the sufferings of those beneath him. You will assert your own title to the mercy and favour of God, since you have ever attended to the lamentations of distress.—You have bestowed much in charity.—To this I answer, such a conduct is not without its merits; but charity is of a still more extensive nature. Unless you possess a soul *meek, gentle, patient, not vaunting itself, not puffed up; though you give half your goods to feed the poor, and though you give your body to be burned, it profiteth nothing.* Alma-giving is indeed a necessary duty, but it does not involve the whole system of Christian benevolence. However, let us inquire a little further into the crime of this unhappy though rich man, and perhaps we shall find ourselves scarcely less culpable.

There was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, who was laid at his gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Here is indeed a picture, at which the indignant spirit of humanity at once catches the alarm, and every virtuous affection of the soul is excited to pity and to condemn.

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The rich, voluptuous, and sensual man, seated at his table that overflows with delicacies, and insensible to the misery of a fellow-creature, who is reduced to wish for a few crumbs to appease the sharpness of his hunger,—this is indeed a sight monstrous in the eyes of Religion and Charity. Nevertheless, if we examine a little more accurately, we shall find that our Lord does not represent the conduct of the rich man as an extraordinary and astonishing instance of barbarity, but as the ordinary proceeding of persons in a similar situation; the proceeding, in short, of a man careless, indolent, and unreflecting.

Lazarus was a common *beggar*; and men are usually less touched with the wretchedness of these, than with the indigence of those who only petition in secret. We are apt to persuade ourselves, that their importunities are only artifices to attract the attention of the wealthy. In short, most of those considerations, which render us deaf to the entreaties of the common mendicants and wanderers that appear about our doors, might serve, in like manner, to make him deny the request of Lazarus: and so far may serve in excuse for that want of common compassion, of which we are perhaps too ready to accuse him.

Lazarus was *laid at his gate full of sores*. Such an object, though it may draw a tear from the eye of reflection, is not always equally successful in working on the feelings of others. Such an object, laid daily at their gate, would offend the delicacy and provoke the indignation of many of the *rich men* of the present age. They would order the odious spectacle to be driven from their sight, and some insolent minister of their cruelty would add reviling to disappointment. But we do not read that the rich man in this parable so much as made use of an intemperate expression.

Not art we even informed that Lazarus made a personal application to the rich man. He desired, or wished, to be fed with the crumbs.—He perhaps was silent, and left his affliction, his infirmities, his sores, to plead for him: while the rank and engagements of the rich man

man did not allow him leisure to reflect on the misery of a poor beggar. And for this Abraham reproves him, as, one day or other, all the thoughtless and inattentive sons of pleasure and dissipation will be reprov'd at the judgment-seat of Christ: *Lazarus was naked, and you clothed him not; he was sick, and you visited him not; he was an-hungred, and you administered not to him.*—Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receiv'st thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

You, who have not as yet tasted the bitter draught of adversity; you, whose desires are gratified at a wish; you, who say to your soul, eat, drink, and be merry, there is much good laid up for thee for many years; you, who live for yourself, and take no thought for the sufferings of others:—Should you, after this, be led to inquire to whom the parable under our consideration is address'd, I answer, as the prophet to the king, *thou art the man.*—Thou hast overstepped the frugality and simplicity of thy ancestors; thou hast received thy good things, and thou hast made them subservient only to the gratification of thy passions; thou hast laid the foundations of thy happiness upon earth; there hast thou built a city; there hast thou placed thy utmost confidence. Come, then, and aid me while I shift the scene; while, with the evangelist, we pursue this thy predecessor to that after-state, where he is no longer clothed in purple and fine-linen, and fares no longer sumptuously, as he was wont. Attend, therefore, to the conclusion of the parable: *It came to pass that the beggar died:*—oppressed with years, with sickness, and with penury, he sinks beneath the burthen of calamity, and is conveyed, without pomp or solemnity, to the silent grave. But mark the change! *He was carried by the angels, into Abraham's bosom;* to those regions of bliss, the final reward of virtue, fortitude, and patience: There his tears are wiped away, his afflictions are consoled, his poverty is enriched, his humility is glorified, and his penitence rewarded with eternal felicity. *The rich man also died, and was buried.* Behold, then, every mark

of ostentation and magnificence which can accompany that last sad solemnity. The whole city is in motion; his vast possessions are the theme of universal conversation; his profusion and liberality are every where extolled: a train of affected mourners attend his bier; his relations strive to eternise his fame by pompous titles and inscriptions engraven upon brass and marble:—in vain; for all his glory must die with him. His very name is not handed down to us: *For the memory of the wicked perisheth with him, says the wise man; and these, who have sought wealth and honours, are passed away, says the son of Sirach, and are become as though they had never been born.* But, though sin is of this perishable nature here below, it is of but too fatal a duration in another state: for, the next place, in which we find the rich man, is hell: *and in hell he lifted up his eyes, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; and he cried, and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.* Such an image is too tremendous to dwell upon, and indeed I trust there are none among you so insensible as to require it to be heightened by the colouring of rhetoric. Let us, therefore, once more revert to the first object of this discourse, namely, an inquiry into the chief cause of his condemnation: and this appears, beyond all possibility of dispute, no other than a **LIFE OF INDOLENCE, THOUGHTLESSNESS, EFFEMINACY, AND LUXURY**; a life, unmarked with great crimes, but destitute also of virtues. Now, if such a punishment awaited the disciple of Moses, under a gross and carnal law,—what! think you that the disciple of CHRIST, under a law which is purity and spirituality itself, will be more favourably received than the rich voluptuary under the Jewish dispensation? We are commanded *to be perfect, even as our FATHER, who is in heaven, is perfect.* We have an example, which we are bound to follow, our great and blessed Master. But is it imitating him, my brethren, merely not to commit adultery, murder, sacrilege? Are these the bounds of Christian

Christian virtues ? Was CHRIST content with doing wrong to no man, with paying tribute to Cesar, with not being accused of any enormous sin ? Did he not subdue and mortify all earthly affections ? Did he not pray for his enemies ? Did he not *go about doing good* ? Was he not *meek and lowly of heart*, simple, disinterested, exact to fulfil the law to the minutest point ? Did he *love the world* ; he, who contradicted, fought, and overcame it ? Did he promise salvation to the worldly ; he, who has so repeatedly condemned them ? Did he declare in favour of riches ; he, who has execrated them ? In favour of honours and dignities ; he, who so studiously, so constantly, avoided them ? In favour of pleasures ; he, who despised them ?

Behold, then, our model ! and rest assured, that, in prosperity or adversity, in a court or in a cloister, unless we bear his image in our hearts, and are conformed to his likeness, we are in a situation but little preferable to that of the rich, but unfortunate, person, who has been the subject of this exhortation.

Extract of a

S E R M O N,

BY BEILBY PORTEUS, D. D.

ON THE LOVE OF PLEASURE.

YOU may be LOVERS OF PLEASURE ; it is natural, it is reasonable, for you to be so ; but you must not be LOVERS OF PLEASURE, MORE THAN LOVERS OF GOD. This is the true line that separates *harmless gaiety* from *criminal dissipation*. It is a line drawn by the hand of God himself, and he will never suffer it to be passed with impunity. HE claims, on the justest grounds, the first place in your hearts. His laws and precepts are to be the first object of your regard. And be assured, that by suffering them to be so, you will be no losers even in present felicity. It is a truth demonstrable by reason, and confirmed by invariable experience, that a perpetual round of fashionable gaiety, is not the road to real substantial happiness. Ask those who have tried it, and they will all (if they are honest) with one voice declare, that it is not. It is indeed in the very nature of things impossible that it should be so. This world is not calculated to afford, the human mind is not formed to bear, a constant succession of new and exquisite delights. To aim therefore at uninterrupted, unbounded gaiety, to make pleasure so necessary to your existence, that you cannot subsist one moment without it, is to convert every thing that is not absolute pleasure into

into absolute pain, and to lay the foundation of certain misery. Diversions are of too thin and unsubstantial a nature to fill the whole capacity of a rational mind; or to satisfy the cravings of a soul formed for immortality. They must, they do, tire and disgust; you see it every day; you see men flying from one amusement to another; affecting to be happy, yet feeling themselves miserable; fatigued with pursuing their pleasures, yet uneasy without them; growing sick at last of them all, of themselves, and every thing around them; and compelled perhaps at last to have recourse to solitude, without the least provision made for it; without any fund of entertainment within, to render it supportable. From this wretched state it is that religion would preserve you; and the very worst you have to fear from it, is nothing more than such gentle restraints on your gaiety, as tend to promote the very end you have in view, the true enjoyment even of the present life. Suffer it then to do you this kind office; and do not look on Christianity in that gloomy light, in which it sometimes perhaps appears to you. Far from being an enemy to cheerfulness, it is the truest friend to it. That sober and temperate use of diversions, which it allows and recommends, is the surest way to preserve their power to please, and your capacity to enjoy them. At the same time, though it forbids excess in our pleasures, yet it multiplies the number of them; and disposes the mind to receive entertainment from a variety of objects and pursuits, which to the gay part of mankind are absolutely flat and insipid. To a body in perfect health the plainest food is relishing, and to a soul rightly harmonized by religion every thing affords delight. Rural retirement, domestic tranquillity, friendly conversation, literary pursuits, philosophical inquiries, works of genius and imagination; nay even the silent beauties of unadorned nature, a bright day, a still evening, a starry hemisphere, are sources of unadulterated pleasure to those whose taste is not vitiated by criminal indulgence, or debased by trifling ones. And when from these you rise to the still more rational and manly delights of virtue; to that self-congratulation

gratulation which springs up in the soul from the consciousness of having used your best endeavours to act up to the precepts of the Gospel ; of having done your utmost, with the help of Divine Grace, to correct your infirmities, to subdue your passions, to improve your understandings, to exalt and purify your affections, to promote the welfare of all within your reach, to love and obey your Maker and your Redeemer ; then is human happiness wound up to its utmost pitch ; and this world has no higher gratifications to give.

Try then, you, who are in search of pleasures, try these among the rest ; try, above all others, the pleasures of devotion. Think not that they are nothing more than the visions of a heated imagination. They are real, they are exquisite. They are what thousands have experienced, what thousands still experience, what you yourselves may experience if you please. Acquire only a *taste* for devotion, (as you often do for other things of far less value) in the beginning of life, and it will be your support and comfort through the whole extent of it. It will raise you above all low cares, and little gratifications ; it will give dignity and sublimity to your sentiments, inspire you with fortitude in danger, with patience in adversity, with moderation in prosperity, with alacrity in all your undertakings, with watchfulness over your own conduct, with benevolence to all mankind. It will be so far from throwing a damp on your other pleasures, that it will give new life and spirit to them, and make all nature look gay around you. It will be a fresh fund of cheerfulness in store for you, when the vivacity of youth begins to droop ; and is the only thing that *can* fill up that void in the soul, which is left in it by every earthly enjoyment. It will not, like worldly pleasures, desert you, when you have most need of consolation, in the hours of solitude, of sickness, of old age ; but when once its holy flame is thoroughly lighted up in your breasts, instead of becoming more faint and languid as you advance in years, it will grow brighter and stronger every day ; will glow with peculiar warmth and lustre, when your dissolution draws near ; will dis-

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perse the gloom and horrors of a death-bed ; will give you a foretaste, and render you worthy to partake, of that FULNESS OF JOY, those pure celestial PLEASURES which are at " God's right hand for evermore*."

* Psal. xvi. 11.

THE END.



U. ARN 8 1915



